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The Story of An American

Dedicated to the Memory of
THEODORE ROOSEVELT



BY CHARLES F. CLARKE

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INTRODUCTION.

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THIS IS THE STORY of an American. But it also deals with a great many other subjects and things.

In one sense it is no story at all, but is a rambling, disconnected series of essays and observations and sermons. I say "sermons" and the term is correctly used, for the story, or whatever it may be called, deals primarily with religion. I say "primarily" and I believe that is correct, though many other subjects are discussed and analyzed. Though the story deals primarily with religion and with kindred subjects, it also deals with men, and the men discussed and analyzed are Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. You will see, or have already seen, that I have dedicated the story to Theodore Roosevelt. Of course, therefore, in the discussion and analysis of Roosevelt and Wilson, I favor Roosevelt. I have attempted in the pages that follow, to preach Americanism and I have discussed the League of Nations and its bearing on Americanism, and I have attempted also to pronounce a eulogy upon Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Wilson is not to my liking at all and Mr. Roosevelt was my beau ideal. We are inestimably poorer for his having gone, and to contribute somewhat, (if possible) toward keeping his memory alive and to contribute somewhat, if possible, even if but to an infinitesimal degree toward keeping the principles for which he stood before the American people today, I have written this story.

But as I have said, the story rambles all over creation (literally) and deals with many subjects, of which perhaps religion is the primary one. And in the discussion of religion I have even discussed Christian Science, thinking that in its great effort to suddenly abolish disease and all the bodily ills which flesh is heir to that there is a certain analogy with the effort on the part of the League of Nations supporters to abolish war and the ills that governments are heir to. The analogy may be entirely fanciful and my attempt to show that it exists may have entirely failed, but in any event, I have made the attempt and I offer no further apology.

I might explain a little further, however, by saying that I believe a little in some of the hopes held out by the Christian Scientists. That is, I believe that humanity will not always be doomed to the fate here on earth that has in the past ever been its lot. I believe that somehow, somewhere, sometime, there will be a getting away from the ills that flesh is heir to and I believe there will be such a getting away from them right here on earth. But the point which I try to make in the pages which follow is that the time when any such desired end will be realized in any substantial manner here on earth is so inconceivably remote as to be practically of no consequence at the present time. But the great faith of the Christian Scientists and their great enthusiasm for the new idea is to my mind of much the same nature as the faith and enthusiasm of the League of Nations supporters. It is wonderful at first and is unqualified and inspiring and then as time goes by it gradually and surely becomes disillusioned and slowly but also surely comes back to a realization of things as they are. This idea I

have attempted to carry out in the following story. The great faith of individuals and nations in a better order that is to come out of the chaos that exists to-day I have attempted to portray. And I have attempted to show that in this respect the affairs of individuals and nations are much the same.

I have said that religion is the primary theme of my story, and that is true at least so far as the effort of humanity to get up to higher and better things may be termed a religious effort, is concerned. And I might add that I consider this effort of humanity the all-absorbing and the all-important thing in human affairs. How can we best make progress—how can we get away from war and pestilence and disease? These are the things that concern us all and that concern us vitally.

In the leadership that we have had in America during the past decade, I have considered the Roosevelt leadership as best adapted to the problem of carrying the race of men on and up. I have indeed considered it a very wonderful leadership and I think that by all means all of us who believed in it should attempt so far as possible, to carry that leadership or rather the things for which it stood, on and up. Such is the purpose of this story, or of this narrative and collection of essays combined, or whatever else it may be called.

The story is without literary merit for the reason that it is a combination of narratives, essays and orations. It is the story told as a personal narrative of an old man who has lived considerably beyond the allotted three score and ten, and who has lived his entire life upon the American continent and who has learned to passionately love America and the things for which America stands.

It is the story of an old friend and an old neighbor of mine with whom, in nearly all things both individual and national, I have always agreed, and whose life history and faith and philosophy and whose patriotism and devotion to America and the ideals of Theodore Roosevelt I have attempted to describe in the pages that follow. I do not, of course, mean to say that he told me verbatim or even in substance, all of the things which I have written in the following story, for he did not. Some of the things which I have written I have learned from others than the old man himself. But I have attempted to tell his life story substantially as I have learned it from himself and from others and I have attempted in what I have written to convey his meaning and to tell of the observations made by him on present day problems and affairs even though I use language that he never employed. His faith, his ideals, his beliefs and his enthusiasm are the things which I have attempted to make plain.

In conversing with me, the old gentleman frequently read chapters from his favorite authors to illustrate his meaning, and frequently quoted poetry to convey his thought, and in the story that follows I have done the same. This, in the method which I have employed, I have suggested does violence to all literary rules but if I can nevertheless contribute something to the cause of Americanism and the things for which Theodore Roosevelt stood, I shall be happy. With the hope that I may indeed contribute something to this cause, the following pages are submitted.

CHAPTER I.

I CAME to Iowa from New York in 1856, and the circumstance of my coming was one of which I am not very proud. It was, however, something which was no fault of mine, and which I could have in no way avoided.

After going through the usual course of schooling as a boy, I enrolled as a student in Yale College. There I took up the study of law, and pursued that course of study until the happening of which I am to tell you. There also I became acquainted with two young fellows from the State of Virginia, one by the name of Lee, and the other by the name of Allen. They came from that part of the state which is now West Virginia. Lee was a dashing young fellow, of fine physique and appearance, and Allen was a fine fellow, though not so striking in his physical make-up. I suppose that I might as well say at the outset, that the trouble which I got into arose over the fact that this man Lee and I were both interested in the same young lady. The name of the young lady in question was Julia King. Her home, like mine, was in New York City. Her father had been a professor in Yale for a good many years previous to my going there, but at the time that I enrolled in the college, he was practicing law in New York City, having resigned his professorship. He was, however, desirous of having his daughter become acquainted with many of his friends associated

with the college, and much of her time while I was a student there was spent in the college town. Lee and I made her acquaintance about the same time, and Allen also became acquainted with her, though without manifesting the particular interest in her that was manifested by myself and Lee.

After having spent the first half of the year in college, I, in company with Allen and Lee, went to my home in New York City to spend the Christmas holidays. Allen was in truth a good friend of mine. I always enjoyed his friendship, and never doubted his sincerity. Lee professed great friendship, but I always felt that there was something sinister in his make-up, and I never trusted him. However, much to my subsequent regret, I included him in the invitation to my home, and the holidays found the three of us in the city. We had been there but a day or two until Lee's true character manifested itself. We were walking down one of the streets of the city when we came to a place where gambling was going on on the second floor of the building which we were approaching. Lee at once became very anxious to go upstairs and try his luck. Allen and I protested, but for some unaccountable reason, finally yielded to his request, and finally went to the gambling room. We spent some time there watching the changing fortunes of the gamblers. Lee engaged in a game of faro and after we had been there some time, changed his place at the table to the lookout's chair at the end of the tables. Much to my regret and surprise, Allen finally yielded to the request of some of the gamblers, and took his seat at one of the tables to take part in the game. I watched the game until I became tired of it and was becoming

very anxious to leave the place when I suddenly saw Lee pull a revolver from his pocket and shoot Allen in the top of the head, killing him instantly. Of course the room at once was in an uproar. I was standing near a stove which stood some few feet to the right of Lee's position in the lookout's chair. Behind the stove was a large iron poker and Lee had no sooner pulled the trigger than I brought the poker down on his arm and knocked the revolver from his hand. I suppose I was somewhat excited, and I know I was indignant as it was possible for anyone to be, and I picked up the revolver, and probably would have ended Lee's miserable life on the spot but for the fact that three policemen burst through the door and seized me just as I was about to fire the shot. Well, it of course did not need any words to explain that my position was an extremely awkward one. There I was in a gambling den with a dead man on the floor in front of me, and with a revolver in my hand in an attitude of attack, and with three policemen appearing on the scene in time to see me in that attitude. I was of course taken into custody at once, and in a few days was indicted for murder. In due course of time the case came on for trial, and as I had expected, I found the chief witness for the State to be none other than Harry Lee. His story which explained in detail just how I had killed Allen, was corroborated in every detail by half a dozen other witnesses who were subpoenaed from those who were in the gambling room at the time. My counsel did the best he could, but he had no chance, and I was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. I was committed to the States Prison and was incarcerated there for a year, when for some reason which I

never clearly understood, two or three persons came to my rescue. They were persons who had been in the gambling den at the time of the killing, and had precipitately fled and the State was never able to get their names and use them as witnesses. They had seen the whole affair, however, and knew the truth of the matter, and at the end of a year's time, caused an investigation to be made and told the story exactly as it had occurred. The result was that so thorough an investigation was made that it became apparent to the Governor of the State that it was quite probable that a great injustice had been done. The Governor came to see me personally twice while I was in prison, and I felt that he really believed that I was innocent. My belief was justified after a few months, for I received an unconditional pardon from the chief executive of the state.

The result of this experience, however, caused me to become considerably soured upon the world in general. I went to my home in New York, and for some time considered carefully the matter of returning to College. I decided, however, to stay in New York and study law in my father's office. After having done this until I felt that I could pass the examination for admission to the bar, I took the examination and was admitted. My practice, however, did not amount to anything. Civilization had come to appear to me in a rather grewsome light. In my soul I was very bitter against society and a good deal of the time I actually hated human kind. This being true, I was not in a fit frame of mind for successfully carrying on my profession. After a short time, I threw up the whole business and decided to go west. The institutions of civilization and the crowds of people that

seemed to swarm and eddy about me constantly palled on my senses and I felt that I wanted to do nothing so much as to get completely and entirely away from all of them and everything connected with them.

Of course in my mind's eye all of the time there arose the vision of Julia King. I had not heard from her since my leaving college for the Christmas holidays. I learned however, while I was in prison, that she had gone abroad, and at the time that I was released, I did not know whether she had returned or not.

Another thing I suppose that caused me to desire to get away from business and society was the condition of my health. At the time that I entered college I was not very strong, and had little endurance and not a great deal of vitality. This of course was accentuated by the year spent in the States Prison. I think this, more than anything else, prevented me from finding out definitely whether Miss King had returned to this country or not, but without investigating the matter further, I packed up bag and baggage and left New York for the State of Iowa.

In the town of Adel in that state, I had an uncle by the name of Frank Perkins, who had taken up his residence there two or three years before. He had been a California forty-niner and had crossed the plains at the time of the discovery of gold on the Pacific Coast. He had spent two or three years in the West seeking his fortune and having been reasonably successful, and having tired somewhat of the life of a prospector and miner, he had returned across the mountains, but instead of returning to his old home, he decided to settle down in central Iowa. His home was on the right bank of the North Raccoon River, about a quarter of a mile below

the little village which I have mentioned. His home previous to going west had been in what is now the State of West Virginia. He had never married, but was a man approaching middle age when I set out to visit him in his home and to spend the summer or perhaps a year there.

When I arrived at my uncle's home on the banks of the Raccoon River, I found the town of Adel to be a little village of a few straggling houses and stores. Hazel brush grew almost to the doors of the scattered dwelling houses, and the entire village had all the appearances of a frontier settlement. The river at that time was much different at that point from what it is now. During the spring when the water was high, it generally extended from the bank of the river at the east edge of the village, a quarter of a mile or more to the eastward to the very foot of the line of hills on the east edge of the bottom land. In fact, at all seasons of the year except in the very dry ones, the river was much wider then than now. The greater part of the stream, however, which covered the bottom land to the east, was not deep, the main channel flowing close to the bank at the edge of the town. This main channel was some fifty or sixty yards in width, and was of considerable depth.

The morning after my arrival at my uncle's home I was strolling along the banks of the river toward the little town. It was a delightful morning. All of the freshness of spring was in the air, and the sunlight shone and sparkled on the broad bosom of the river. Strolling along the river bank, amid such surroundings, exerted an uplifting influence upon me and filled me with a new inspiration and a new love of life. It made me feel strong just to contemplate the fresh primitive surround-

ings. I was accompanied as I walked toward the village, by a friend of my uncle's by the name of Joe Burgess. He, like my uncle, had formerly lived in what is now the State of West Virginia, and had there become a fast friend of Frank Perkins, and from there had accompanied him on his trip across the plains to California. He had also returned eastward with him and had settled with him in his new home on the banks of the Raccoon River. He was a man some forty years of age, who had never married, and who like myself, was a keen lover of outdoor life. This being true, I found myself at once delighted with his company, and we were congratulating ourselves on the fact that we were in a new land far removed from the throng of overburdened life that surged in the city upon the Atlantic seaboard. Earth, sky and water, and an occasional cry of a waterfowl overhead seemed to fill our souls and expand our thoughts in a way that could not be done in civilization's crowded centers.

We were nearing the ferry landing on the west shore of the river when my companion called my attention to a boatload of people coming across the river from the east shore. There was, of course, no bridge across the stream at that time. A ferry plied between the two shores, being operated by a sweep and poles and by the aid of a rope stretched across the stream where the channel was swiftest and deepest. I had not, however, paid particular attention to the approaching boat which I could see only imperfectly on account of the shrubs and trees that grew along the bank, and was looking toward the scattered buildings of the little town when my companion suddenly caught my arm and with a quick ex-

clamation, pointed toward the boat in the river. I looked in time to see that it had suddenly capsized and that its occupants had been thrown into the water. Two of the occupants of the boat were women, and a quick glance sufficed to show that one of them, a young lady, was being carried rapidly down the swift current of the stream. Without hesitation I threw off my coat and plunged into the water.

What followed may seem rather strange, and to a certain extent unbelievable, but what I am about to tell you actually occurred nevertheless. The young lady was able to keep herself afloat but utterly unable to make any progress toward the shore. She was going down the channel facing down stream, and as I approached her from behind I could not see her features or in any way gain any idea of who she might be. I swam with all my might, and was almost on the point of reaching out to seize some part of her clothing when I was dimly conscious of something striking me on the head, and remembered nothing more until I found myself lying on my back upon a little island a hundred yards or more down stream. Joe Burgess was bending over me and peering into my face with an anxious countenance. I sat up and looked about me, and as what had occurred came to my mind, I asked my companion what had happened since I was swimming toward the young lady in the river. Much to my surprise I was informed that a young man who had also been an occupant of the boat that had overturned, had struck me on the head with an oar just as I was coming within reach of the young lady. My friend informed me that this particular fellow had climbed upon the overturned boat and had recovered one of the oars and with it had propelled the boat swiftly

down the racing current. As he approached myself and the young lady, and came within reach of us, he deliberately laid me out with the oar, and then jumped from the boat and swam toward the shore. The young lady had been rescued by a boat which put out from the shore, and as to what further had occurred, my companion was unable to say.

My friend then swam across the river and procured a boat and coming back for me took me to the shore and to my uncle's home. I spent the rest of the day there and the following night, recovering from the effects of the blow on my head, and the next morning my uncle's friend and I set out for the village to ascertain if we could, who it was that had been in the boat, and who it was that had struck me on the head with an oar, and why he had done so. We proceeded to the stage station in the east edge of the village, and were there informed substantially as follows as to how the accident in the river had occurred.

I must say in the beginning, however, that there were of course no railroads in that part of Iowa at that time. There was a line of railway extending from Davenport to Iowa City, and from that point westward across the state to Council Bluffs, passengers traveled entirely by stage. The stage line ran through Des Moines and Adel, as it proceeded westward. In the spring of the year of course the roads were bad, and in some places well nigh bottomless. The stages also carried the personal belongings of their passengers, and also carried the United States mail. The trunks of the passengers and the mail bags were carried upon a sort of endgate on the rear of the stage, and were also placed on top of the vehicle.

We were informed that a stage load of people were

traveling from Des Moines to Adel, and that when they arrived at the east bank of the river that flowed by the town of Adel, they discovered that the ferry was not being operated. It seems that the ferry man had gone on a spree and left the travelers who came to the river bank by stage to get across the stream as best they might. More than twenty miles of soggy prairie and black heavy mud had not added to the cheerfulness of the stage driver. When he arrived at the river bank, he was in an extremely irritable state of mind, and when he discovered that the ferry was not running, his irritability was increased many fold. It happened however, that a boy in a boat appeared at the landing on the east bank about the time the stage arrived, and offered the stage driver the use of the boat for getting across the stream. The offer was immediately accepted and the driver immediately took charge of the boat and himself took the oars and began rowing across the stream. He had ordered his passengers into the boat and they had meekly complied with his orders. The boy, however, he left on the bank, promising to return the boat to him after he had taken his passengers across. The boat was a flat bottom affair about sixteen feet in length and as there were four passengers, he had piled a trunk in the bottom of the boat and had also piled into it three mail sacks which he had been carrying on the stage. It seems that he had ordered the young lady whom I had attempted to rescue, to sit upon the trunk in the bottom, so as to make room for the other passengers upon the boards that answered for seats. All went well enough as he rowed across the more shallow part of the stream, but when the boat's prow reached the main channel of the

river, the racing current immediately whirled the boat around and headed it down stream. The stage driver in his furious effort to right the boat, knocked one of the mail sacks overboard, and in a sudden effort to recover the mail, had upset the boat. His four passengers consisted of two young men and a middle aged woman and the young lady of whom I have spoken. The middle aged woman immediately proceeded to almost drown one of the young men in her frantic effort to keep from being drowned herself. She had clung to him desperately and he was barely able to get her and himself ashore safely. The stage driver immediately struck out for the shore, and abandoned his passengers to their fate. What occurred after that is as I have already told you.

We could get no other information than this at the stage station, except that every one present seemed to be considerably impressed with the good looks of the young lady, and were very much interested in the whole affair, though apparently being as much in the dark as to the motive of the young man who had attacked me, as I was myself.

We left the station and proceeded up the street toward the little store buildings that were situated two or three blocks farther westward. As we neared one of the stores, I noticed a young man and a young woman coming down the street toward the store from the opposite direction in which we were going. Something about the young man's appearance attracted my attention. I could not take my eyes from him, and as he came nearer, I saw what I had at first thought was true, that the young man was Harry Lee. He and the young lady made a splendid appearance, and this seemed to doubly incense me. As

I have said, Lee was a fine looking fellow. He was six feet or more tall, and was as lithe and strong as a panther. His hair was jetblack and his eyes of an almost equal shade. The young lady was as handsome as he. She had beauty as most people understand it, and she had what appealed to me more, a splendid physique and abounding good health. She was none other than Julia King.

Of course I was almost completely overcome, and was fairly blind with rage. Lee and Miss King stepped into the store, and Joe Burgess and I came up quickly and stepped in after them. I stopped with my back to the door, and waited until Lee turned and faced me. As he did so he recognized me and a cynical smile curled his lip and illuminated his countenance. I waited no longer, but struck him full in the face with all the force of which I was capable. He went back upon his hands, but quickly recovered himself and came at me like a demon. Instantly the little store was in an uproar. Pots, pans and kettles were knocked from the shelves, show cases overturned, the stovepipe knocked down from the stove, and the whole interior of the store became pandemonium. We however, did not stay there long, but burst through the door in each other's embrace and rolled struggling and fighting into the street. There the superior physical strength of my antagonist became at once apparent, and almost before I realized it, I was upon my back in the street, and Harry Lee's knee was upon my breast and his hands upon my throat. I saw his wicked, evil eyes looking down at me and saw a knife flash above my head. I closed my eyes, expecting the impending stab, but as I did so I felt the weight upon my breast suddenly re-

leased. As I opened my eyes I saw Lee rolling many feet from me, and saw Joe Burgess on top of him.

At this moment the village marshal appeared on the scene and placed us all under arrest. We were taken before a justice of the peace where I at once plead guilty to the charge of assault and battery, and paid a small fine. Lee after many protests finally did the same, and withdrew from the presence of the court. As he passed out of the room however, I saw his eyes upon me and I read in the expression of his face that he would settle with me later. I then withdrew from the room in time to see Miss King and Lee and another young man proceeding toward the stage station. I was informed that the other young man was the one who had been in the boat when it capsized, and a few minutes later I saw all three of them cross the river on the ferry, and take the stage on the east shore bound in the direction of Des Moines.

When they had gone Joe Burgess remarked that he thought I did not know who it was that had attacked me in the river. I of course told him that I did not. His amazement of course was very great as he then asked me why I had attacked this fellow without the slightest word of explanation as to who he was, if I did not know who it was that had struck me when I was attempting to rescue the young lady. He was consumed with curiosity, but I declined to explain the situation until we had arrived home. There at his request and at the request of my uncle, I related my experience in the East and the facts growing out of my acquaintance with Harry Lee, which served to explain why I had attacked him without any preliminary explanation. I told them of my prison term and Lee's part in putting me in the State Prison. At my

uncle's request I related everything I knew about Lee and Allen. He was very much interested; so much so in fact, that I could not help being impressed by the fact that his interest was personal, as well as on account of his interest in me. I questioned him in regard to the matter and he then told me that he had known families in Virginia by the name of Lee and Allen, and that in that part of the State which is now West Virginia, he had known of a feud of long standing between these families. With the older members of the family he had been well acquainted and knew of the feeling that existed between them. With the younger members he had not been acquainted, but he expressed it as his firm conviction that they were members of the same families, and that that explained the reason for Lee's otherwise unaccountable shooting of Allen in the gambling den in New York City. He told me that it was lucky that I prevented Lee from firing another shot, for if I had not, I would have undoubtedly been the next victim. Undoubtedly he said Lee thought it was a grand opportunity to get rid of Allen because of his hereditary enmity, and of me because of my interest in Julia King. This explained the situation in part, but I saw also that my uncle was interested even to a greater extent than even his explanation would imply. Afterwards I inquired of Joe Burgess, and he told me that my uncle had, while living in Virginia, been engaged to marry a young woman by the name of Nellie King, and he told me also that while riding with my uncle in the mountains near her home, that she had been shot from ambush, by a gang of cutthroats and desperadoes. He told me the shot was undoubtedly intended for my uncle, but that they had killed his fiancée in-

stead. He also said that my uncle had always been convinced that it was the Lee gang who had done the shooting. This of course was surprising news to me, and of course my recital of my story to my uncle was surprising news to him.

And more surprising was the fact that Julia King was in Iowa in the very state where I had come after leaving the East with the intention of getting away from everything civilized and everything connected with civilization's institutions. I had been in the penitentiary a year and had made a feeble attempt to start up in my profession and had forsaken the whole business and had come west. She had gone abroad and had returned without my knowledge, and had come to the center of the Continent to the very locality where I had myself come. All these things were quite surprising and extremely interesting to me. I was consumed with curiosity to know why Julia King had come to Iowa, and who it was that had accompanied her to Adel, and of course I was much more interested to know whether she was still unmarried and what the relation of Lee or this other young man to her might be. From the information that I could get at the stage station, I learned that they had all three come from Des Moines, and that apparently they had been in Des Moines for some time. You may think that I at once went to Des Moines to see her but I did not. I did make a trip to ascertain as to these matters concerning which I have spoken, and I found that she was unmarried, and that so far as could be ascertained, there were no immediate prospects of her getting married, and that the young man other than Lee, with whom she had come to Adel was her brother-in-law. Her married

sister had, with her husband come West, and had located in Des Moines. The young man was of an impetuous and adventurous disposition and had been thrilled with the opening of the new lands in Iowa, and had come here to take up new lands and to establish himself in business in the then small town at the forks of the Raccoon and Des Moines Rivers. Miss King had come to pay them a visit and to spend the summer there. Having gained this information I returned to my uncle's home near Adel.

It was some time before I returned again to Des Moines. I remained away principally on account of the somewhat ridiculous figure that I had cut in my encounter with Harry Lee, and also for reasons that I have before mentioned to you. I could not of course return to Des Moines as a conquering hero, and consequently my desire was to keep out of sight as much as possible. This desire was furthered by my physical condition generally. I had been vanquished by my opponent and this fact added to the fact that I was unable to accomplish the thing that I would like to have accomplished on account of a lack of physical strength, made me extremely desirous of keeping entirely in the background. Unless I state to you the extent to which this lack of physical strength and valor humiliated and humbled me, I would not state to you the true impulses of my life and the true motives that actuated my conduct in those earlier days. I was content to come West from New York without having ascertained the whereabouts of Miss King, even though I more ardently desired to win her than to win any one else, or anything else in the world, but the fact that she was a perfect physical type, and the fact that I

was almost the exact opposite of that, deterred me from even going to see her.

I had observed much in the world of nature as to the evolutionary forces at work in the world, and had noted with absorbed interest the defeats and humiliations of the weak, and the triumphs and successes of the strong. I, from my earliest childhood, had been interested in nature and the outdoor world, and it had been early impressed indelibly upon my mind that the weak are practically without hope in the world. In the wilderness I observed that it was true, and I also observed that it was true in the world of civilization. I saw the never-ending conflict between individuals and tribes and races and I observed that the weak were always weeded out and that the strong always rose to positions of supremacy. I observed that the weak invariably fought the losing fight, and were pitted against hopeless odds. In fact I saw that in the animal and vegetable worlds, that this very struggle and this very success of the strong, was what contributed to the upbuilding of species and tribes and races, and that it was absolutely necessary for the good of the race that the weak be weeded out and relegated to oblivion; that they should be prevented from perpetuating their kind for the ultimate good and benefit of the species, and this principle as I have said, I saw carried on and up into the higher forms of life and exemplified in humankind in the world of civilization. Being interested as I was in the outdoor world, and in natural history, and being enthralled by all of the manifestations of nature's handiwork, these things were perhaps more vividly impressed upon my mind than they were on others, even though they might be situated very much

the same as I. The idea of the weak perpetuating their kind, or the idea of the weak mating with the strong, was abhorrent to my mind. I admired splendid physical strength and prowess perhaps more than did any other person in the world. The vigor of life appealed to me as something wonderful and altogether inspiring. Those who had it, it seemed to me were thrice blessed. Those who did not have it, it seemed to me were cursed and damned to an existence of long drawn weariness and torment. To attain this vigor of life was really the one absorbing principle of my whole existence. Admiring as I did, the fine vigor and beauty of the perfect Julia, and hating as I did my own physical weakness and unattractiveness, I could not to the slightest extent, bring myself to approach her when it was not absolutely necessary, or to in any way urge myself upon her. I hated my own limitations and cordially despised my general appearance and my inability to cope with the environment in which I found myself. Consequently, even though Julia King had come to the very locality where I myself had come, and even though I had ascertained that no one had yet won her hand, I was in no hurry to return to Des Moines to see her. Instead, when I returned to the little village of Adel and rode slowly along the bank of the stream toward my uncle's home, I contemplated the rich primitive region in which I found myself and decided to cast my lot in the world of nature which I saw around about me, with the idea of enjoying the wonderful vigor of life that I saw around me so far as possible, and with the idea of building up my physical health and strength so as to be able to cope with my environment. I contemplated the little village with its few stores and

houses and the hazelbrush growing to the very doors and the fine flood of the river flowing placidly by. I looked at the great trees that grew on the banks of the stream and at the unfenced and unplowed prairies that extended away westward a limitless distance. I saw the water-fowl overhead clanging northward; heard the prairie chickens booming on the prairies, and I said to myself, "This great region uninhabited except by wandering Red-men and herds of game shall be mine for weeks and months to come, and in it I shall find health and strength and the inspiration and the vigor of life that comes to him who loves the outdoor world and finds it fresh from the hand of the Creator and untouched by the hand of man."

CHAPTER II.

I SHALL never forget my arrival in Des Moines, and the way I felt when I landed there. I was very much depressed in spirit. I felt that every man's hand was against me and I had even come to feel that the hand of the Creator Himself was also against me. This for the reason that I had arrived at the conclusion that both the weak and the strong must necessarily have been created by the Creator and that therefore He was responsible for all of the troubles of the weak. I had come to Iowa City on the train, and had there taken the stage and had come on westward to Des Moines. My uncle met me there. He had come from Adel on horse-back and had led with him another horse with saddle and bridle for my accommodation on the trip from Des Moines back to his home at Adel. The shades of evening were falling when we set out from the stage station at Des Moines, and as it was growing dark as we jogged along through the timber west of the city, or rather what was then the town, we decided to camp on the banks of what is now known as Walnut Creek. My uncle soon had a small fire burning, which shone brightly among the trees, and I was soon prepared to spend the night by the campfire. Rolling up in one of the big buffalo robes which I had taken from the back of the saddle on the horse brought for me, I was soon lying by the fireside

contemplating the past and what the future might have in store.

In a short time I was asleep.

It was a sad sweet sleep. Sad because of all that I had forsaken and left behind and sweet because of all that I had found and would appropriate which was before. Down into the depths of the world I seemed to go as my eyes closed in slumber. As the great buffalo robe enveloped my body so the sense of the primitive world enveloped my soul. With a kind of sad wretchedness I shook off the thought of civilization and with a sweet content my senses were enthralled with the thought of wildness, of freedom, of contentment and independence. In my subconscious mind the vision of a new land where civilization had not yet come lulled me to sleep in all its glory. No beast ever escaped from its cage with greater relief or with greater horror of its captivity. I seemed to hear the babbling of brooks or the thunder of waterfalls all night long. Now I would see in my dreams the open prairie covered with nodding flowers and alive with buffalo. Again the mountains of the great West would rise in all their tremendous grandeur, and I would see the rocks and crags, the dark forests and the shimmering snow. Away off in their unexplored canyons and valleys I would hear the thunder of the avalanche or the wind sighing down the great forest clad slopes. Nature filled my dreams. The great mother; she that brought forth man and beast and bird. I had been born of her and now I had come back home. No child ever buried its face at its mother's knee with deeper emotions than those that filled my soul. Even in sleep they were there. I could not drown them even when my senses were

dulled in slumber. The next day we completed the journey to Adel.

I had been there but a short time when a really wonderful change came over me, and it is this change which I wish particularly to tell you about. It is of course no great wonder that this change took place, for I had come to the heart of the American Continent which was in practically the same condition that it had been in at the time when Columbus sailed. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, was there an equal amount of wild game and an equal amount of wild, uncivilized lands, except upon the continent of Africa. These two great continents, though differing radically in climate, might very fitly be compared as to the conditions that prevailed upon them before civilization came. On the western half of the American Continent at that time the buffalo and antelope thronged in uncounted thousands. In the far West the herds of game could be compared to the immense herds that swarmed upon the plains of southern and eastern Africa. These great wild lands and these great herds of wild game were enough, it seemed to me, to waken and revivify the spirits of anyone with the least spark of life in his being. The morning sun rising over the great plains of the far West in that early day was an inspiration that must have its effect upon the most sordid nature. Upon mine particularly, the effect was absolutely electrifying. At that particular time of course I was not in the far West, but I was upon the eastern edge of the greatest game land in all the world. I say the greatest, because even though the lands of Africa could be fitly compared to these American lands, it is, nevertheless true that the climate here is much superior and

the types of game to be found here in many respects were and are much superior to any type of animal found on the great tropical continent. There was something particularly ennobling as well as enjoyable about the sights to be seen upon the western half of the American continent in those early days. It seemed to me, as I contemplated the scenes before me, and the wonderful times that appeared to be ahead of me, that no one in all the world ever appreciated or understood what life is, or knew what it meant, who had not experienced for a time at least, the wild free life of the hunter and pioneer. I thought of the swarming thousands coming from the ancient East, and landing upon the American shores. I thought of the growing multitude of buildings, the endless pavements and the polluting smokes rising into the skies. I thought of all these things, then thought of the freedom that was mine, and thought how poor in spirit were those whom I had left behind. I saw the sun rise over the tree-tops along the river in the morning, heard the prairie chickens booming on the prairie to the westward, saw the immense multitudes of waterfowl thronging northward, and felt that life indeed was good, but that nowhere in the world was it quite so good as where the sunlight lit up the glorious expanse of unfenced and unplowed prairies and shone and twinkled upon the sparkling waters and greeted the herds of game that thronged upon the wild landscape. I had longed to get away from civilization and from business, and from the petty round of sordid duties connected therewith, I longed for the wide plains with their shimmering light waves and heat, and I longed for the relaxation of body and soul that comes from association with the wild

things of nature. As I dismounted from my horse in front of my uncle's home, I realized fully that I had found everything that I had longed for. I was in a hunter's paradise.

My uncle's home was a house of logs which he had erected with his own hands on the West bank of the river. Nearby was a log barn and horse corral. Half a dozen or more horses were looking at us over the bars of the corral as we had approached the house upon our arrival. Two or three of these animals were fine saddle horses, and upon them, as well as upon the one which I had ridden from Des Moines, I was to have many a splendid ride over the rolling prairies to the westward. In fact, as I surveyed the scene about me, and sensed the quiet serenity of the spot, and as I felt at the same time the wild primitive nature of the world into which I had come, I seemed suddenly to become full of the overflowing abundance and vigor of life. And when I have said the vigor of life, I have said the most vital and most important words imaginable. There can be nothing worse in the world than low spirits and poor health. Sickness in body or mind or soul imports the worst condition imaginable and upon the other hand, health of body and mind and spirit is the greatest thing in the world. And to say therefore, that I felt in my being the vigor of life as I looked about upon the primitive scene, is to say that I felt the finest thing of which the human life is capable. To be a horseman upon uncivilized lands, to be a hunter in a land teeming with game, to be a sportsman and naturalist and to a certain extent a student in a new land which itself gave abundant evidence of the vigor of life, is to be all those things for which a normal healthy

human being must ever ardently long. I longed for freedom and I had found it. I longed for health and strength, and I had found them. I longed for physical hardihood, and I had found it. In a short time I ate and slept in the full enjoyment of all physical perfection. The simple joys of life are the greatest joys that life affords, and I had found there simple joys in their simplest and greatest perfection. In a short time after my arrival I was winning for myself the food which was placed upon the table and enjoying winning it in the splendid thrill and excitement of the chase, and in winning it I developed a keen appetite, strength of body and soul that made my sleep at night sweeter than it had ever been. In the log house upon the river's bank I watched the moon rise over the tree-tops, saw the sky set with many twinkling orbs, and sank to rest in perfect repose and comfort. What cared I for wealth or position or fame? All of those things were brushed out of my mind as cobwebs that had heretofore impeded its free and healthy action. Mine was the full enjoyment of life and I cared nothing for those things sought after by the exponents of civilization. To be happy and content in my own soul was what I had longed for, and was what I had attained. I cared for nothing else in all the world.

There was in my uncle's home another person of whom I must tell you. This person was none other than an Indian chief. I was quite surprised when I saw him there, but my uncle informed me that when crossing the plains to the California gold fields, he had encountered many adventures, and that not the least of these was the saving of the life of a Pawnee chief in a rather wild and strange adventure along the banks of the Platte River in

what is now the State of Nebraska. This chief had taken a great fancy to my uncle, and desired in every way to express his gratitude for what my uncle had done for him. Upon returning eastward from the gold fields again my uncle had passed once more through the Pawnee villages upon the banks of the Platte, and the chief being ever grateful, had once more sought to show his gratitude and had accompanied my uncle to his home on the bank of the Raccoon River in Iowa. At this place he had spent much of his time thereafter. He was a splendid specimen of red manhood, showing none of the squalor and scrawniness of some of the redmen of the West, but in full vigor of manhood he displayed the qualities of a typical warrior and was a splendid physical type. It was not long until I had become his fast friend, and of this I was very proud. Many a hunting excursion we made together, and many a secret of the woods and plains I learned from the cunning chief.

I have said that a short time after my arrival in my uncle's home a great change came over me, and from what I have said it must be apparent that this was the case. I had come to Iowa discouraged and depressed, sick at heart and sick in body and soul, but I had been there but a remarkably short time when I stepped lightly, breathed easily, and entered into all the fine joys of a vigorous and eventful life. This was not entirely due to the influence of my surroundings. Great as that influence was, I do not maintain that it was sufficient to bring about such a remarkable change. The change was not so much due to a change of scene and climate as it was to a change of mind. I have said that I came West feeling that the hand of every man was against me, and

that even the hand of the Creator himself had also been turned against me, but about the time of my arrival at my uncle's home I saw the absurdity of such a feeling and such a belief. I had thought that the Creator had created both the weak and the strong and had filled the world with all the misery and woe attendant upon the weak and the inability to cope with environment, but as I arrived at my uncle's home and surveyed the wonderful scenes about me, I suddenly concluded that this could not be true, that even though this struggle is everywhere and the world full of tragedy as I knew it to be, I nevertheless decided conclusively and once for all, that the Creator was not responsible for it. My love of nature had caused me to believe in the omnipotence of the Creator, but my still greater love of nature as I arrived in Iowa, made me decide irrevocably that this omnipotence was not responsible for the tragedy of the weak. I said to myself: "It can not be. The hand of the Creator is against no one. So far as it is active at all in the affairs of man it is for them and not against them." The thought was revolutionary. I acted upon it instantly. My faith in it was absolute. I said to myself: "The hand of the Creator is for me and never was against me, is not now and never will be. All of the beautiful things of the world and all the vigor of life are for my benefit and for the benefit of humanity at large. I shall enjoy them to the utmost." With absolute and implicit faith in the goodness of the Creator, and in His omnipotence and ability to create and control the world and the universe, I plunged in without fear of any consequence, and I became emancipated as a result. The world for me was created anew. It seemed that I had got hold of life and

nowhere in the world could life have been more abundant for a person of my tastes than it was in Iowa in that early day. Myriads of waterfowl, hundreds and thousands of prairie chickens on the rolling prairies, innumerable reedy lakes and ponds scattered over the wide landscape, the wild swan and sandhill crane in the air above, the deer and elk in the thickets along the river, the fertile soil, the abundance of vegetation, the wild plums and nuts growing in profusion all filled me with the most glorious enjoyment of life of which a human being is capable. I fairly reveled in what I am pleased to call the abundant life. I watched the ever-changing and shifting scenes displayed by nature before me, and was supremely happy. I loved these manifestations of nature as manifestations of the power that is behind the world. Through the changing seasons as I remained in Iowa, I watched the fascinating play of nature's forces. I was in closest touch with her and read in deepest comradeship her secrets. I saw the glare of the great prairie fires lighting up the heavens at night in wild and weird and fantastic fury, saw the great tongues of flame darting here and there, rising and falling before the wind like monster dragons from the infernal regions. I heard the roar and crackle of the flames sweeping onward over the plains. I saw the blizzard come where the fires had been, saw the great sheets of drifting, blinding snow driving, rising and falling before the icy blast. I saw the primitive, titanic, natural world in solitude. Saw it there when the sun blazed hot and shimmering heat waves quivered over the plains. Saw it when the muffling snow shut out the warmth of the sun and when the planes were desolate in their covering of white. I saw it

all and loved it. And then slowly there came over me the realization of something unseen, something unspoken. What was it? What was Nature? What gave force and purpose to her laws? What made them and what controlled them through all the vast number of years and centuries that the prairie had been there in solitude. I looked long at the moon and silent stars. How many, many years had they looked down on the wild scenes where the winds blew and the fires roared and the blizzards raged? How I loved that prairie and how I loved the woods along the river and how I loved all the wild things that made the land their home for it was beginning to be plain to me that in loving them I was loving God.

CHAPTER III.

ONE AFTERNOON in the late fall, Joe Burgess and I found ourselves on a bluff overlooking the river some two and a half miles northwest of the village. Both of us being fond of outdoor life, and of the chase, we had therefore much in common, and on such occasions as the one of which I am about to speak, we frequently discussed many philosophical questions and many things in regard to the life of human beings in this world. The particular day of which I am speaking was Sunday. It was in the month of November, but as sometimes occurs in Iowa, the weather was balmy and warm. The season of course being far advanced, the sun had swung low in the south and sunk to rest in the west apparently almost in midafternoon, but as sometimes occurs, the weather was very mild and a peculiar drowsiness was in the atmosphere that is characteristic of the mellow days of fall. As we sat on the bluff overlooking the river and looked down the valley toward the little town, the sound of a church bell came to our ears. Joe suggested what had apparently not occurred to either of us before, that it was Sunday. I acquiesced in his suggestion, and then after a pause, Joe suggested that possibly we should be in church. I remember the peculiar expression of his face when I rejoined that I thought we were in church, and then went on to tell him of my belief that church did not necessarily mean a building of

four walls with a spire on the top of it, and that religious communion and worship should not necessarily be confined to or concentrated upon any one day. I remember of telling him that I believed that the Ruler of the Universe was indeed supreme and omnipotent and omnipresent, and that I felt it my duty to live rightly at all times, and to feel myself in the divine presence at all times to the same extent that I might on Sunday. I remember also telling him that the world of nature was church to me, and we were in the church of the great out-of-doors, and that by way of illustration of the thought, I remember of quoting the lines: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and might unto night sheweth knowledge." This appealed more strongly to Joe than anything that I had said up to that time. I remember the peculiar feeling with which he referred to the lines that I had quoted, and how he said that he had many times thought of them and repeated them to himself when he had been alone on the prairie, or in the mountains far from the abode of man. He said that they had been a constant source of comfort and satisfaction to him during his lonely journeys in the great wild lands of the American continent. He became more enthusiastic as he talked, and in turn quoted to me the line: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." I remember the earnestness with which he quoted these words and the sincerity with which he maintained their truth. He said he did not see how it could be possible for any human being to live long in the wilderness and not feel the absolute truth of those words. I agreed with him heartily, and said to him that with that state-

ment as a fundamental tenet in my belief that I would quote one other statement from the same source, and that upon the two quotations substantially rested my entire religion, and substantially governed my entire conduct in life. I then quoted the lines: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law, and the prophets." Joe was very much impressed by this latter quotation, and seemed to grasp at it with considerable relief. I remember he told me that the life he led prevented him from attending church to any great extent, and that he felt that he had been more or less of a heathen so far as religious matters were concerned. I in turn warmly insisted that he had not been, and that I would stake my life upon it that his religion and conduct was of much higher grade than the average church goer's. To this Joe made no reply, and still seemed somewhat in doubt on the question. From these remarks in regard to religious matters I remember of passing to another subject of kindred nature, which at that time was very close to my heart. I asked Joe if he had ever read much in the Book of Job, and he replied that he had, and that he derived more pleasure from the Book of Job and the Psalms than from any other books of holy writ. I understood at once that the reason for this was because of the wonderful descriptions of the wonders of nature contained in those books and because of the rich imagery and incomparable beauty of expression contained in those particular books of the Bible. I then told Joe that those two books, but

especially the Book of Job, were very much in my mind at that time. Having come to Iowa at that time all of the wonders of Creation were displayed before my eyes and it seemed that the authors of the books referred to might have gained their inspiration from and might have been describing the very objects with which I had been surrounded. The great primeval forces of nature were exhibited everywhere, and seemed to speak of the dawn of creation and of the upbuilding of the physical world as described in the books referred to, and passages also in the Book of Genesis. But what I particularly had in mind at that time was the attitude of mind which I had entertained upon coming to Iowa, and the wonderful change that had come over me shortly after my arrival here. This change impressed me particularly in connection with the reading of the Book of Job. Job, we are told, was a perfect and upright man, one who feared God and eschewed evil, yet we are also told that apparently out of pure caprice the Supreme Ruler of the world selected him as a shining mark for punishment and torment. The whole thing seemed shocking and barbarous to me. Until I had come to Iowa I never at all understood the Book of Job, but after having come here, it seemed very clear to me. I thought of how all the way through this particular Book of the Bible, Job had attempted to justify himself with God and had "filled his mouth with arguments." I recalled that running through the entire book was the complaint and accusation on the part of Job that the Almighty had brought his sufferings upon him. All through the book Job was made to speak of the great power of the Supreme Being and how it was impossible to contend against it; that His hand had been

turned against him and that he was without hope. Descriptions of this nature occurred to me from passages of that great epic of sacred literature, but at the very end of the book in a very few lines the whole tragedy is turned and Job says: "Now mine eye seeth Thee" and his misery passes and he is given twice as much as he had before and restored to his former abundance. The thought had occurred to me that possibly the matter did not lie so much with the Almighty as it had lain with Job himself; that it must have been true that Job was mistaken about the Almighty punishing him or in any way causing him to suffer. It must have been true that Job's misery and woe very largely arose because of a mistaken idea of his relation to the Supreme Ruler of the world. It is unthinkable that the Supreme Being should so degrade and humiliate and break the spirit of any man, to say nothing of a perfect and upright one. I wondered if it could be possible that Job's thinking that this was true had brought his troubles upon him, and that when he said "Now mine eye seeth Thee," that the words meant that he had suddenly come to understand that he had been mistaken and that the Almighty never deliberately punishes anybody but is ever ready to extend a helping hand, and that when this revolutionary change of thought and mind came upon him, that he was immediately restored to his former position of happiness and glory. Perhaps Job had changed his mind and had arrived at the conclusion as I had done, that God was not against him, but was for him, and that in every possible way he would lift up and exalt, rather than degrade and humiliate. Could it be possible that thinking that the Almighty had turned his hand against him, was so op-

posed to every fundamental principle and to every moral force in the Universe and was so counter to the normal condition of affairs that it had caused these troubles to come upon him? Was it possible that they existed in his mind alone? It seemed to me that it was not only possible but quite probable. Undoubtedly such a condition would not obtain in a superficial thinker, nor in one who had not meditated long upon the nature and origin of life, and of rules of conduct, but in the mind of one like Job, whose deep religious convictions were profound, and which governed his whole life and were of such a nature that he had really seen and felt the power of the Almighty as others had not, it would be quite probable that these wrong conclusions would bring these troubles upon him. At any rate, it is quite suggestive that as soon as he was able to say: "Now mine eye seeth Thee," that all of these things vanished and vanished instantly. I spoke of my belief in regard to the Book of Job to my friend Joe Burgess, but failed of the sympathetic response that I had received in regard to the other things that I had suggested. Joe, I think, did not entirely grasp my thought, but I was convinced deep down in my own soul that I had gone through something of the same experience that is portrayed in the Book of Job, and above all things I was convinced that there was not one particle of truth in the belief that the Almighty had selected any one man to make an example of him or to punish him in any way, and I was convinced in my own mind, though I said little of it to my friend, that these sufferings of Job were largely mental and were caused largely by erroneous belief, and because of fear. Through the entire book there runs also the idea of fear.

"The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me" said Job, and in the light of my own experiences I had no doubt whatever but that very fear increased and multiplied the sufferer's woes. To fear the Supreme Being in the sense of being afraid of him as one would be afraid of a monster, is to utterly pervert every teaching of true Christian religion. I had arrived at the conclusion, therefore, that when Job says: "Now mine eye seeth Thee" that he had discovered that the Supreme Being was not a being to be feared at all in this sense, but was one to be sought out for aid and assistance, rather than otherwise. These things had come upon my mind after my arrival in Iowa with overwhelming force and in addition thereto, I had the tangible physical evidence of my own transformation as evidence of the truth of my conclusions. With these things in mind I had come to believe that there was hope for all weak and down-trodden persons, and that in spite of a heritage of physical weakness, the weak might nevertheless be raised to positions similar to a certain extent, to those of the strong. In other words, that the weak might not always be weak, but that they might become strong. I even suggested to Joe that it seemed strange that the performance of miracles should be forever a thing of the past, and should be read of in holy writ and thought of in a vague and indefinite way and never taken seriously as applied to present day affairs. I even hazarded the belief that the day would come when they would again be performed in the world and not necessarily by any one person sent to save the world, but by people generally in their individual capacity. Of course I admitted that it might be a long time before this condition would come

to pass but even at that my friend was very skeptical and I saw that he had lost what interest he had had in the conversation. Continuing, however, the discussion of the chances that the weak might have in the world my friend said: "The weak are always run out of the herd. In the world of nature they are soon weeded out and killed off. They never get anywhere and never amount to anything. The runts and the weak specimens generally are always destroyed by the strong. They always have been, they are now, and they always will be." I remember of telling him that I had formerly thought the same thing, but within the last few weeks I had arrived at the conclusion that the time would come when this would not be so, and that the weak would have as good a heritage in the world as the strong. Joe then went on to say that it could not be so, that there was nothing in the world so sure as heredity that there was no force in nature so absolutely inexorable and pitiless as a heritage given to succeeding generations by ancestors that might be weak or strong as the case might be. "This is true in the lower animals, and it is true in human beings," said Joe. "Many a man I have seen who has made his way successfully in the world, and has arrived at considerable distinction, whose sons have in no way succeeded as he has done, and who have in no way arrived at the same distinction. People have wondered at this and spoken of it as a great pity, but to me the reason has always been perfectly plain for the simple reason that the man in the particular case did not exercise his judgment in the matter of selection as the laws of nature in the lower animals require, and because of an inferior type taken in marriage, the heritage

handed down has not been what people have expected."

"But," I insisted, "this will not always be so. The weak will some day come into their own."

Joe argued the matter with me very forcibly for some time, and then I noticed a twinkle in his eye and he looked up at me and told me I did not believe my own words, and that I did not believe what I was saying myself. With some indignation I replied that I certainly did, but as the twinkle in the eye developed into a smile that wreathed his entire countenance, Joe looked at me with an air of triumph and said: "It is all right for you to talk in this way, but I notice that you are absolutely crazy over Julia King." The remark floored me. I could make no reply. Joe had advanced an argument that was absolutely unanswerable. My theories appeared very fine but in practice I did not care to rely upon them. Joe knew that I would not mate with a weakling, and had substantially said as much. He knew that I would go around the world through sunshine and storm to win the hand of one of the splendid physical and mental type of the young lady whom he had suggested, and he knew that I would watch the procession of a thousand of the weaker type go by and never lift a finger to stop one of them.

We shouldered our guns and walked through the autumn woods again to the village. I was much disturbed with conflicting emotions. I was convinced of the truth of the conclusions at which I had arrived, and yet there was no question but what the observation of my friend had been true, and that I would never for a minute in actual practice, trust anything but the laws of nature as they had been seen to work out through many generations.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT DAY I went to Des Moines to see Julia King. My uncle accompanied me. We made the trip on horseback.

Only a few blocks west of the Des Moines river the shrubs and trees were growing in sweet profusion and abandon. The business part of the town was restricted to five or six blocks east and west and as many north and south. An atmosphere of business and thrift seemed to pervade the place, but only a little way up or down the river the native forest trees stood in silent dignity. On the western edge of the town the woods extended back from the river three or four miles. Through these I had been riding and I liked to feel that they were my friends. There is something so noble about the trees. They give such an impression of strength. And they are so very grand and awe-inspiring as the breezes touch their shaggy tops and they seem to breathe forth a message from the primitive world. Venerable and strong and fresh and pure the woods always refresh the body and purify the soul. As I rode along through the woods I thought of the ages that had come and gone before white men ever lived in Iowa and I thought after all what a brief space of time a man's life comprehended, and, as compared with those the woods had seen, how few years I would spend on earth. What of it after all, I thought? What if I am an ex-convict, what if my life

has been a failure? What if I have failed in my profession, and what if I am an outcast? When my last day on earth shall come, thought I, what difference will all those things make? When I have gone back into the soil and have become mingled with the elements, what difference will it make if only I am true to those things in my soul that make me love the trees?

We were drawing near the scattered houses and were soon upon the streets of the town. Much as I hated the inroads of civilization upon the works of Nature I was impressed and a little pleased with the bustling activity of the place. The newness of the business life, the crudeness and yet the optimism and wholesomeness of the little settlement planted at the forks of the river among the trees and hazel brush made a lasting impression upon me. There was something never to be forgotten about the vigor and health of the pioneer town. It gave promise of wonderful things to come, of a great tide, of a great people pouring into a great land. The thought always impressed me in the early days, that everywhere in this new land things were healthy and vigorous. Normal was the rule, abnormal the great exception. The people coming here were healthy and strong and vigorous physically and mentally. The land was a fit place for such a people. The rugged trees grew on the bluffs and hillsides with their roots striking deep into a virile, fertile soil. Trees and soil and shrubs and bushes were those indigenous to a temperate clime and were hardy and vigorous as the people who settled among them. Animals and birds were equally vigorous, equally hardy, and equally splendid in form and figure. Everything was of the arch type. The perfect specimen

seemed everywhere in evidence. Many, many times this thought had possessed and delighted me on my hunting excursions. The lordly prairie chicken was a prince in his grand domain. A splendid bird typical of the wide and wonderful prairies. His proud appearance in early spring when in full plumage he strutted and puffed and boomed before his mate, was really an inspiring sight. The wild swan that stopped here in his flight and that came down out of the heavens for a brief rest on the green prairies was a bird unequaled on any other continent. The elk that pushed through the thickets and greeted the sunrise from the high bluffs overlooking the river was an antlered monarch over all the wide land that came within his far-reaching eye. The buffalo farther west was a beast, shaggy and strong and typical of his boundless grazing grounds. Farther north the moose, the grandest animal of the continent, was splendid evidence of the grand types of animal life that the continent could produce. Many times I had thought how this North American continent surpasses every other in the seven seas. None of the luxuriant and indolent beauty of the tropics was here but all the strength and fine physique of the temperate zone typified the life in this new land and even the very land itself. This thought flashed through my mind again as I saw the activity of the citizens of the town at the forks of the rivers in this new and wonderful land. What a charm there was about the newness of it all. What a fine hope for the future.

We had proceeded but a little way into the town when I saw Julia King coming out of one of the stores. She did not, however, see me. I watched her up the street

and as I proceeded on my way I resolved that nothing but death would prevent me from marrying Julia King. I thought again of the continent with its perfect types, and I thought of the perfection of Julia King. I was lost in admiration. Never had I seen a finer type. Never a more perfect specimen of any species. She stepped lightly and smiled brightly. Her whole countenance seemed to bloom and blossom with health. The blood shone through her clear, fair skin with a fine color. Her clear brown eyes illuminated a countenance of sweet beauty and rare intelligence. And from out that lovely countenance I saw shining the light of a soul.

And this it was that made me so deeply in love with Julia King. In the wonderful temple of its earthly abode I saw the sweet radiance of a lovely soul. Many times I pondered the thought of Julia King and as many times I found myself marveling at the unusual combination. I had seen fine types of physical womanhood and I had seen saintly characters lodged in bodies of pain and suffering but never had I seen before the combination of abounding vigor and blooming health with sweet womanliness and saintly spirit. She had youth, she had beauty and she had strength both in body and spirit. She had character in its grandest sense. Gracious and sweet to all she had a dignity that aroused the intensest admiration.

I had, of course, had dreams for the future. Iowa was not only a hunter's paradise but it was also a land where civilization, when it came, should flower in its perfection. A rich, fertile soil, a temperate climate and a land of beauty were Iowa's assets. In the spring the fragrance of plum blossoms filled the air and the wild

apple thickets were things of indescribable beauty. When summer came blackberries grew in the woods in delicious profusion. The red Sweet William covered many a mile of prairie in the month of June. The grass grew knee deep on the fertile soil. The bob-o-link rose from the thick grass and flowers, fluttered higher and higher as he uttered his ecstatic song and then sank into the luxuriant grass again. Red-wing blackbirds swarmed in the marshes and ponds. The loud musical note of these birds was constantly in the air. They clung to the reeds growing in the ponds, swung gaily in the wind that rippled the waters beneath them and then rose in a cloud, encircled the pond and settled into the reeds again. The wild ducks brought forth their broods on these waters and filled the reedy lakes and sloughs with thronging wild fowl. Such a land would be a veritable promised land for those seeking to rear families and build homes. It seemed that the fertile soil would yield a wonderful harvest. I dreamed of the days to come when Nature would be called upon to do her best. I knew immense crops of corn and oats and hay would be gathered into the barns that civilization would bring. I knew I was in the very center of what would be the world's food supply. The settler's little patches of corn, the thick matted grass, the wild apples and the enormous yellow plums that grew wild in the woods told me that. The Indian's maize and beans that grew so readily and yielded so abundantly told me that I was in a new land where Nature was more prodigal of her yield than anywhere else in the world.

I dreamed of making this land my home, and I dreamed of making Julia King its queen. I had been to

see her many times, but much to my disappointment I had made little progress. I seemed no nearer to her than before and I knew that Harry Lee paid court to her while I was away. I refrained always from saying a word against Lee and never mentioned the things of which I knew he was guilty. I had made but little progress but I concluded I would not force myself upon her. Therefore after one more call at her uncle's home I definitely decided that I would not go back again until spring. Meanwhile the winter settled down. The winter of 1856-7 was really a memorable winter. The sky became a leaden gray and the snow began to fall. Day after day it continued falling. I had never seen so much snow before that time. It steadily deepened so that progress through the woods was only accomplished by floundering and struggling. The soft, white drifts filled the ravines and hollows to a depth of many feet. On the prairie the snow lay deep except where the wind had swept the ridges clean. A white waste extended far and wide in iron desolation. Gradually the weather became colder and colder. The wind roared and creaked through the trees around our house and the drifts piled high about the windows. The settlers became alarmed for their stock. They were not sufficiently prepared for a winter of such severity. The thermometer sank lower and lower and we became more and more shut in from the outside world. The intense cold and the great depths of the snow made travel extremely hazardous. Those of the pioneers who had corn and hay stored for the winter's use were extremely fortunate. Corn raising at that time had not come to be very extensive, however, and food for man and beast was scarce. Some of

the settlers had practically no shelter for their stock. As a substitute they cut down trees and piled them thick and high for the famished beasts to get protection from the wind and for what food they might obtain from browsing upon the boughs and branches. Many head of stock were lost in spite of the efforts of their owners. A storm of sleet and rain preceding a decided drop in temperature covered the poor beasts with a coating of ice so that many of them perished from cold and starvation. Many of the families with whom I had become acquainted were reduced in rations to corn alone. This they boiled or parched and ate as their sole source of subsistence. To these people as often as possible I took deer and prairie chickens to increase their food supply and to afford a change in their monotonous diet. The deer were stricken almost to the same extent as the stock. I killed many in a way that seemed like murder as they struggled in the snow. My conscience reproached me but as they were really needed for food I felt that the end justified the means. Prairie chickens I trapped easily and in great numbers. The most successful method employed was to simply set a large box-like structure on the ground bottom up with a trap door in the top. To this door I placed a trail of grains of corn. The birds sometimes came in from the prairies in immense flocks filling the trees near our house from top to bottom. To see a tree thus loaded with these fine birds is a thrilling sight. Some of them would alight on the snow and begin picking up the corn and soon some one of them would hop up on top of the trap and begin eating the corn that was placed there. Then as the trap door was stepped on the bird would be precipitated into

the box or trap and the door would instantly close again. I have gone to one of these box traps and found it practically full of prairie chickens. A dozen birds at one catch was nothing unusual and at times I have caught twice that number.

The quail suffered severely during the winter storms. They burrowed under the snow for shelter and when the sleet came and covered the snow with ice the birds smothered and starved to death in the snow.

During the long winter nights I spent much time reading and studying Audubon's "Birds of America," and listening to stories of the plains and mountains by my uncle Frank.

I studied taxidermy in those early days. The art was little known at that time on the American continent, but I had read everything I could find in regard to it and devoted myself to the work very earnestly for several months after first making Iowa my home. The incredible number of ducks, geese and cranes that swarmed over the prairie every spring and fall was an inspiration that would not be denied, and, to preserve to a slight extent the memory of those wild creatures of the prairie through the long days of winter and through the years that were to come, I endeavored to mount in a complete state of preservation the best specimens that fell before my gun.

The long, cold winter slowly wore away. The sun came farther and farther north in its daily journey across the heavens and the snow began to sink away from the hillsides and rivulets and streams began pouring down the slopes toward the river. The honk of the wild goose was heard again, the ash and cottonwood hung out

their fluffy, bulging buds and spring with all its activity and life was here. The river became a tremendous flood, bearing on its broad bosom ice cakes, trees and logs and frothy foam. The stage line ran through brooks and pools and extended over slippery, splashy prairie.

CHAPTER V.

SPRING TIME in Iowa was an event. The warm south winds in the months of March and April brought geese, ducks and cranes in incredible numbers. It was then my delight to go out upon the prairie and become a part of the wild life about me. The whole earth seemed waking from its long sleep. The light of the sun was drawing from the ground the vapor that gave evidence of the disappearing frost. Water ran boisterously in the ditches, trickled down the hill sides and stood in puddles on the soggy prairie.

Life was everywhere apparent. Civilization had not yet come, yet the sun's energy, its immense power in awakening all the dormant forces of the earth seemed more instinct with life than the same scenes today where civilization is supreme.

The chief was never content to stay at my uncle's home for any great length of time without wandering far over the high prairies to the north and west of the town. Ostensibly he was hunting but occasionally it became apparent to me that he sometimes hunted scalps as well as the legitimate objects of the chase.

The Sacs and Foxes and Musquakies were then in central Iowa and they camped frequently in the vicinity of Adel. In the woods along the river in the early spring they might be seen making sugar in the maple groves that bordered the stream. They tapped the trees and

ran the sap out of the holes in the trees along pieces or splinters of wood or bark into the receptacles made to receive it. They then boiled the sap in kettles and pans and made sugar of which they were very fond.

I frequently came upon Indian encampments in the woods north of town when the snow had not yet entirely disappeared from the northern slopes of the hills and bluffs and almost invariably the red men, or rather the red women, were making sugar. It was one of the typical and sure signs of spring to see the gay ornaments of the Indians among the bare trees and of course also at that time the ice was grinding down the current of the nearby stream and the geese and ducks were overhead.

The opening and relaxing of the frost bound earth invited our presence where all the manifold exhibitions of Nature's forces could be best observed.

Accordingly the chief and I roamed far and wide over the prairies and in the woods along the streams. I suspected that some members of the Iowa tribes had succumbed to my Pawnee friend's ferocity and prowess but always when I accompanied him he refrained from all warlike forays.

On horse back and on foot we ranged over the primeval prairie. The chief on his pony with eagle feathers fluttering in its mane and tail was typical of the plains.

I, on little Texas, for this was the name of my favorite steed, was a type characteristic of myself alone.

Generally I carried my rifle but at times I took with me my double barreled fowling piece and hunted the waterfowl that abounded all over the prairie in countless thousands. In the sky above they streamed north-

ward in a glorious array of clanging, care free abandon. On the prairie sod and in the multitude of ponds that sparkled everywhere among the reeds and rushes of the swales and sloughs their numbers were equally abundant.

I enjoyed the thrill of bringing down immaculate swans, snow-white and beautiful upon the prairie sod. Enormous pelicans and an occasional crane fell before my aim. Exultant, bouyant and full of the joy of life I watched the great world of Nature awake at the touch of spring. I have seen the cranes far up in the blue of the sky of a bright spring day, have seen them circle slowly and ponderously with dangling legs, have seen the geese, steady and unwavering, moving swiftly past the circling cranes on their way to their far northern home, and have entered into the wild joy of living as I have never done before or since.

Later in the season when the great flight of waterfowl had passed and when the reeds and rushes were green around the ponds and sloughs I have stood again on the prairie and have seen the young ducks and geese and swans learning their first lessons as they sallied forth into the great world of Nature teeming with life. Everywhere the young of all species of animals and birds were coming forth. Peopling the earth with their kind, the waterfowl, the prairie hen, the deer, the elk, the coyote, were all bringing forth their broods and litters.

It was a wonderful sight. The prairie was alive and swarming. The prairie hen fluttered up before me and feigning injury attempted to draw me in her pursuit while her young skulked in the grass and hid until I had passed by. Nests full of pure smooth eggs were easily discovered almost anywhere in the prairie grass. Cack-

ling and booming of chickens in the early morning resounded over the land and call of snipe and curlew and joyous quacking and screaming of waterfowl filled the air.

In the late spring and early summer elk calves were plentiful on the high lands northwest of town and back from the woods along the river. The chief and I and other young men from the town sometimes ran down and captured these calves and brought them to the village and put them in corrals and kept them until they were grown. Some attempt was made to break them for driving but with little success. They were generally quite ungovernable whenever any impulse or whim seized their fancy and would bolt across fields and through the woods beyond the control of their drivers.

Sometimes also the eggs of the wild swan or goose or duck were brought to the village and put under domestic hens for hatching with results that were fairly successful. Troops of these wild birds were occasionally seen on the pools and ponds around the edge of the village but generally before the season was over, unless their wings were clipped, they would mount skyward and follow their wild brethren to their haunts far from the abode of man.

One day the chief and I were returning from one of our trips upon the prairie. We were far to the northwest of the village and not a house or sign of civilization was in sight. The chief was galloping leisurely along on his pony and I on my steed was following. Suddenly the chief drew rein and carefully scanned the ground. Something had attracted his attention that evidently was different from the trails of wild animals

which we so frequently came upon. In a moment he apprised me of the fact that it was an Indian trail. I had scarcely time to draw my breath when he had thrown himself from his pony and had handed me the rein of bull hide with which he controlled it and had disappeared in the grass. He had thrown himself prone upon the ground and had gone like a shadow from my sight while I turned and galloped away, as he had directed, over a ridge in the opposite direction.

As I sat behind the ridge I speculated much upon what might be the outcome of the chief's adventure. Probably he would return with a scalp unless the number of the enemy were too great. I had not long to wait, however, before he returned with a most crestfallen appearance and without any scalp to prove his success.

With the most abject manner he informed me that the Indians were Sioux. That there were six of them, and that they were all sick with smallpox.

This was, indeed, unexpected news. The chief in an almost ludicrous manner hastily mounted his pony and set out like a whipped dog for home. But I was not in such a hurry. By much persuasion I prevailed upon my savage companion to stop for a moment and inform me of the true condition of the Sioux. I was informed that they were all very sick, that two or three were almost dead and that the others were unable to stand up or walk. Instantly I told the chief to continue on his way, and wheeling about I rode back to the point where we had discovered the trail and followed it to where the Indians lay. Before allowing me to return, however, the chief in a most solemn and awe stricken manner remonstrated with me and attempted to dissuade me from my

purpose. He dramatically and eloquently and with many gestures described the horrors of the disease. Like the leaves in autumn before the frost men fell before the great plague. Like stricken dogs they crawled into their hovels to die in misery and woe. "Come," said the chief, "No stay, go."

I disregarded his advice and entreaties and was soon in the midst of the stricken Sioux. While in college in the east I had been vaccinated but had subsequently had the smallpox though in a comparatively mild form. I therefore did not fear the disease.

The savages had taken refuge in some dry grass behind a slight ridge where they were protected from the wind and had there lain themselves down to die like wolves that have been stricken with disease or poison. In fact I could not resist the feeling that I was dealing with wolves or dogs as the shifting, rolling eyes of the sufferers looked up at me in their misery. They looked as I have seen dogs look when stricken with rabies, and also they looked as dogs look when momentarily expecting to be knocked on the head.

I made my bed a few yards from the savages and occasionally in the night I cooled the fevered brows with water from a nearby pond. During the night however three of the Indians died and the morning was not far advanced before two more had succumbed to the disease.

The sixth savage, however, showed signs of recovering and I continued my efforts to save him. I killed and cooked a young mallard duck over a little fire I made on the ground and the savage ate a portion of it with evident relish. I remained with him throughout the day and the next night. The following morning I felt sure that he

would recover. Fearing that when he had done so he might desire my scalp I decided to leave him. Accordingly I killed a half dozen ducks, roasted them over the coals of my camp fire, left them at the redskin's side, mounted my horse and set out for home.

Arriving within hailing distance of my uncle's home I had another suit of clothes brought out to me. I then disrobed, took a plunge in the river, put on the clean clothes, built a fire and burned the clothes I had been wearing and returned to the house. Neither my uncle nor Joe Burgess nor the chief could fathom my conduct. Why I should be so concerned about a party of Sioux Indians who would have taken my scalp if they could have had the chance, they could not understand. The chief was totally mystified but his superstition had gained the upper hand and he attributed my actions in part at least to some supernatural influence. I, however, was quite content. I would have done the same for a dog and why not for a Sioux Indian? Luckily I was none the worse for my experience and luckily none of the others at my uncle's house ever came down with the disease.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE MORNING as the sun arose in splendor over the eastern hills I decided to pay a visit to Julia King. Taking my uncle's boat I launched it on the swift current of the stream and went flying along with the ice and logs and foam toward Fort Des Moines. It was a grand trip, down the lonely, rushing river. The hardy trees mantled the rugged shores and as each succeeding bend of the stream came into view the solitude and silence of the wilderness impressed itself upon me. Alone on the surface of the stream I watched the changing view with rapt attention. It was as if I was the first human being in the world to navigate this far inland current. This thought alone was a source of great satisfaction to me, for I dreaded the advance of civilization and the coming of the time when Europe's millions should pour into the solitudes of the new world and desecrate its silent majesty and its incomparable grandeur. Little did I realize what that desecration would really be but a kind of intuitive sense of the brazen desolation that was to come filled me with an instinctive dislike for the advancing wave of humankind. I felt that not one in a hundred, indeed, not even one in a thousand of the human beings who would pour into this virgin land would have any appreciation of its beauty, of its natural wealth and of its freedom. I had seen enough of the results of civilization farther east to make me aware of the

crass brutality and the mercenary motives that governed it. To slay, mutilate and destroy seemed to be its grand purpose, its inevitable result. To see beasts of men beyond the reach of law slaughter and destroy the fair products of Nature's hundreds and thousands of years of evolutionary growth made me hate my kind. Trees, waters and game to those who were sweeping westward were nothing except as they could be turned to account from a mercenary point of view. Far inland along the lonely streams and upon the unknown plains and in the uncharted mountains the indefatigable hunter and trapper lived his lonely life in Nature's tremendous environment. These hardy men who had pushed their way far toward the setting sun and who had risked their lives to do so I knew loved the land they roamed over and appreciated its unparalleled magnificence. With these men I had the deepest sympathy. Risking their lives in the land of marauding Cheyenne or Arapahoe or in the country of terrible Sioux or in other equally dangerous surroundings, they trapped and hunted in solitude that they might enjoy the wild free land where civilization had never come. Implacable Sioux or cruel Commanche was much to be preferred by them to the tumult and artificialities of civilization. Theirs was a deep, true love for the great plains, for the forests, the mountains and the wild game. Far better to die at the hands of the savage than to live in civilization's onward sweep of destruction. To avoid civilization and to go beyond the sound of falling trees and the sight of slaughtered game and upturned soil was the one thought that possessed them.

This thought possessed my mind also as I floated swiftly down the icy stream.

For some reason, as I floated down the current, I had a dismal foreboding that something was wrong and that my journey would not have a happy end. Drawing my boat up on the river bank after arriving at the site of the old fort, I hastened with the blood pounding in my temples, to the house of the brother-in-law of Julia King. There I was informed that she had gone. That she had left for the east a week or more ago and that she might and she might not return again in the fall. I felt as though someone had poured molten lead upon my heart but I set about at once preparing for my return journey to my uncle's home at Adel. I knew it would avail me nothing to follow Julia King. I knew it would do more harm than good. Accordingly with sinking heart I waited till the stage should depart on its western journey to Council Bluffs and as I waited I knew what course I would pursue. I hardly dared admit it to myself but I knew nothing could keep me from it. I knew that I would join one of the many wagon trains that passed westward through Adel and with it would cross the plains to the Rocky Mountains. With this thought in mind I returned to my uncle's home and began at once to make my preparations. My uncle did not readily approve my decision but he sensed the fact that something had gone wrong and revering as he did the name of King and respecting deeply my feelings, he had little to say. As the days went by, however, and as he watched me making preparations for my departure he became more and more interested and to my great surprise finally decided to go with me.

The chief also decided to make the journey. He was desirous of returning to his people, but not caring to travel with a wagon train he concluded to remain behind until we were well on our way and then proceed so as to overtake us near the Pawnee village on the Platte.

Joe Burgess was left in charge of the farm and as the chilly winds of April gave way to the soft airs of May the prairie schooners of the emigrant trains began passing through our little town. They followed the state road or stage line westward toward the Missouri river. Many, however, stopped in Dallas county. Passing through the village the settlers began pitching their camps on the prairies at the western edge of the town. Staking out claims they entered their land with the government, paid perhaps a dollar or a dollar and a half per acre and received a patent. Other emigrants entered land immediately west of where these settlers had staked out their claims and others in turn settled immediately west of them. In an almost endless procession the settlers kept coming and it took only half an eye to see that it would not be long until the major part of the land between our town and the Missouri river would be taken up.

A green velvety carpet of grass had sprung up on the prairie when my uncle and I joined one of the wagon trains on its journey westward. I had my favorite saddle horse and another pack animal, my rifle, two revolvers, a hunting knife and plenty of ammunition. My uncle had an outfit that practically duplicated mine. The first night out we pitched camp on the prairie. Our camp fires were burning brightly and the coyotes were begin-

ning to serenade us discordantly from the surrounding ridges.

We sat by the fire for some time in silence. A few moments later my uncle and I were wrapped in our robes under one of the wagons. The horses occasionally moved restlessly about or audibly munched the short grass just appearing on the prairie; the flicker of the fires shone now and then along the line of wagons, the stars twinkled brightly overhead as the emigrants sank to sleep.

As all sounds of the camp ceased, except the steady grinding of a few of the horses as they continued eating after the others gave themselves up to rest from the fatigue of the day, I lay quietly and listened to the deep silence of the night. It may not be correct to say that I listened to the silence, but I at least sensed it and felt it. Sometimes the quiet of the night was broken by the dismal howling of wolves, sometimes the sound of a flock of geese passing overhead came down to the slumber-shrouded ground. Sometimes a sense of the nearness of some prowling beast came over me as I lay in the great silence and again I would think that I heard the retreating steps of the animal as it slunk away from our dying fires.

When morning dawned we were up and soon had our mules and horses and oxen hitched to the ponderous wagons. Having eaten the breakfast prepared over the campfires we were soon under way. The dozen or more white topped wagons moved slowly off over the prairie toward the golden West. Prairie chickens were flying hither and thither over the prairie, the breeze was fresh and cool, the sun flamed up in glory in the east and the

train of hardy men, women and children moved slowly on toward the Missouri river beyond which lay the wonderful plains. The slow moving caravan gave me abundant opportunity to dash wildly off to right or left in pursuit of deer or other game. Wild swans and geese frequently alighted on the high swells of the prairie and many a time I spent hours in stalking them. I would ride as near as I could without putting them up and then leaving my horse I would follow the ravines or swales until I came near enough to get a shot. Many times I missed, but very often a snow-white swan or a Canadian goose would fall to my rifle as the bullet drilled it through. Sometimes I returned to the wagon train with as many as three or four of the birds dangling from my saddle and all shot with the rifle as they stood on the green sward of the prairie.

I shall never forget my first sight of the Missouri river. From a high hilltop east of the river I looked across to the plains on the western shore and saw my first buffalo. Soon two or three others came in sight. They browsed the grass rather lazily or stood silently in the sunlight. As I looked an Indian suddenly appeared on the sky line and galloped rapidly southward. Feathers fluttered gaily from his lance and from the mane and tail of his little pony. The raw, bold headlands or bluffs loomed grimly along the river. The plains stretched away westward limitless, wonderful, entrancing. We looked across the wide muddy river to the site of the city of Omaha, then a rather straggling and very raw and crude and very small settlement standing at the entrance to and forming the gateway of the golden West.

After a great deal of labor and much shouting and swearing we got our train across the river. There were no bridges across the Missouri at this point at that time. We got our wagons and horses and mules and oxen across on the ferry and on rafts.

We spent a day in Omaha resting and fitting out our train.

Indians were encamped about the little settlement. They were engaged in trading with the whites, horse-racing and lolling lazily about their tepees. White ruffians, gamblers and thieves were about the little buildings and setting out across the plains. Trappers and hunters of better character and sterner mold were also to be seen about the camps and in front of the little stores. With long rifles and deer skin shirts and leggins and coonskin caps they were typical of the better element of the plains. Their leathery, weather-beaten faces appeared to have faced a "thousand storms" and their quiet demeanor and steady blue-gray eyes were eloquent of their hardihood and their fearlessness in the face of danger.

Next morning we set out westward on the great overland trail.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE TIME when the wagon train which we had joined started slowly westward over the Overland trail the Missouri river marked the division line between the east and the true west in the United States. Behind us lay the eastern half of the continent won for the most part to civilization. Before us lay the western half as wild and barbaric as the steppes of Asia. Civilization had made but little impress upon the vast extent of plain and mountain that stretched away toward the setting sun. A few famous trails crossed the plains to the Rocky mountains and two of them extended over the mountains to the Pacific coast. Along these trails lay the whitened bones of horses and men and women and children who had paid with their lives for their temerity in setting out over the almost endless and lonely highways across the western half of the continent. From points on the Missouri river between Kansas City and St. Joseph the two most famous trails extended westward. The Santa Fe proceeding toward the southwest invaded the arid region of the warring Commanches and Apaches. The Oregon, or California and Oregon trail proceeding toward the northwest, ran up the valley of the Platte to Ft. Laramie and thence through the mountains to Salt Lake and across the terrible deserts to California and Oregon. The whole vast region was the home of the Indian and buffalo. In untrammelled freedom wild man and wild

beast roamed the boundless lands. In countless thousands the buffalo darkened the plains; in many millions his shaggy herds came up from the south when the northern prairies turned green with the first touch of spring and spread his vast numbers over the high wild prairies of the north. In the southwest the fierce and blood-thirsty Commanche and marauding Apache waged relentless war on the brave pioneers and adventurers who risked their lives on the Santa Fe trail. In the middle west the great nation of Pawnees roamed in unrestrained freedom over the sunlit prairies along the Platte and Republican rivers. In constant warfare with all surrounding tribes the once great and powerful nation later became reduced to a miserable remnant of their former strength and glory. But at the time our caravan set out westward toward the setting sun they were still very powerful in the lands they called their home and constituted a picturesque and barbaric banditti which roamed far and wide over the lands traversed by the Oregon trail. To the north of them lived the Sioux, that great and powerful nation of the north, fierce and implacable enemies of their neighbors on the south and never happier than when on warlike expeditions against their hereditary enemies. To the west toward the mountains were the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, scarcely less blood-thirsty than the Pawnees and Sioux, and farther west in the mountains traversed by the Oregon trail were the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Piutes and the Umatillas. Many other tribes, of course, lived in these regions of the far west but none more proud and none more formidable in war and none more typical of the land in which they lived.

A part of this land of freedom had only recently been under discussion in the Congress of the United States as a land properly subject to the curse of slavery and had been suggested by leading statesmen as a land that should become a place of bondage. Three years before our departure from Omaha with the wagon train, Congress had passed the Kansas-Nebraska bill which had repealed the famous Missouri compromise and had provided that "The Territory of Nebraska, or any portion of the same, when admitted as a state or states, shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitutions may prescribe at the time of their admission." The bill further provided that all questions pertaining to slavery in the territories and new states to be formed from them should be left to the people residing in those states.

This put in effect what was known as Squatter Sovereignty and was undoubtedly for the purpose of establishing slavery in territory which the Missouri compromise had declared to be forever free. And in the very year in which we set out Westward across the plains the Supreme Court of the United States handed down its opinion in the Dred Scott case, which practically sustained the whole Southern claim in regard to territory west of the Missouri river and which allowed slave owners to take slaves into that territory and which held the Missouri Compromise to be unconstitutional and void. However, in regard to the territory immediately west of the Missouri river division of Nebraska territory into Kansas and Nebraska was advocated by leading citizens of Iowa to the end that it would be advantageous to have the capital of an important commonwealth

directly opposite them and that it would aid in fixing the route of the proposed railroad to the Pacific coast which was even at that time under discussion. The citizens of Iowa desired the proposed road to be established on the northern route, or through what is now the state of Nebraska, to the end that traffic from Chicago to the Pacific coast would pass through central Iowa.

We were therefore setting out over the route subsequently selected for the Union Pacific railroad, but how different was the old trail which we traveled over from that over which the palatial trains now speed westward to the far off ocean.

As we set out with the ponderous wagons and slow-moving oxen and mules we encountered many obstacles in our path and many things to beset our progress. The prairie was green with the grass of spring, but owing to recent rains its soft sod allowed the wheels of the heavily loaded wagons to cut into the ground and made our progress slow. Occasionally a small stream or creek had to be crossed and often it was with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded in getting the wagons over. In the evenings as we pitched camp a legion of frogs set up a joyous croaking and mosquitoes sallied forth to annoy and harass us as we prepared the evening meal. Good drinking water was at a premium as tad-poles and other forms of swarming life filled the water from which we were compelled to draw our supply. Splashing through the boggy creek bottoms or walking near our camp an army of snakes (as it seemed to the disgusted emigrants) glided from about our feet and wriggled away in all directions. The first night out the sun went down in a clear sky yet we were destined to know how little con-

fidence could be placed in that promise of fair weather. The air had that peculiar softness and chill combined which is characteristic of early spring. As the chill of evening settled down the emigrants began preparing the fires for the camp. Wood was exceedingly scarce and it was with the greatest difficulty that the fires were kindled. Before very long, however, the fires began to gleam among the lengthening shadows and as the stars came out they imparted a certain cheer to our lonely encampment. At this camp, at the suggestion of my uncle, the wagons were formed in a circle and certain members of the emigrants were detailed to keep watch through the night. The night was divided into three watches each one of which was to be allotted to a certain one of three persons selected.

While the camp fires were burning the emigrants who were not busy with the horses and stock or who were not occupied with the preparations of supper, strolled about the wagons and fires. A young lady, who had attracted our attention during the journey, appeared strolling leisurely among the campfires. She was a typical American girl in appearance, having the freshness and bloom of youth and the charm of fine features and a fine figure. Her clear, pink skin and bright brown eyes were glorious testimony of a rugged constitution and splendid health. Her step was firm and elastic, her figure well rounded and of about the average height. Her name was Vivian Butler. I spent several evenings in pleasant conversation with her.

That night I kept the first watch. An hour or more after the emigrants had sunk to sleep fitful flashes of lightning wavered around the western horizon. The

flashes became more vivid and soon deep muttering thunder began to roll ominously along the western sky. The bright glare of the lightning revealed a strip of sky along the horizon and cast the sky above, where the clouds seemed to be hanging, in inky blackness. In a moment more there came the rain. It came across the prairie in a steady, roaring torrent. The lightning flashed across the zenith. The thunder crashed with an ear-splitting bang and went roaring and reverberating across the heavens like the artillery of giants. One moment our white wagon tops stood out as though in a calcium glare and the next were submerged in the blackness of pitchy darkness. Sometimes the flashes seemed to reveal objects of a startling nature on the prairie but we were not molested and apparently the shapes and shadows which I had taken for galloping horsemen were entirely products of the imagination. Once, however, a wolf ran almost under the wagon and I plainly saw his shining eyes in the glare of light as he frantically altered his course and sped like a guilty demon away into the darkness. As the sound of the rain was first heard beating down upon the prairie I made the rounds of the camp and aroused the men sleeping under the wagons. They in turn prepared themselves and the women in the wagons as best they could for the approaching storm. Some of the men crawled in the wagons where, with tarpaulins and buffalo robes, they huddled under the canvas wagon tops when the storm descended upon us. With my blanket and a buffalo robe and a tarpaulin I ensconced myself under the leeward side of one of the wagons and like a primitive red man of the plains humped up in as small a space as possible and meekly

watched the storm. For half an hour or more the rain descended in torrents and then suddenly ceased. The thunder continued to roll and roar breaking overhead in a tremendous outburst and thumping and pounding across the sky and dying away in the distance. Gradually the detonations became less and less frequent and no sound was heard except the restless moving about of the oxen and horses and the occasional low cursing that sounded from under some wagon cover as the water trickled down the neck of one of the occupants. A star came out overhead and then another and another until the western half of the heavens were set with many twinkling orbs. The lightning continued to waver among the clouds in the east and the thunder continued to mutter as the receding clouds withdrew like a retreating army whose hosts had thrown themselves against a superior force of the enemy. The thunder fired a few parting shots as it sullenly left the field to the unconquered stars. Serene and beautiful they appeared above the lonely prairie.

A coyote, despite the lateness of the hour, suddenly set up a medley of outrageous howls and barks. For a moment the uncanny wailing and yelping resounded on the stillness of the night and then all was still again. The silence was impressive and palpable. For a moment I was given over to introspection and reflection. "Here I am," thought I, "on a plain so wide and lonely that it is like an uncharted ocean. The stars are here the wayfarer's guide at night as they are the mariner's on the sea. And life here as on the sea is so close to God that one feels within speaking distance. One hardly dares to utter the thoughts that rise within him here. So plainly

the present merges into the hereafter, so plainly life merges into the great beyond." All about me was the wild and lonely prairie; all around me and not far away were savage beasts and savage men. On every side was the raw, primitive, physical world, yet as the stars shone out overhead they communed with me in the language of the soul. The ever present physical melted away and was as nothing to the all pervading spiritual. I spread my buffalo robe and tarpaulin on the saturated soil and wrapping myself in my dry blanket sank to rest with the lesson of God's teaching written deeply in my heart.

Next morning I was awakened by my uncle who was busily engaged about the camp. Getting breakfast was a sore trial on account of the wetness and scarcity of fuel. My uncle's previous experience on the plains stood him in good stead. He had carefully husbanded the fuel of the evening before and had stored the unused portion of it in one of the wagons out of reach of the rain. A pile of bois de vache or buffalo chips lay under one of the wagons where he had piled them the night before. Sheltered to a certain extent from the rain they served fairly well as fuel and aided materially in our preparations of the morning meal.

The sun blazed up gloriously over the eastern horizon as we were hitching up the mules and oxen. The mules kicked out viciously here and there as they were being harnessed by the emigrants. How some of the mule-teers avoided the heels of the malicious beasts I was unable to understand.

We ate our breakfast of bacon and bread and coffee with a fine relish and were soon once more moving

slowly westward. The faces of women and children peeped out from under the canvass of the wagon tops and the men and boys walked beside the train or rode on horseback.

Our slow and patient progress was typical of the way the West was won for civilization. With plodding ox-team and ponderous wagon the American pioneer braved the dangers of a pagan host, of storm and flood, of cold and heat and starvation that he might win for himself and family a home and establish in the wonderful west the foundation of civilization for his descendants who were to come after he had passed to his final resting place. Nowhere in the world were primitive inhabitants of any land more fierce and warlike, more cruel and treacherous than the red men who roamed the great plains between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains. Like demons incarnate they swooped down upon the slow moving wagon trains from their hiding places behind the surrounding ridges. Woe be to the emigrant train that was not sufficiently prepared to meet them. Many an Indian bit the dust at the crack of the emigrant's rifle and many a red man was carried off dead on the pony to which he had securely tied himself before making the assault. But if the emigrants were so outnumbered by their savage foe as to succumb to the attack, no death could be worse, no slaughter more horrible than that inflicted upon the hardy pioneers who fondly traveled toward the golden West. Children and babies were snatched from their mother's arms by coarse-featured savages with eyes burning in their heads with the lust of blood. Babies' brains were dashed out with war clubs and butts of guns, women were brained with

tomahawks or spared to be carried away to a captivity that was worse than death. Men were shot down and scalped and the reeking trophy held on high while pandemonium reigned supreme as the yelling, whooping band applied themselves to the slaughter. The massacre complete, fire completed the destruction of all inflammable things not appropriated while the savage horde scoured off over the ridges on the hardy ponies with the emigrant's cattle, horses and mules driven before them.

But all these things did not deter the grim-visaged pioneer. With dauntless courage and tenacity of purpose he continued to send wagon trains across the plains to the Rocky mountains. Many a lonely grave was made beside the great overland trails, mute testimony that mother, daughter or babe had perished amid the hardships and privations of the plains. Howled over by the wolves, their bones dug up and scattered far and wide they whitened beneath scorching suns and freezing snows. But civilization could not be denied. On, on came the westward flood of wagon trains. Westward, ever westward came the wave of human beings seeking their fortunes in the golden West. Far westward on the shore of the Pacific ocean the discovery of gold in the strangely fascinating mountains of California had served as an attraction to lure our people westward as no other cause could have done. On the extreme western edge of the continent it came as a splendid thing for national development, bridging at once the vast distance between the then frontier states of the Mississippi valley and the Pacific coast. A few years later Abraham Lincoln advocated the building of a railroad from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast not only as a military necessity but

for the purpose of binding the Union together. The discovery of gold before the building of the railroad served a great purpose in first attracting our people to the gold fields and in starting the westward movement and carrying it not only across the plains but over the mountains to the Pacific.

Occasionally in our own train as we journeyed westward we saw evidence along the trail of the great emigration to California. Now and then a ferry would be found on some of the larger streams which it was necessary to cross. The remains of campfires all along the way and the occasional writing seen on the whitened skulls of buffalo all marked the way of one of the most momentous pilgrimages on the surface of the earth. Once or twice we came upon furniture beautifully and curiously carved which had been cast aside by the owners and left exposed to the sun and rain and the wind and snow of the prairies. Transported as far as their owner's ability would permit, they were finally sacrificed, and that man and beast might get to their journey's end alive, the encumbering relics were cast aside.

Ours was to be no different from the experience of those who had gone before. Hardship, danger and death, could we have foreseen our fate, was to be the lot of our wagon train to a greater extent than even those which had preceded us. We realized the dangers of the trail in a vague way, yet to the men, at least, of those overland expeditions the spirit of adventure entirely overbalanced the idea of fear and we, like all the rest, proceeded on our way happier than we had ever been in our lives as we felt ourselves entering upon the field where a man's a man.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW SHALL I tell of the things that we saw and experienced along the Platte River in what is now the State of Nebraska? Truly it was a primitive region in which we found ourselves. There we saw the sluggish stream lying in the sunlight as it has lain for unnumbered generations. We saw the clumps of buffalo grass in the sandhills round about. We saw the rattlesnakes and we saw the wolves sneaking, as Francis Parkman has said, like "conscious felons" among the ridges and through the ravines and hollows. We saw the little owls sitting on the sand dunes, and we saw the prairie dogs. We saw and felt and deeply sensed the utter loneliness and desolation of the wild and barbarous scenes that surrounded us. It was, nevertheless, a wonderful experience, and I would not have been without it for all the treasures in the world, for with all its barbarous nature, and with all its desolation and loneliness, I enjoyed it with a sense of appreciation and understanding which I could not describe in words. The wolves that howled at night upon the hillsides, and whose eyes shown occasionally in the reflection of our firelight, afforded sweet and harmonious music to my soul. And the reason it was so is plain. I was there as I had been in Iowa, enjoying the full vigor of life. There is scarcely anything that is not enjoyable when one is in the full possession of his faculties and his

strength and vigor. I thought what a really terrible and tragical experience it would have been for me had I been in the condition that I was in before I crossed the Mississippi River into Iowa. I thought how the shimmering heat that wavered in its mysterious and alluring way over the sand dunes would have been a blighting and overcoming influence upon my life had I been the weak and suffering person that I was before I came westward. I thought of how the howling of the wolves would have sent shivers along my spine and of how the loathsome snakes that crawled and scuttled off through the buffalo grass and sage brush would have horrified my whole being, had I lacked the strength and hardihood and confidence which I at that time was fortunate enough to possess. I thought of how fear would have overcome me at the thought of the lurking savages that I knew watched our progress as we crept westward over the desolate plains. I thought of how the vultures that swung high in the heavens in the dazzling light of the sun would have seemed to be waiting to feast not only upon my body but upon my very soul, had I been in the condition that I was in before I came westward to find my health and fortune. I thought of what a terrible thing nature would have seemed to me in her harsher and crueller moods had I been in that condition of which I am now speaking. I thought of how utterly helpless I would have felt and of how the tragedy of the weak would have been mine and of how perhaps I would have sunk down upon the sands like a stricken wolf or an outcast and wounded beast to die alone upon the prairie without the possibility of help coming to my aid. I looked about me and I saw the relentless forces

of nature; saw the coarse, brutal, unfeeling features of savages; saw the coarse buffalo grass waving in the wind and the wild yellow flowers occasionally nodding in the passing breeze. I looked over the sand dunes and through the shimmering heat waves that played over the landscape, and as I did so and thought of the tragedy of it all, I seemed to look through and back of and beyond the quivering light and heat and seemed to see and feel the very mystery of life itself. And upon the primeval and barbarous plains I seemed to look behind the veil and see life's very source and origin. I seemed to get a grip on life that I had never had before. I seemed to get hold of it and understand it as I had never done before. I thought of the crowded centers of civilization in the East and the institutions of civilization that were growing up there and I thought how I had failed to get a grip on life there as I was getting it on the wild and lonely sand dunes of what is now the State of Nebraska. I thought of the surging multitudes flowing up and down the city streets and wondered if the inhabitants of those crowded centers got any better hold on life there than I myself had had. It seemed to me that it was impossible, and that they could not do so. It seemed to me that the artificiality of their lives and the ceaseless struggle for wealth and position made any true understanding of the nature of existence almost out of the question. I had seen there the great buildings. I had seen the crowded streets. I had seen the offices and stores and I had attempted to work and gain a livelihood and make something of myself in one of those offices, and I thought of the begrimed and dusty window panes and of the smoke-filled sky and of the distracting noises, and I thought of

what a tragedy life had been to me there. But away out west along the valley of the Platte, among the ruffian wolves and coyotes, I felt that I was getting hold of life in a way that never could be obtained elsewhere. The travelers along that mysterious and lonely stream in the middle of the great American Continent in that early day saw entirely different scenes from those that were seen by the wayfarer on the city streets of the Atlantic Seaboard. They saw loneliness and desolation but they saw the things of which life is made. As the poet of the western Sierras has said,

They saw the silences
Move by and beckon; saw the forms,
The very beards, of burly storms,
And heard them talk like sounding seas.
They saw the snowy mountains rolled
And heaved along the nameless land
Like mighty billows; saw the gold
Of awful sunsets; saw the blush
Of sudden dawn, and felt the hush
Of heaven when the day sat down
And hid his face in dusky hands.

And these things as we traveled westward over the Oregon Trail I myself saw. I saw the elk in the wild rocky glens of the distant mountains. I saw the grizzly bear in all his burly strength and majesty. I saw "the snowy mountains rolled along the nameless lands." All of these things I saw and enjoyed. The thrill of life to me there in that loneliness and in that primeval grandeur was greater and more wonderful than I had ever experienced before. Those were to me halcyon days. I shall never forget them. I rode my steed over the plains and

prairies with all the abandon and wild carefree enjoyment with which an Arab would ride over the steppes of Asia. I was in my element. There was nothing about the great West that I did not enjoy. I slept on the ground at night and looked up at the shining stars and I awoke in the morning to greet the sun with all the buoyancy and vigor that it is possible for a human being to possess and exercise. This it was that made life to me on the western plains such a grand and splendid experience. Thoughts that surged through my mind while crossing the plains could only be fitly expressed by Browning's grand lines:

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver
shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of
wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

It is significant, it seems to me, that the lines which I have quoted which are perhaps the best ever written to express the splendor of life in its full enjoyment, deal with it entirely from a primitive standpoint. The lines of Browning do not suggest anything of civilization. They speak of Nature and suggest sources and origins. They get back to the vital virile realities of life. They ex-

press it grandly and beautifully. They imply perfect health and abounding strength and buoyancy of spirit. And this was the condition in which I found myself as we toiled westward over the Oregon Trail. To say that I was thankful and grateful for the condition in which I found myself, is to put it mildly. The relief that I felt from having been emancipated from the condition from which I had formerly been in, could not be expressed in words. It was the same, to a certain extent at least, as the relief expressed in the Book of Job when Job's misery passed and his emancipation came. I have asked, how can I tell of those wonderful nights and days? I can not tell of them I can only suggest in a feeble way the great things that I experienced there. And how can I tell of the difference between my condition at that time and my condition while I was in the East? I can not tell it. I can only feebly suggest it. I can not express my thanksgiving or my profound gratitude for the change. I can not tell the difference, for to do that would be to describe the difference between heaven and hell. It would be to tell on the one hand of life, and on the other hand of death. It would be to tell of the emancipation of the spirit from the loathsome bonds that had enchained it. If I could tell the difference between those conditions, I would tell my whole story. If I could tell what it means to suffer on the one hand, and to enjoy on the other, and how to be relieved of suffering and how to find joy, I would tell the story which I wish to impart to you. I enjoyed the great West and all its harsh barbarous conditions of course because I was myself in a condition to enjoy them. I would no doubt have enjoyed even civilization in the East, had I at that time

been in the condition which I found myself in when I was in the West. I would no doubt have enjoyed anything, even smoke and dirt and grimy window-panes and perhaps even the miserable petty business of commercial and professional life that existed there, had I felt the abounding vigor of life and strength and health that I felt on the lonely western plains and prairies. In other words, I could enjoy practically anything or any place, while enjoying good health and strength, but failing that, I could not enjoy anything. It is simply a question of being weak or being strong. The strong are supreme, mighty, domineering and successful. They hold the reins of government and dictate the terms of success and failure. It is theirs to reign with absolute and unconditional sway. No despotism seated on a throne ever wielded a sceptre with more relentless and unfailing power. The strong rule the earth, and the weak succumb and submit weakly and tamely to their dominance. There is scarcely anything beyond the reach of the strong. It is theirs to delve, to work, to discover, to invent, to shape and build up all fine things within the realm of human endeavor. It is theirs to enjoy all these things, to feel their own strength, their own comfort, their own magnificence. The earth is theirs and the fullness thereof. Scarcely anything is denied them. They live in a riot of exuberant feelings and of overflowing joys. There is scarcely anything beyond them, scarcely anything that is not theirs for the taking; scarcely anything that they can not reach and appropriate, but on the other hand, there is scarcely anything for the weak, scarcely anything within their reach; scarcely anything that they can appropriate. Theirs it is

to submit, to acquiesce, to obey. Theirs it is to do the bidding of the strong. Theirs it is to see all the fine things of life going elsewhere than into their own lives and homes and families. Theirs it is to see the prosperity of the earth taken up and appropriated by those who are strong enough to take it. This is the greatest tragedy in the world. This tragedy of the weak and the strong spells the whole round of human endeavor. It is the constant struggle, the unending joy on one hand and the unending heartache on the other. It is bright glory to one-half of the world other things being equal and it is black despair to the other. It is success, brilliant and beautiful to some, and failure dark and discouraging to others. To the weak there is no chance. It is theirs to suffer under the heritage of weakness. It is theirs to bear the burdens that come to those apparently foreordained and predestined to suffer failure and woe. It is theirs to fight the uneven fight, to wage the unfair struggle. The strong contemplate this ceaseless struggle, this unending turmoil and glory in their strength. They pride themselves upon their victories and upon their successes. They congratulate themselves upon the battle waged and won. They are the victors in the strife. But the weak on the other hand, contemplate this struggle and cower and shiver in the face of the onslaught. They know that they have no chance. They know that they are waging an unequal fight. They know that the odds are against them, that the cards have been stacked against them generations before they were born. They know that strive as they will, prepare as they will, fight as they will, they have no chance. They know it is not a matter of courage. They know it is not a matter

of will power. They know it is not a matter of fortitude because any amount of those characteristics and qualities would not balance the scales against the strength of their adversaries. The battle is exactly the same as that between the modern battleship and one constructed many years ago. No amount of fortitude or courage on the part of the sailors of the old ship would make up for the strength of the guns mounted on the more modern foe. No amount of courage or hardihood on the part of the sailors of the doomed vessel would make their weapons shoot as far as those mounted on the new ship that simply is able to stand off out of reach and batter to pieces the old hulk which has no chance whatever in the combat. The struggle has always been so. In nature it has been so; on the plains and prairies of the West I saw that it was so. But you say there are laws of compensation and that what the weak lose in one respect they make up in another and that therefore the chances of the weak and the strong in the world are even. And I answer that of course there are laws of compensation but I also answer that they do not compensate to the extent which you say they do and that on the whole the inequality of the struggle is exactly as I have outlined it.

I have related to you what health and strength meant to me there on the plains and I have suggested what weakness and poor health would have meant to me there. It would have meant exhaustion, sickness and death and a lonely grave by the side of the trail, whereas on the other hand, strength and hardihood meant the full joy of life and the full ability to cope with my environment. The same is true in civilization today. The struggle

takes on a little different form, but the results are the same. The weak go down to disgrace, wretchedness and failure. The strong rise to positions of triumph and victory. The weak today are, if anything, even more miserable than were the weak in the early days upon the American Continent. In the great turmoil of civilization the weak if anything have less chance than they had upon the unfenced plains and prairies of the West. Theirs it is to see their comrades who are strong succeed. Theirs it is to drink the bitter cup of failure because they have no chance. Theirs it is to see wrong frequently triumph and elevated to the seats of the mighty and theirs it is to see righteousness trampled under foot and relegated to oblivion because there is not sufficient physical strength to maintain its principles. Theirs it is to see weakness ever relegated to the background of human affairs and theirs it is to see injustice sit in the seats of the mighty. "For he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

Woe unto the weak. They have had handed down to them from generation to generation heritages of weakness. Theirs it is to struggle on and on, day after day, under the handicap of weakness which it is not possible to fully overcome. Theirs it is to inherit not only characteristics that are apparent and recognized by every one, but also things more subtle and more insidious in their nature that for the most part are hidden from the common gaze. These things are the tastes for evil habits and evil associates. They are handed down to them as part and parcel of their lives exactly to the same extent that characteristics of height or weight or

manner of speech are handed down. They are born in their make-up and are part of their personal lives and characteristics exactly to the same extent that the color of their eyes or the color of their hair are handed down to them. And for the most part they can no more change them than they could change the color of their eyes or the color of their hair. Much of the time they do not realize that these things are handed down to them in this way, and that they have been born with these characteristics which are a part of their individual make-up, but to a very great extent, they mark for them their place in the world and give to them their position either among the seats of the mighty or the filth and degradation of the weak and lowly. To such persons the gray walls of the city loom up like evil influences of the infernal regions. They see the vast throng of humanity round about them ready to engulf them as a tremendous flood would engulf the feeble swimmer. They feel as weak and helpless upon the human tide as a shipwrecked mariner would feel upon the bosom of the ocean. They know that they can not cope with their surroundings. They know that they are doomed to a miserable fate.

Civilization today takes no better care of the weak than did peoples and tribes before civilization came. Science and religion and medicine contribute in a way to the bettering of the condition of mankind as a whole. They keep pace with the times and cope with conditions in such a way that perhaps they get no worse, but can it be said that they get any better? As new discoveries are made and as new inventions are brought forth, new epidemics occur and new plagues surge over the country.

In proportion there are just as many weak and they are just as badly off as they were in the earliest stages of man's history upon the globe. The condition remains a constant quantity. It is continual strife and struggle and humanity simply holds its own. The struggle is in a different form and upon a different plane, but its results are practically the same. "Will this always be so?" I said to myself, and as I thought of the rising tide of civilization that I knew would some day spread itself over the entire American Continent, I felt that unless there should be a radical change in the attitude of man toward life, that these conditions would always prevail and that there would be practically no progress. I felt that unless mankind got hold of life in a way that it had not heretofore done, that little would be accomplished toward bettering the condition of the world and as I thought of the cities with their smoke and dirt and as I thought of business and professions, I felt that there was little chance of men getting hold of life any better than they had done. I felt that in fact the danger was that they would lose what weak hold they already had upon it. I felt that with the ideals of business and professional men and the ideals of commercialism worshipping as they do money for its own sake, and materialism and material prosperity for their own sakes, that there would be little or no improvement in these things, and that perhaps there would be a retrogression. I felt that as civilization developed and that as population overran the continent and the entire world, that superficiality would become more and more prevalent and that a profound understanding of life would become less and less universal. I felt that all the distracting influ-

ences of civilization tended toward weakness of perception and superficiality in thought. I felt that the deep convictions that came to those who sojourned in the realm of nature could never come to those who sojourned continually in the realm and turmoil of civilization. I felt that the profound ideals of life and the intimate relation to the Infinite that came to those who tended their flocks on the Judean hills could never come to the prosperous superficial business man. I felt that the more wealthy he became and the more engrossed with financial and material affairs, the less and less profound would be his understanding of life, and I felt that the fundamental, simple things of life which are all important and which inspired the writer of the Psalms and kindred literature of sacred lore, could never inspire men who were becoming more and more typical of modern commercialized civilization. I felt that simplicity is the keynote of a proper understanding of life and that modern civilization tended farther and farther away from simple things and from pleasure in them and understanding of them. I felt that the vapid chatter and nonsensical talk of the typical business and professional men would lead the world far from the ideals laid down by the writers of sacred lore and I have lived to see that my fears have come true. I have lived to see the greatest civilization ever known in the history of the world and the greatest prosperity and material abundance that was ever showered upon any nation, and with it I have seen a falling away from the ideals that inspired not only the men who lived on the Judean hills, but from those ideals which inspired the founders of our own government. I have seen spiritual things relegated

entirely to the background, and I have seen a vast complicated superficial system overwhelming our entire country and filling our people with the thinnest and weakest and most superficial conception of life. I have seen religion become practically meaningless and I have seen life changed from a simple, vigorous, wholesome existence upon the soil to an artificial and scheming existence in hotels, apartment buildings, skyscrapers and tenement houses. I have seen men and women and children living like beasts in a cage, and I have seen in the richest nation in the world, poverty stalk through the streets of the cities and stare weak and helpless men and women and children in the face, and have seen death following its footsteps and have seen the gaunt and haggard denizens of these unnatural retreats gaze in fear and awe upon the solemn spectre. All these things have I seen and dreaded. These things which I have said in regard to the conditions that have prevailed in nature and in civilization I have said of the world as it has been and as we now find it, but I do not believe that it will always be so, but it will be unless mankind learns to get hold. I remember of thinking that there on the plains I had gotten hold. I remember of thinking that in the company of the prairie dogs and the solemn little owls and hideous rattlesnakes and the occasional lizards, that I found health and strength and the substance and nature of life. For as I have said, as I looked over the weird mysterious plains over which the wild things crept and ran and crawled, and over which the light and heat played in phantom shapes, I seemed to look into the weird and wonderful mystery of life itself. I seemed to get a grip on life and seemed to get hold of it in a way

that I had never done before. It may seem strange that it was so, but the fact, nevertheless remains. Just how I got hold or just what it was in the landscape that unfolded and explained the mystery of life, it would be hard to tell, but something there was that nevertheless unfolded and that nevertheless to a certain extent explained it.

Job cried out in his sufferings: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! * * * Behold I go forward but he is not there, and backward but I cannot perceive him: On the left hand where he doth work but I cannot behold him: He hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him; But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

And so it is that we all try to find Him and try to see Him and apparently without success. But in the mysterious, alluring light waves that played over the sand dunes of the great West, it seemed to me that I could look into the secrets and behind and beyond all tangible things in a way that I had never done before, and even as the vultures swung high in the heavens and as the prairie dogs and the little owls scuttled to and fro it seemed to me that I could see it all and that it meant that God is spirit and that those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Having seen as I believed that I saw, the nature of the Universe as revealed to me by the advancing and receding light waves that came and went over the sandhills, is it any wonder that I loved the plains? Is it any wonder that I loved the West? For not only was there the conviction of the truth of my thought, but there was along with it the great

blessing of health and strength. I rode far and wide over the wild landscape where "herds of buffalo made a crawling spread of the square miles far and near" and I rode "where sundown shadows lengthened over the limitless prairie." I rode where life to me was everywhere abundant and vitalizing and rejuvenating everything about me.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GAME on the prairie and plains as we proceeded westward of course thronged in seemingly never ending multitudes all over the wide landscape. It is proverbial of course, that the buffalo were there in unnumbered thousands, but it is perhaps not so generally known that the antelope were also there in almost equal numbers. Some who were careful observers have even said that there were more antelope on the plains than there were buffalo. They did not, however, congregate in such immense herds as did the buffalo and were not therefore, spoken of in such terms as they are. The antelope wandered over the plains in small bands but the bands were much more numerous and closer together than were those of the wild cattle of the plains.

I often think in these latter days of the tonic of the prairie. No medicine ever concocted by chemist or physician could equal it, and no treatment ever resorted to by medical men ever approached in efficacy the fine influence upon the physical make-up of experiences like these. I have often thought that if tired business men and overworked factory hands could have a vacation of this kind amid such surroundings and in lands teeming with game, that medical men would soon go out of business. I have often thought of the independence of spirit that was mine as I rode my tough and hardy steed over

those boundless plains and prairies. I have often thought of the railway magnates, the mine owners and captains of industry that since that time have ridden across those same plains in parlor cars and Pullman sleepers. I have often thought of their wealth and their commanding positions in the world, but I have felt that indeed they have been poor in spirit as compared with what I was in the heyday of my career when I rode with high horn and cantle and with rawhide bridle my speedy and vigorous steed over the sandy plains and among the sage brush of the prairie. I have often thought of how I would not have traded my position then for the position of any of these men whom I have indicated. I have often thought with what scorn and contempt I would have regarded any such proposition. I would not have exchanged my independence for all their wealth and all their power.

At night during our trip across this particular part of the prairie, I frequently sat by the dying embers of the campfire near Miss Butler's wagon. I remember particularly one night as we sat there we noticed a weird light upon the eastern sky. In those days even in the springtime, terrific fires frequently roared over the prairies through the dry matted grass that had accumulated during the previous season, and that had become as dry as tinder during the late summer and fall of the year before. These prairie fires were frequent sights for the wayfarer on the prairie and were regarded as things more or less commonplace, but things to be avoided should they chance to come in the wayfarer's way. We watched the great livid glow on the eastern sky, and I was beginning to note the direction of the

wind to see where the fire might lead, when the round disk of the moon slowly rose over the eastern horizon. We laughed together at our mistake and started to continue our conversation when suddenly there broke forth upon the silences a discordant medley of yelps and howls like the wailing of lost and wretched souls. My companion instinctively sat closer to me and grasped my arm. I smiled as I told her that the wolves were tuning up again for their nightly concert. She had heard them every night for several nights, but nevertheless with each recurrence, in more or less alarm. Occasionally there was added to the yelps and howls the long drawn bay of the large timber wolves which occasionally came into that region.

We started again to continue our conversation when a violent shudder seemed to run through my companion's frame and she again grasped my arm in apparent great alarm. With an expression on her face of utter and abject terror she convulsively pointed toward the campfire. I looked up in time to see an immense savage stalk silently out of the darkness and take his seat by the side of the dying fire. He was a fine specimen physically, and sat half in shadow and half in the firelight, a figure that seemed to have been cast in bronze. He was a splendid type and as I looked in astonishment and in a certain alarm upon the savage features, it suddenly dawned upon me that our visitor was none other than my friend the Pawnee Chief. He had kept his word as to his agreement to join our caravan a short distance eastward of the Pawnee villages along the Platte, and this had been his method of joining us. I arose instantly and stepped toward the Chief and

extended my hand. Miss Butler cowered on the ground and looked on in utter amazement. I then told her this was one of the best friends that I had in the world, and that he would continue the journey with us on the following day. After conversing with the Chief for some time, I again sought the side of Miss Butler and continued my conversation with her. Our surroundings naturally led to conversation in regard to the dangers of the trail and the probable outcome of our journey. Miss Butler informed me that she had formerly lived in the East, and that her family had been in fairly prosperous circumstances there, but that her father like many others at that time, had become obsessed with the idea of moving westward and had come with his family to the Mississippi Valley, and from there had set out westward over the Oregon Trail. She expressed considerable regret at the venture, saying that it could not but result in harm, and that she dreaded the interminable journey from the point where we found ourselves to the far distant land of Oregon. She feared the wild beasts and the still wilder men that beset the trail. I laughed at her fears and began to speak of my love of the prairie and the wild denizens that thronged over it. My companion was greatly surprised and even astonished at my apparent sincerity. She urged me if I could, to state why I so loved such things, and having grown more or less into her confidence, I proceeded to tell her of my former miserable condition in the East, and of my journey westward, and of the great transformation that had come over me since arriving in the Mississippi Valley, and since proceeding westward from there. I told her of the transformation much as I had told it to Joe Burgess, and

much as I have related it to you. She was greatly interested, but aside from my portrayal of my experiences in the East, I saw that she attached little consequence to my claims as to the transformation that the West had wrought upon me. As to my getting hold of life, and as to the change that it had made, she simply listened in mild tolerance.

Then she said: "I wish I could work such miracles by merely changing my mind."

"You could," I returned, "if you should change it as I did mine."

Miss Butler looked at me enquiringly as I placed her white buffalo robe about her shoulders and bade her good night.

I did not discuss the subject further but I had abundant opportunity to illustrate to her the truth of my statement later on.

I returned to the place where my uncle and the chief were sleeping. As I stepped near them the chief sat up quickly and I felt his black, piercing eyes upon me. I spread my buffalo robe and blanket by his side and as I hesitated momentarily before rolling up in them my eyes met his. I felt the penetrating, enquiring glance and then as the chief lay down again I knew its meaning. The glance said, "What has become of the 'dark hair' and have you forgotten her?"

The 'dark hair' was what he called Julia King. Engrossed with the subject of my conversation with Miss Butler, I was wrapped in my blanket and robe before it occurred to me to say anything to the chief about his sudden appearance in our camp. Not caring to disturb him however, I said nothing until morning.

I slept soundly until sunrise.

When I awoke the chief and my uncle were just beginning to eat breakfast. The consternation among the emigrants at seeing an Indian in camp was at once apparent. Small groups of men and women stood here and there discussing some subject in low tones and now and then casting suspicious glances in our direction. We were evidently under strong suspicion, and it appeared to me that we might be asked to leave the caravan. The request would by no means have been unwelcome as it was extremely irksome traveling with the slow moving wagon train. At that particular part of the journey we would have been glad enough to have parted company with the emigrants entirely, though when we should be far enough along the trail to be out of the Pawnee country we would not be unwilling to be with them.

The chief informed us that about mid-afternoon of that day we would reach a point on the river directly opposite the Pawnee village. It was situated on the south side of the river and was the home or rendezvous of thousands of the Pawnee tribe. The chief was desirous of stopping there. It was not his intention to go on west with us, though he desired my uncle and me to stop at the village for a day and pay his tribe a visit. This we decided to do.

In the middle of the afternoon as the chief had predicted and after we had traveled some twenty miles we saw the village across the river. We dropped out of the procession and made preparations for crossing the stream. The emigrants watched us narrowly. I could not refrain from laughing at the narrow looks of hard suspicion that were sent after us. I sat in the saddle on

little Texas on the river bank and watched the white topped wagons slowly moving westward. The men, and the women also, looked at us without demonstration of any kind. I was just lifting the bridle rein preparatory to urging Texas into the stream when a white handkerchief fluttered out from one of the wagons well toward the front of the procession. I waved my hat in recognition of the courtesy and then turned my horse into the stream.

The night after my arrival in the Indian camp I slept in an Indian lodge. When morning came I sat up and looked out of the wigwam upon the strange scene about me. Certainly I could not complain of any lack of savagery or wildness. My antipathy to civilization was here fully satisfied. I was looking on scenes little different from those this region had known during many long ages before America was discovered. I was sojourning with a great and powerful tribe. Like the Six Nations of the East this tribe had long waged relentless war on all surrounding tribes, and like those redoubtable warriors had long been a scourge to their enemies. Through many generations they maintained their superiority and held unchecked sway over the central prairies west of the Missouri river. Many years of almost continuous war had, however, reduced the number of this formidable nation. Some twenty years before my visit the smallpox had also sadly decimated their ranks and the United States government had for some time been forcing them to convey away the larger portion of their lands. But they still retained their characteristics of haughty lords of the land they roamed over and still lived on Nature's bounty as their fathers

had done before them. The buffalo was the mainstay of their existence. The shaggy beast of the prairie furnished them with food, clothing and shelter. At certain seasons of the year these Indians would slaughter the buffalo in almost unbelievable numbers. At their annual "surrounds" they would surround a herd of the great beasts and with every avenue of escape cut off by hundreds of savages mounted on perfectly trained and agile ponies the buffalo were slaughtered by the hundreds. As many as 1200 buffalo have been known to have been killed in a single "surround" by these Indians. But though the red men slaughtered the buffalo in such large numbers in a single hunt their main support and food supply was never in the slightest danger of extermination so long as the Indian maintained his supremacy. It remained for the white man with his engines of destruction to sweep Indians and buffalo alike to the brink of extermination.

The morning sun was illuminating the primeval prairie with the light of another day. The Indian encampment was astir with life. I was just beginning to saunter toward the lodge where the chief and my uncle had spent the night when an Indian rode a piebald pony into camp and with a single magic word threw the camp into commotion. I hastened on to the lodge to ascertain the meaning of the hubbub. When I arrived at the tepee my uncle informed me that a herd of buffalo had been sighted a mile or more to the southward. The braves were catching and mounting their ponies and in a short time a great number of them with bow and arrow and lance and spear and guns were galloping off southward on their tough little steeds. It was a time of excitement

and exuberance and thrilled by the inspiration of the moment I hurriedly saddled Texas and was off after the Indians. Scurrying southward over the prairie, this concourse of savages made a picture I shall not soon forget. Approaching a rather high ridge the Indians slackened their pace and proceeded cautiously to the elevation of land and looked over. I arrived in time to see the objects of their gaze. A herd of some fifty buffalo were grazing quietly in a slight depression or swale about two hundred yards away. The Indians at once decided to give chase. They accordingly poured over the ridge and swept down upon the astonished beasts like a whirlwind. The old bulls raised their enormous heads, gazed momentarily through the matted hair on their foreheads and turned and fled. Each Indian with the skill of instinct and long practice when he had overtaken the lumbering beasts singled out some particular animal which he had marked in his mind for slaughter and pursued it swiftly and surely until within easy range from which the spear or arrow could be driven home.

These plains Indians have great skill with the bow and arrow, and let drive the shaft from the bow with terrific force. I was astonished after the chase to find a buffalo bull which had been shot through with an arrow. The shaft had apparently encountered no bones and had passed entirely through the body of the bull. The force with which the arrow had been launched can well be imagined.

I watched the Indians from the ridge until the chase was over. I then saw them dismount and surround one of the carcasses lying prone on the prairie and attack it

eagerly and skillfully with their knives. The hide was removed in the twinkling of an eye and almost before I realized what had happened the Indians were feasting with blood-thirsty relish upon the raw liver and heart and other parts of the buffalo, which they regard as great delicacies. Their appearance can well be imagined as with blood smeared countenances they stood around the great carcass as they enjoyed apparently to the utmost their primeval banquet.

After watching the savages for some time I rode back to camp where I gave myself up to the rather Indian-like enjoyment of stretching full length upon a buffalo robe which lay on the ground in the warm sunlight.

There are those who cannot endure solitude. There are those to whom the lonely regions of uncivilized lands are things to be avoided forever, if possible. There are those to whom wild primitive Nature is unsupportable, and there are those who cannot endure to be alone. I thought of these people and these types of humanity as I lay on the great buffalo robe on the prairie after the buffalo hunt and I thought of them only with scorn. The Indians were returning to camp and were again turning their ponies out to graze. The half wild dogs sniffed around the camp and particularly around me as an object of great curiosity. Today, again, I think of the thoughts that went through my mind so many years ago there on the western plains. I was happy in solitude and I was happy to be free and alone. And I recall also of how it suddenly came to me there that I was extreme and that it was not right to shun civilization entirely and that it was not right to be forever alone. I remember of arriving at the conclusion then and there

that there is a certain balance between Nature and civilization that should be maintained in every person's life and I have never since changed my mind in regard to that conclusion. Neither civilization nor Nature should be supreme but each should be accorded its rightful share in the life of every normal human being.

CHAPTER X.

MY UNCLE and I left the Pawnee encampment and set out westward to overtake the wagon train. In a couple of days we were once more with the slow moving wagons. Buffalo were becoming more numerous as we proceeded westward. Antelope also were more frequently seen. Also prairie dogs and rattlesnakes and little prairie owls were more and more in evidence. The land became more and more desolate, more and more mysterious in its primeval charm. The wide shallow river lay in the afternoon sun like the streams of the Orient. An Indian and sometimes two or three passed by us with their stiff, vermilion-soaked hair standing in the form of a ridge on their otherwise well shaven heads. They passed by us with expressionless faces, staring at us with brutish countenances or appearing not to see us at all.

The buffalo were seen on the surrounding ridges and urging my uncle to accompany me I finally gained his consent and we set off in pursuit of a herd some distance to the north of us. The chief had remained with his people at the Pawnee village and we were therefore deprived of his assistance and companionship.

Frank Perkins was a skilled buffalo hunter, as I was soon to learn. Approaching by stealth as near as possible we suddenly began the chase. In an astonishing short space of time my uncle had one of the herd

stretched dead on the prairie. Away he went riding swiftly here and there and dashing in and out. His horse appeared to be an old hand at the business and after riding swiftly in and out among the herd no less than six of the beasts succumbed to the rifle and pistols of this one solitary hunter.

However I was not a witness to any but the first shot. I went flying away after a part of the herd that fled toward a line of hills to my left. Owing to the difficulty in getting Texas to approach closely to any of the buffalo I was compelled to follow them far before getting a fair opportunity for a shot. When I did shoot I failed to bring down the game. The mighty beast which I had attacked went plunging and bucking off over the hills with blood-shot eye and flecks of foam about his mouth and nostrils. As I topped one of the larger hills I could see the buffalo far and wide. In the little valleys between the hills and ridges and on the hillsides and in the paths and defiles in and around the sandy hilltops I could see many hundreds and probably thousands of buffalo. Most of them had been startled by our attack and were galloping northward. Some were running fast and hard while others farther removed from the point of attack were galloping clumsily along in a leisurely manner. I even came upon others in the depressions around the hilltops which were lying dozing in the sunlight and apparently very near asleep. Such surprises always resulted in a tremendous and ungainly effort to get upon their feet upon the part of the shaggy beasts. On one occasion I was confronted by a bull which had thus unceremoniously scrambled to a standing position and instead of taking to flight with his tail in the air as

the others had done he whirled and faced me with shaggy head lowered and with eyes looking sternly through his tangled mane. Texas as usual tried to run but I had him under control and cuffing him as hard as I could about the ears, I soon instilled into his brain that he was to hold his position and even approach nearer to the object of his fright if I deemed it necessary. Luckily I brought him to a position that enabled me to get a shot and I put a bullet low down behind the bull's shoulder and he sank to the prairie almost without a quiver. As soon as I was sure that he was dead I looked about me at the ancient sand hills and the surrounding prairie. It seemed that the silent, mysterious land might have once been the home of unknown civilizations and that tribes and races of men might here have lived and flourished and decayed and that the silence here like that of Egypt and Palestine shrouded and concealed a cycle of the life of some race or tribe which had lived and died in its appointed time. Yet no Sphinx looked silently out over the sands and no pyramids rose in the clear, thin air to mark the prowess and industry of those who had been gathered to their tombs. Only the wild, shaggy cattle of the western plains could be seen scurrying away northward far and wide among the hills.

I took out the tongue of the buffalo and started to return to the spot where we had first given chase to the herd. At first I thought I was lost but I soon found my way, though my success was due to Texas rather than to myself.

Wolves and coyotes were much in evidence on my return journey. Generally I never passed one of them by without a shot, but here they were so numerous that

shooting was out of the question and besides I felt much anxiety to be back with the wagon train again. I glanced at the surrounding ridges as I rode, apprehensive that from every hilltop and ridge a ruffian band might dash down upon me. Here among the desolate sand hills I felt the barbarousness of the west as I had never felt it before. Prairie dogs and rattlesnakes, coyotes and wolves, only seemed to add to the desolate, grim loneliness of the scene. I realized as never before how utterly helpless I would be alone among the hills with a marauding band of Pawnees, Cheyennes or Sioux upon my trail. I spurred little Texas to his best speed and was greatly relieved when I came in sight of my uncle just returning to the spot where we had first made the attack upon the buffaloes.

We soon caught up with the wagon train and after proceeding for an hour or more along the trail we pitched camp. After the evening meal and as darkness settled down we saw the ruddy glow of a prairie fire far back along the trail. The Indians had probably started it, my uncle said, to conceal their tracks and evidence of their activity in certain directions from their enemies. The wolves howled on the neighboring hills and the low voices of the emigrants seemed subdued and fearful of some impending calamity. At any moment the war-whoop might sound out of the darkness and the savages would be upon us. Our horses were hobbled very close to the wagons which were formed in a circle against attack.

I was sitting by the remains of a little fire where coffee had been boiled and meat for supper had been prepared. One of the big prairie schooners was just be-

hind me and I was reclining against one of the wagon wheels. As I sat there alone Miss Butler came and sat down beside me.

"I want to ask a favor of you," she began.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I want to kill a buffalo," she said, "and I want you to help me."

I was greatly surprised. Miss Butler was certainly adapting herself to her surroundings.

"All right," I replied, "the next herd we see I will try and help you to get a shot."

The very next day we sighted a large herd far off to our left. I had many misgivings but as Miss Butler insisted I helped her on the horse which had been loaned to her and we set out toward the herd. Evidently she had ridden before for she sat on her mount very well and rode as one accustomed to riding. She rode my uncle's horse and I supposed that the horse's experience and knowledge of buffalo hunting would enable his rider to bring down one of the beasts, provided she could keep her seat and shoot straight.

When we reached a point near enough the herd we put spurs to our horses and began the chase. As the lady approached one of the shaggy beasts and was preparing to shoot I refrained from entering into the chase but galloped behind her to see what the outcome of the attack might be. Drawing close along side she leveled her revolver and fired. The buffalo whirled in the flash of an eye and with lowered head charged his pursuers. The horse whirled with equal swiftness to avoid the charge and Miss Butler, who had been leaning far out of the saddle toward the object of her shot, was left almost

instantly upon the ground as her horse jumped from under her. My rifle spoke almost in the same instant and the buffalo fell headlong, tearing up the earth as he slid and scrambled and rolled. He was soon on his feet again but apparently without much desire to carry out his original intentions. Meanwhile Miss Butler beat a hasty retreat while I dispatched the beast with my revolver.

On looking up I was surprised to see the riderless horse disappearing over one of the ridges a quarter of a mile away. I at once spurred after him. Seeing him rounding one of the swells or hills to my left I rode in a southeasterly direction to head him off, but to my surprise on coming to the point where the animal should have been seen coming toward me I saw nothing at all. I then rode westward until I discovered his tracks and set out at a rapid canter upon his trail. He had turned in another direction after getting behind the hill and I was following hard on his tracks with eyes upon the trail when I came upon some hard ground where the tracks were extremely difficult to see from my position on my horse. I slowed down and dismounted and carefully examined the ground on foot. For some distance I led my horse by the bridle rein and then as the trail became more and more indistinct and as at times I lost it altogether, I left Texas standing by himself and proceeded to search for the tracks without being bothered by my horse. Engrossed in the search I kept getting farther and farther away from my steed. When some fifty yards from him I suddenly heard him snort and looking up saw him plunge to one side as a horse does when frightened by a rattlesnake. After the first frightened jump he trotted

off with dangling rein, stepping and tripping upon it. In a moment he had broken the rein and went off at a faster gait. I called and whistled but he paid no attention to me.

Quite surprised, I watched him until he had gone a quarter of a mile or more. He then stopped and began grazing on the sparse grass that he found about him. I returned to the spot where I had left him when I dismounted and found the snake which I had rightly guessed was the cause of the trouble. I promptly killed it and then set out after my wayward steed. I began to feel considerable anxiety as I started after him, for now instead of one horse, it was two that had gotten away from us and both Miss Butler and myself were alone on the prairie, with the prospect of having to overtake the wagon train on foot. Indians were never far away in that locality and many fears assailed me.

I was walking with all speed toward my horse and was nearly half way to him when two mounted Pawnees swept swiftly out of a depression behind one of the hills and rode toward little Texas like a couple of imps, and yelling like mad. The result was that my favorite little animal threw up his head with a snort, lifted his tail over his back and raced over the nearest swell of the prairie like a quarterhorse.

I was completely dismayed, though I did not lose my presence of mind to such an extent as to prevent my sending a shot after the two rascals that stampeded my horse. My shot did not take effect, however, and for some time I stood and watched the red men as they were disappearing over the hill on their ponies.

To say that I was disgusted and disappointed is

putting it mildly. I knew I would never see my horse again and the loss was one that I felt most keenly.

I then addressed myself to the task of getting back to Miss Butler. It was getting late in the afternoon and I walked with all my speed back over the ground over which I had come in pursuit of her horse. I gave up the idea of trying to find the horse and hoped only to find her safe and sound.

In due time I reached the spot where I had left her but she was nowhere to be seen. My heart sank. For more than an hour I tried to follow the trail which she had left but without success. I had little ability as a tracker and the ground was in such condition as to make the task a difficult one. I worked and worked, but without success. I examined the ground with the greatest anxiety for blood or for signs of a struggle, but found neither. Then, just at sundown and when I was in despair of knowing what to do I saw her a mile or more away, walking swiftly along the top of one of the swells of the prairie. After a few minutes I had overtaken her and she explained that she had lain down in a hollow of sand after I had left her and while there had seen two Indians off to the eastward, riding in a southerly direction on their ponies.

Undoubtedly they were the same scoundrels who had driven off my horse.

When they had passed, she set out to overtake the wagon train, but had been unable to come in sight of it and had walked unceasingly, but without avail. I felt sure that she had lost all sense of direction and had been walking in a circle.

Then she and I set out together to find and over-

take the wagon train. We walked and walked. The stars began to come out and the coyotes and wolves began howling on the hills. When we had walked an hour or more we sat down to rest. Miss Butler was well nigh exhausted, though she would not admit it, and I myself, was very tired, and both of us were ravenously hungry. I located the north star and discovered that I had not been following the exact direction which I had intended. Evidently we were yet a long way from the wagon train. We remained at this spot longer than I had intended and when we set out again the sky in the west became overcast and thunder began to roll ominously along the horizon. It was very evident that there would be a storm. We looked in vain for something to protect us from the elements but nothing but rolling prairie without a tree or shelter of any kind was to be seen. The lightning flashed vividly and it was not long until the thunder crashed with an ear-splitting din. Soon a steady rumbling noise could be heard and I took off my coat and gave it to my companion to protect her from the rain. But the rain not coming as soon as I had expected I looked westward over the prairie when the lightning flashed, expecting to see the glare of light glistening on a heavy downpour, but as I looked something caught my eye that sent the blood back to my heart.

"Miss Butler," I said, "it isn't rain that is coming, it is buffaloes."

She caught my arm. The earth seemed to tremble beneath our feet. The lightning flashed again and revealed as far as the eye could see a long line of shaggy heads and tossing horns. Far back into the darkness an undulating mass of black showed the unthinkable

numbers of the great beasts that were bearing down upon us. Another flash showed the tremendous flood of frenzied buffaloes was near and coming toward us like the wind. A fitful glare here and there lit up a vast expanse and everywhere in the darkness and far back toward the horizon we saw buffaloes and only buffaloes.

My companion clung to my arm and trembled like a leaf. Her face was ghastly pale. She threw her arms about my neck and then suddenly controlling herself stood like a statue resolutely facing apparent certain death.

"Yell, Miss Butler," said I, "yell with all your might. Take off your coat and wave it above your head and yell as you never yelled before."

She did as she was told and waved the coat with the white sleeves out and raised her voice which was soon drowned in the roar of thunder and the terrible rumble of the beating upon the earth of a million hoofs. Dropping upon one knee I brought my rifle to position and at the next flash of lightning fired into the herd. Then taking my revolvers I fired again and again. Miss Butler was now crouching at my side. The great wave rolled up and upon us with an apparent final terrible burst of speed and with desperation I pointed the revolvers at the face of the tremendous flood and fired as the tangled manes and gleaming eyes were almost within arm's length from where we crouched on the resounding ground. We gave ourselves up for lost though Miss Butler feebly waved the coat and I tried to yell, though I heard not a sound from my own lips. The ocean of buffaloes had engulfed us. We were in the midst of burly forms. Huge heads and heaving sides were con-

stantly at our sides. The earth trembled and a stifling dust rising from the ground choked us and filled our eyes, yet as the lightning flashed we could see far over the heaving sea of backs in all directions. The thunder added its uproar to the pandemonium that surrounded us and the lightning filled us with awe as we looked upon the fearful, surging horde of the stampeded lords of the prairie. Gradually, however, the ranks of the beasts that surrounded us became a little thinner and as I watched in a kind of stupor I saw the thousands give way to hundreds and the hundreds to dozens until finally the herd had passed. I heard them rumbling on to the eastward and I felt as if a million tons had been lifted from my shoulders. In a dazed way I realized that the danger had passed. Miss Butler lay still upon the ground at my side. Soon I realized that I must act. The rain now began to fall and I turned her over so that her pallid features were turned toward the heavens. As the raindrops fell upon her face she stirred slightly and soon sat up and looked about her. It was some time before she realized what had happened and when she did she got upon her feet and peered into the darkness and asked if the stampede was over.

As she looked again in the direction from which the buffaloes had come my eyes followed her gaze and I started suddenly as I saw a huge carcass lying prone upon the ground not ten feet ahead of us. It was a dead buffalo which I had killed when I fired into the herd. A few yards farther on was another huge bulk lying upon the prairie. As I looked at it while the lightning flashed I saw it rise unsteadily to its feet and limp away from us. The two fallen beasts had saved our lives. They

had divided the herd just enough to prevent our being run down and quickly trampled to death.

As soon as I could regain my composure, even in a slight degree, I approached the body lying nearest us and shot into it again and again to make sure that it was dead. When I had satisfied myself on this point I made Miss Butler lie down close to and partially under the body of the big beast to protect her from the driving rain which was now blowing across the prairie at a terrific rate. I then crouched down by the shaggy neck and head to get what protection I could from the storm.

How long we remained in this position I do not know. When I woke from a fitful slumber the moon was shining and the rain had apparently long since ceased to fall. I was chilled to the bone and my teeth chattered. I was just considering the misery of our position when the sound of hoofs again caught my ear. Looking to the westward I distinctly saw six horsemen galloping toward us. I threw my rifle over the carcass of the buffalo and prepared to defend myself to the last.

The glint of the moonlight on the rifle barrel evidently caught the attention of the horsemen for they instantly reined in their steeds and stood in a little group as though having a conference together. For some time they remained motionless and, so far as I could tell, silent. Then the most welcome sound I ever heard in my life came to my ears. My name was called in a voice loud and clear and that voice was the voice of my uncle Frank Perkins. He and five of the emigrants from the wagon train were soon at our sides. They had set out to find us when my uncle's horse returned to the train riderless. After having eluded me when I pur-

sued it, the perverse beast had gone back to the wagon train. My uncle at once set out with five other men whom he had persuaded to go with him to search for us. They had seen the herd of buffaloes and one of their number had in fact stampeded it by firing into the herd. The storm added to the excitement of the beasts and caused them to stampede as they had done.

My uncle had brought an additional horse and Miss Butler was soon in the saddle. I mounted my uncle's steed and after a couple of hours we were back on the trail and after two more we were again with the wagon train. The sun was rising in the east as I crawled, utterly exhausted, into my blankets and robes and fell at once into the sleep that only the weary can know. Instead of sleeping on the ground as usual I was permitted to make my bed in one of the big wagons and I slept soundly as it creaked and bumped over the ground. The next day I felt none the worse for my experiences and continued to ride with the wagon train as before. I bargained with one of the emigrants for another horse and though the loss of Texas was a loss for which I felt that I could never be compensated, I was nevertheless compelled to make the most of the situation.

Day after day we toiled along and finally reached Fort Laramie.

We remained there for several days. The emigrants purchased what supplies they could at the store, had their horses and some of their oxen shod and rested from their long journey up the Platte.

In due time we set out westward again. The Medicine Bow Range was now immediately ahead of us. Its passage was attended with difficulty and hardships but

also with great delight on my part. Frequently as the wagon train wound its slow and tortuous course among the hills I would climb up a mountain side and view the scenery about me. The clear, pure morning air was an inspiration most refreshing after the hot, sandy plains of the upper Platte. Tracks of the mountain sheep were in the dust of the mountain trails and deer and elk tracks were as numerous as those of domestic animals upon a farm. I frequently saw elk and deer and occasionally was lucky enough to bring one down.

I was expressing my delight one morning to my uncle, telling him of the fine pleasure I was having in the grand mountains and hills when he informed me that upon his return from the California gold fields he had traversed that very region. After leaving the region of Puget Sound he had crossed the mountains as far as possible by the Oregon trail. He had come, he said, into the region of the mountains which we were traversing when winter was so far advanced as to make the thought of proceeding farther out of the question. He and his two companions had therefore built a log house some distance back from the trail and had spent the winter there in the mountain solitudes. The mountains, he said, were then white with snow and the dark spruces and pines were bent toward the earth with their snowy load. A supply of meat had been laid in with their unerring rifles and the rafters of their mountain home were hung with the choicest parts of elk and deer. As the long winter nights held the mountains in their grip of iron and as the hooting of owls and the scream of cougars sounded out in the great silence the big log fire blazed in their fireplace and they stretched themselves on their

blankets and robes and smoked and dreamed away the silent hours.

"I will show you that log house," said my uncle, "if it is still standing. It is not far from this very spot."

A mile or more farther along the trail he struck off to the right and after another mile had been traversed in that direction he followed the course of a little mountain stream, that came brawling down over the rocks, and was soon high up among the trees on a level grassy opening. Back against the hill or cliff that ascended rather abruptly at the western edge of the little plateau was a log house, solidly built and looking very snug and cozy in its seclusion. It was a long, low building, containing as I afterward found three rooms, the building being divided into three equal parts. One of the rooms had been used as a store room for the meat and hides of the game they had killed and one in which the fireplace was situated had been used as a kitchen and living room and the third had been used as a bedroom. Back of the little building and in fact on all sides but one, the unbroken forest extended far and wide. To the south of the building, however, and not more than fifty yards from it a tremendous chasm yawned three hundred feet to a mountain stream that brawled over the rocks below.

The cabin was situated in a delightful region. The mountains that surrounded us were the home of the mountain sheep, the elk, the bear and the cougar. From a position high up on the mountain side above the cabin I could look far out over miles and miles of mountain tops, shrouded in blue mists and extending away and mingling with the clouds. It was a region north, south,

east and west that to a certain extent was to become a nation's play ground. From crowded cities men and women would come in later years to look over those sublime mountain tops and recuperate and rest from their weary toil.

But at that time I beheld the great ranges, only dimly comprehending what was to come to pass. I saw them and loved them and looked upon them with veneration, but at the time I did not stop to consider how in later years "American Democracy, in its myriad personalities, in factories, workshops, stores, offices—through the dense streets and houses of cities, and all their manifold sophisticated life—must be fibered, vitalized by regular contact with outdoor light and air," and I did not fully appreciate the fact that the time would come within my own lifetime when the elk and mountain sheep would have almost entirely disappeared from that entire locality and when men, women and girls and boys would throng into the mountain fastnesses and go cackling and screaming and chattering along the once quiet trails and turn all the lovely, quiet region into a vast park or Fourth of July celebration ground. I did not at that time foresee the tents and camp outfits, the newspapers and magazines, the hired guides, the hammocks and phonographs and the thousand other things that were to bring sacrilege into the majesty of the mountains. Had I foreseen these things "some perverse regrets might have tempered the ardor of my rejoicing."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CABIN of which I have spoken was a kind of halfway house between the Pacific Coast and the Missouri River, and wayfarers along the Oregon Trail who knew of the cabin's existence, frequently stopped there for rest and recuperation. While we were there at the cabin we met some of my Uncle's old associates who had been with him in California in 1849. These former associates of my Uncle were aware of the cabin's existence and we found them there when we arrived. The meeting between them and my Uncle was of course warm and cordial, and occasioned great surprise upon the part of all of them. We had been there but a short time when they informed my Uncle of the death of one of their number who had been with them while coming over the mountains. In fact he had died but the day before their arrival at the cabin, and had been interred by his associates beside the trail. His name was William Jenkins, and he went by the name of Wild Bill. I noticed that my Uncle was not very responsive when he heard this news, and heard the facts related to him with considerable indifference. It appeared that he had no great admiration for Wild Bill. I of course did not know why this was, nor why he did not care to express greater sympathy than he did on account of the demise of the departed one. He was hearing the news, as I have said, with indifference until the

narrator of the facts was about half way through with his recital, when my Uncle suddenly caught his breath and his whole demeanor changed from indifference to one of the keenest and most intense interest. And then it was as I listened, that I learned why his interest had suddenly revived. The man who was telling us the news, stated that Wild Bill had been stricken with a mortal illness as they were coming along the trail, and that the night before he died he had called one of the party to his side and had told him of his participation in an assassination or murder that had taken place years before in what is now the State of West Virginia. In short, the narrator told my Uncle that Wild Bill had been among the party who had killed my Uncle's fiancée while she was riding with him through the hills of West Virginia. Also our narrator informed us that Wild Bill imparted the information before he left his earthly abode, that the party who had been guilty of the killing had been composed of certain named persons, whose names he gave, and that among the party was a person by the name of Lee, whom I at once knew to be an elder brother of Harry Lee. This of course revived my Uncle's interest in my contest with Harry Lee, and it was apparent that I would benefit by his assistance from that time forward, in the contest.

Of course my Uncle was for some time after hearing this news, considerably depressed in spirit, and considerably overwrought in mind, but after he had had time to calm himself, I asked him who this Wild Bill Jenkins might be and what he knew about him. Among other things concerning Wild Bill my uncle told me the following story.

"When gold was discovered in California," he began, "I was living in Charleston, in what is now West Virginia. I had just gone through the greatest sorrow of my life and when it became known that gold had been discovered in the far West I at once set out across the plains to seek my fortune and to forget, if possible, the thing which had thrown such a shadow over my life.

"After the usual hardships of the journey to the Pacific Coast I arrived there and in due time became a full fledged California Forty-niner. I staked out a claim near the Sacramento river and went to work.

"There were all kinds of characters in the camp near which I had taken up my claim. Two especially I will never forget.

"The first was Wild Bill. He was a bushy-haired, evil-eyed villain, who looked like a pirate from the Spanish main. He also had come from West Virginia. He was heavy set and muscular and as full of explosive wrath as a keg of gun powder, and his temper was as easily touched off. He would fly in a rage and would fight like a demon at the slightest provocation. He was a bully from the ground up and was always imposing on those about him in a most intolerable way.

"His most peculiar and outstanding characteristic from a physical point of view was an injured eye that looked as if it had been struck with something that had practically caused an entire loss of vision. The eye was intact but always apparently looking in a different direction from that in which its companion was looking.

"Another character, equally unique, who attracted a good deal of attention at the mining camp was a middle-aged fellow whom everyone called "Karl." I never

heard his last name spoken by anyone and never knew what it was. He appeared to be of German descent and spoke with a decided German accent. He was, perhaps, a little under the average height, blue-eyed, and the possessor of whiskers which seemed to grow longer on the sides than in the center of his chin. These two wisps of beard were always blowing up and back in the wind and gave Karl as he was called, a very distinct and somewhat grotesque appearance. He was a very active and energetic fellow and was always bustling about with an air of importance. He was a very good revolver shot and it was said that he was not averse to demonstrating his prowess. He, like all the other miners carried his dust in a belt and his six-shooters on his hips. He was quite bold and never feared to let it be known how much dust he had on his person and just what he intended to do with it.

Karl and Wild Bill came to be fairly good friends. Their peculiarities seemed to find something in common. Both were high-tempered and both would fight upon comparatively short notice and slight provocation. It became known among the men at the camp that Karl had come from the north, that he had been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Fur Company and that for a few months prior to his coming south to the gold fields of California he had lived at Seattle. When gold was discovered in California he had left his employment and had hastened south to seek his fortune there. Sometimes when Karl had been drinking a little he told a story of a buried treasure on an island in the big lake east of Seattle. Across the lake from the little settlement, he said, was an island several miles around. It

was in the southern end of the lake and was beautifully situated. Much time he devoted to enlarging upon the beauty of the scene where the treasure was situated. He talked of a great mountain, snow-clad and vast in height, that raised its tremendous summit into the sky to the southward. He said it was the most beautiful scene he had ever seen and to live on the island was a perpetual delight. Then, after regaling his hearers upon the granduer and loveliness of the scene, he would proceed with a great air of mystery to tell of a buried box of gold situated almost in the center of the south end of the island. It was his, he said, and he had earned it in the employ of the fur company. He had left it there for fear of being robbed in Seattle, as there was a gang of cut-throats there who continually watched for an opportunity to get his gold. When he had got all the gold he wanted in California, he would return, he said, to the enchanted island near Seattle and recover the buried treasure. By that time, he thought the gang which sought to rob him would be out of that part of the country and he could possess himself of his treasure in safety.

"After hearing this story a good many times nobody at the camp attached any consequence to it. It was considered simply as a yarn and treated as such. But no one ventured to contradict the teller of the tale or to question his veracity.

"Wild Bill and Karl were considered friends, but Wild Bill and I were not. More than once words passed between us that brought us to the verge of trouble, but for a long time we never actually engaged in physical combat.

"One day on the street (if such it could be called) in front of the buildings and shacks of the mining camp or town, Wild Bill and I had a few words concerning a claim which I was working and which he had concluded to claim as his own. Everyone who knew anything about the facts, knew that Wild Bill had no rights in regard to the claim, whatever. I was getting mad and so was Wild Bill. Just then Karl came up and getting the drift of the conversation, made a few remarks to the effect that I was right and Wild Bill was wrong and that I was the owner of the claim and that Wild Bill had no rights in it at all. Wild Bill's anger was fast rising, and whirling around upon Karl he began berating him and telling him to tend to his own business. His words were profane and insulting and I saw a wicked light rise in Karl's blue eyes. Everyone present saw that something was going to happen and began getting out of the way. Wild Bill continued his abuse and Karl stood looking silently and coldly at him. Soon words began coming from Wild Bill's tongue that no man in a mining camp who was not a coward, would allow to pass unavenged. Karl's hand went toward his hip and Wild Bill, seeing the movement, pulled his gun like a flash and blazed away. Almost at the same instant the gun of his opponent flashed forth its contents and both men fell to the ground. Both were hit but neither was killed and each with grim determination continued firing from his prone position on the ground. Rising on one elbow each poured out the contents of his gun at the other. Each was a good shot and each one lived up to his reputation. It seemed that every shot took effect. But neither stopped firing until the cylinders of his gun were empty.

When the six shots of each one had been fired the witnesses to the affray came to the rescue. The riddled men were carried to an empty building which on previous occasions had served as a hospital. The doctor was called, and the men were given every attention that the physician could bestow. He made the astounding announcement after he had worked with the men for over an hour that every shot had in fact taken effect and that each man had been hit six times and that each man had a chance to recover.

"Many long days Wild Bill and Karl lay on their beds in the improvised hospital. As time went by they gradually reverted to their former friendship. When their anger had cooled they realized that they had made fools of themselves and that there should have been no occasion for the shooting.

"It became known that they were on good terms again and it also became known that they had entered into a rather strange agreement. They had solemnly promised each other that the one who died first should have a monument erected over his grave by the other. Each one had given his word that should the other die before he did that he would go to the grave, wherever it might be, and erect there a suitable monument to commemorate the one who had departed.

"Strange to say, both men recovered, at least sufficiently to allow them to get up and be about once more. As soon as they were able both left the camp. Wild Bill went to San Francisco and Karl, so far as was known, returned to Seattle.

"Not long after he went there I went to Seattle myself. I had made up my mind to leave the Pacific Coast

and return east and I had decided I would go north and then make the overland journey over the Oregon trail. I was desirous of seeing the Puget Sound country and went there before setting out across the mountains. I had been in Seattle but a short time when I heard that Karl, or Old Karl, as I had come to call him, was in the town and that he was on his death bed. The day after I heard that he was there I heard that he was dead. I then heard that he had requested to be buried on the island in the lake east of the town and next day I saw a box containing his body loaded into a boat and rowed to the island's shore.

"This set me to thinking. I recalled the story that Old Karl used to tell in California about a box of gold being buried on that very island. I began to wonder if there could be any truth in the story. I did not long consider the matter however, and soon dismissed the story from my mind.

"All the following winter I spent in Seattle, as the season was getting late and I did not care at that time of year to attempt the passage of the mountains. Next spring, however, I began making preparations for the journey eastward. I was almost ready to depart when the story of the buried treasure on the island came again to my mind and I determined to cross the lake before leaving for the east and determine if possible if there was any evidence of the truth of Old Karl's story. I ascertained where the grave was situated and crossed to the island in a canoe. The scene was indeed beautiful. I recalled what Old Karl had said about the beauty of the surroundings. If what he said about the treasure

were as true as what he said about the scenery, the treasure was there beyond a doubt.

"No axe had at that time desecrated the lovely shores. The dark forest of fir trees sloped up the silent hills and bluffs of the island in purest and richest beauty. Lake, island, trees and hills were serene and immaculate. To the southeast, high in the steel blue of the heavens, I beheld the great mountain top of which Karl had spoken. Its enormous dome stood out in dazzling white against the sky. So high it was that its snowy summit seemed almost detached from the earth and abiding in majesty in the heavens. The island's lonely shores were delightful in their seclusion. The forest everywhere on the island itself and on the opposite shores had been untouched. The lake was tranquil and smooth as glass and the reflection of the rugged shores abode in its limpid waters.

"I decided to remain all night on the island. I drew my canoe under some overhanging trees and bushes along the pebbly shore and made my way to the top of the bluff above it. There, where I could look out over the lake and forest and to the mountain to the southeast, and to the range west of Puget Sound, I made a little fire, broiled a spruce grouse for my supper and as the sun sank behind the mountain range whose summits and peaks were sharply outlined in the western sky, I wrapped myself in my blanket and sank to sleep in solitude.

"How long I slept without waking I do not know, but as the moon was swinging low in the western sky I suddenly sat bolt upright and strained my ears to hear something that I thought had awakened me. In a moment I

distinctly heard voices. Then I heard a boat grating on the beach. In the silence of the wilderness and at that hour of the night these unusual sounds seemed strange and uncanny. Slight and unreal as they seemed, they yet intruded upon the sylvan solitudes with an unexpected harshness. I rose from my bed of fir boughs and stole cautiously to the edge of the bluff. In the pale moonlight on the shore I saw three men getting out of a boat. They walked along the water's edge for forty or fifty yards and then stopped and appeared to be examining some object on the shore. They appeared to be looking at a pile of rocks situated in the sand at the water's edge. Then after a few minutes contemplation of the rocks and stones, two of the men picked up a rather long slab-like piece of rock and started along the shore again while the third man walked ahead of them, apparently leading the way. Soon they turned into the bushes and trees and began scrambling up the bluff, which at that point was less steep than it was where the boat had landed. I heard them proceeding eastward toward the center of the island and absorbed with curiosity, I followed them. When they had gone a hundred yards or more I saw a light flicker up among the bushes and ferns and occasionally caught glimpses of the shadowy forms busily engaged at something, I knew not what.

"I stole carefully up among the trees and saw the men at work placing the slab of rock in an upright position at the end of a mound of earth. One of the men was Wild Bill and as I recognized him I began to understand what, up to that moment, had been a mystery. The mound marked the spot of Old Karl's grave and Wild Bill was keeping the promise he had made and

was erecting a monument over the place of burial. As the quality or value of the monument had not been specified in the promise, he evidently considered the slab of rock sufficient compliance therewith.

"The rock having been put in place to the satisfaction of Wild Bill, the men at once began stepping off distances from the grave. One held a pine knot torch which flickered among the deep shadows and pitchy darkness among the trees, while the other two eagerly and hastily paced back and forth from the grave to some point which they appeared to be trying to locate. In a few moments they apparently had located the spot they were seeking. Then as the man with the torch moved to the spot, the other two with pick and shovel began digging with all their might.

"I moved nearer and watched them from a nearby clump of spirea bushes and ferns. Eagerly and most industriously they toiled until a hole some four feet deep had been dug. Then their spade struck something that gave forth a metallic sound. I could scarcely believe my ears. Was it true after all that Old Karl did have a buried treasure and were these men going to get it? The men, now utterly oblivious of their surroundings were working with feverish haste.

"As I watched them it flashed through my mind that I might as well have the treasure (if in truth there were one) as they. At least I thought, they are not entitled to it and I will see if I cannot give these men a little surprise.

"The surroundings and the hour of the night were ideal for my purpose. I recalled Old Karl's German brogue and though I knew I could not accurately repro-

duce it, I felt that I could do well enough for my purpose. Accordingly, without further delay and in as wierd tones as I could summon and with as much German accent as I could put upon my words, I called out sharply, 'The treasurer is mine, leave it alone.'

"The effect was magical. The three men raised their heads and with blanched faces peered into the gloom. They whispered to one another and cowered together as though fearing to move. For a long time they stood motionless and occasionally whispering to each other. Then, after a long silence, they began to work feverishly with shovel and pick and I again spoke the words that had apparently struck terror to their souls.

"Panic then seized upon them and gathering spade and pick they scrambled from the hole. The last one out however, held by a bucket-like handle, in one of his hands, an iron box which at the last moment he had pulled from the bottom of the hole. As he stepped out of the hole a shot rang out with deafening sound upon the stillness of the night and the man with the iron box fell dead upon the ground. His companion and Wild Bill yelled in an ecstasy of terror and fled among the trees and tangled vines as though the imps of the lower regions were clutching at their heels.

"In another moment I beheld a sight that sent a shudder through my frame. An uncouth being in tattered garments and of giant frame, came out of the shadows into the flickering light of the torch which lay on the ground where it had fallen from Wild Bill's hands. Like a monstrous ape it sprang and bounded in stooping posture over the ground. Long, matted hair hung over its neck and ears and it gazed, now at the fallen figure upon

the ground and then into the shadows, with gleaming, restless eyes. Bare-footed and with scant clothing, the figure appeared in the fitful torchlight.

"It was the figure of a man, but it seemed an apparition as I gazed upon it from my place of hiding. To say that I was astonished is putting it mildly. I was absolutely astounded. I had interfered with the plans of Wild Bill and his companions, but the appearance of the wild, spook-like figure was not down on my program. I did not know, or dream, that another human being was upon the island, much less one of this sort.

"I watched the strange, wild thing and as I looked it picked up the iron box that had fallen from the hand of the unfortunate man who had been killed and dropped it back in the hole again. Then putting down the rifle which it carried it began with hands and feet to fill in the dirt and cover the box as it had been before the digging began.

"I concluded that I was no longer desirous of gaining possession of the box and stealing as noiselessly as possible back along the trail I had come, I returned to my bed of fir boughs from which I had first heard the approach of the three men to the island's shores. I did not sleep however, and as morning dawned, I was in my canoe paddling back across the lake to the town. As I landed on the western shore I saw Wild Bill, and I realized that he knew I had come from the island, and the look he gave me assured me that if he ever got a chance he would murder me in cold blood. I saw at once that he held me responsible for the shooting of his companion. I felt that it certainly behooved me to get out of the country. Before leaving, however, I found

out that Old Karl and a companion of his had been set upon by a ruffian band several years before in Seattle, apparently for the purpose of robbery. It was rumored that they had a large sum of money in gold which they had either earned or stolen from the fur company and the gang who attacked them had endeavored to get possession of it. Karl and his comrade however, successfully defended themselves and retained possession of the gold, but the comrade, who was a man of immense physique, had received a blow on the head during the melee which temporarily laid him out and which rendered him permanently insane. He recovered his wonted physical strength, but never regained his reason. It was commonly understood that about the time when Old Karl departed for California, his comrade took the gold and paddled across the lake to the island and there ever after made his home. He had buried the gold and then lived in solitude upon the island's wooded shores. No one acquainted with the facts ever even approached those shores, for many had gone there and had never returned. With an evil hate of human kind, the demented creature watched his sylvan domain with jealous eye. His unerring rifle sent death to everyone who intruded upon his chosen home. How I escaped, I do not know, but what happened is as I have told you. Wild Bill and his friends, I afterward found out, thought the wild man of the island had died and had therefore made the effort to recover the gold. But they had gone there under cover of darkness to prevent others from finding it out should they have gained possession of it?

"The men who had buried Old Karl had been paid by him before his death to bury his body where he directed

and they had acted according to his direction and were probably newcomers in the town and were ignorant of the fact that the demented man made the island his home. How Wild Bill and his companions located the treasure so readily I never knew, but I suppose the long association of Wild Bill and Old Karl in the improvised hospital at the mining camp in California enabled Wild Bill to come in possession of information that materially assisted him in finding the object of his search. That, coupled with information in the possession of the men who buried Old Karl and who were undoubtedly Wild Bill's companions on the night of which I have spoken, made it comparatively easy for them to find the buried pot of gold. Whether anyone ever successfully dug up the treasure and carried it away I do not know. For all I know it may still be buried beneath the trees upon the enchanted island.

"I have said that no one ever approached the island in safety while the demented man was there and no one did except myself and those who buried the body of Old Karl. How it came that they were unmolested, no one knew unless it was that the deranged man who guarded the island in some way understood that the body which was being buried was that of his friend and therefore allowed the burial party to come and go unmolested.

"At any rate," continued my uncle, "I decided that I knew all I cared to know of the situation and set out at once over the mountains upon my long eastward journey over the Oregon trail."

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER spending the night at the cabin, my Uncle and I started out in the morning to overtake the wagon train. We knew that the emigrants would go into camp early the night before, and that after a half day's travel or more, that we could overtake them. I remember how concerned I was as we set out from the cabin on the trail once more, and as I thought of the vast reaches of mountain and desert ahead of us to the westward, I felt my outlook to be a gloomy one indeed. Of course I enjoyed the sojourn in the wilderness and enjoyed the wild, primeval life of the hunter and pioneer, but the object which lay closest to my heart of course had not been attained, and there were times when my long journeys across the plains and through the mountains seemed the height of foolishness and the acme of poor judgment.

I say my "journeys", putting it in the plural, for the reason that I made many such, or at least they would be considered many when the nature of the journeys is considered. In all, I made four trips across the plains before my object was in fact attained, and before I settled down for a more or less quiet existence in the State of Iowa.

At the particular time of which I speak, when my Uncle and I were leaving the cabin and proceeding westward along the trail, my spirits were for a time at the

lowest ebb. I thought of all that I was leaving behind, and of all I was approaching before. I thought of how I had forsaken civilization entirely and of how I had cast my lot in the wilderness, and of how I was going farther and farther away from the one object of my heart's desire.

I thought of the terrible deserts ahead, of which we had been told at Ft. Laramie. I thought of the wastes of sand and rock and burning heat. And in my own life I thought of the waste places, of the wide reaches of months and years that had yielded no returns. It was a sickening thought, yet I felt that it could not have been otherwise. And knowing as I did why it had all come about, why the situation was as it was I doggedly determined to go ahead, to never waver from my purpose and to leave my bones in the shifting sands if need be, to be scorched by the sun and gnawed by the wolves rather than to return to the life I had left in New York and be a broken reed without any faults perhaps, but without any virtues. Rather than be a clerk at the beck and call of this person and that I would die in Nature's grim environment, satisfied that with all my power I had contended with elemental forces, rather than to weakly submit to the domination of a system that I loathed. Rather, if necessary, would I spend half my life in isolation if at the end of that time I could become a man capable of making my own way and capable of effectively championing my own ideals. Rather would I do this than to remain in a system where I could not cope with anything and where my ideals never would be known. Rather would I risk my life than to submit to a slavery that I considered worse than death.

"After all," I thought to myself, "I am not without some success. I am an entirely different man from what I was when I left New York. If only certain persons whom I knew in that great city could be here now I fancy that in this environment the tables would be turned and I would be the superior and they the inferior. And," said I to myself, "I would a million times rather be superior in this environment than in that in which they are superior. I would like to have some of them here now," said I to myself, "and I fancy even Harry Lee would not find himself superior as he did when we met in Adel."

In due time we caught up with the wagon train and with it we proceeded westward across the mountains that were green with evergreen forests and fresh with tumultuous streams and resounding water-falls, until at length we neared the deserts on the other side. We were approaching the land of the Mormons and in that land we had adventures of no ordinary kind.

There I encountered Harry Lee, and there our Westward journey came to an untimely end. With the exception of Vivian Butler and myself every person in our entire caravan was massacred by Indians and Mormons.

There were two attacks made upon emigrants by the combined forces of Mormons and Indians. One of these has been very fully recorded in the history of this country, and particularly in the history of the State of Utah, but the other and the one which particularly affected me, has not been so recorded.

To get an idea of the kind of people that we had to deal with, and of the kind of country that we were

traveling through, I think it would not be amiss for me to tell you briefly of what is known in the West, as the Mountain Meadows Massacre. It occurred, according to the historian in Washington County, in the southwestern corner of the State of Utah. Some writers, however, have placed the site of the massacre in Iron County immediately adjoining Washington County on the north. But in any event, the historian tells us that an emigrant train from Missouri and Arkansas had gone through the Mormon country and was proceeding westward by the southern route from Salt Lake City to California. You will recall that it was in the year 1857 of which I am telling you, and that it was in that year that President Buchanan sent an army against the Mormons to put down an alleged insurrection or rebellion against the Government. It seems only fair to the Mormons, however, to say that no such rebellion or insurrection had taken place, or at least not to the extent that the President at that time seemed to assert or maintain. Some have even charged the President with playing politics, and have stated that he was in sympathy with the South, and in order to divert a large portion of the Union Army from the scene of operations of the impending Civil War, that he had sent it to the arid deserts of Utah. But in any event, before the army arrived, the Mormons were aware of its approach, and their state of mind was an ugly one toward the Government and toward all Gentiles that came that way. They did everything in their power to harass and annoy the emigrant trains that passed westward over the California and Oregon Trails. They burned the forage along the way, and refused to sell provisions and supplies of any kind to the emigrants who

offered to buy them. Also of course they made ready to receive the army and to prevent it from establishing its supremacy within their domain. And this they very substantially accomplished. No pitched battle, however, was fought between the troops of the Government and the Mormons, and the differences between the Government and the Mormons were settled peaceably. The army, however, suffered untold privations in the Mormon country on account of the lack of provisions and supplies, and after the trouble between the Mormons and the Government had been adjusted, the army withdrew some forty miles south of Salt Lake City and established what has since been known as Camp Floyd, and there remained until the outbreak of the Civil War. These troops, it should be said, were under the command of General Albert Sidney Johnston, a splendid soldier and a consummate general, who afterwards became famous as a rebel leader in the Civil War.

But I started to tell of the Mountain Meadows Massacre. This emigrant train of which I have spoken, which had gone from Arkansas and Missouri to Salt Lake City and was proceeding to California, had experienced all kinds of difficulties while passing through the Mormon country and perhaps the emigrants had been guilty of some indiscretions by way of taking by force certain provisions when the Mormons refused to sell them to them. This particular emigrant train, however, may not have been guilty of these indiscretions, but others had been, so that the feeling aroused among the Mormons against the emigrants was one of pronounced hostility. This particular train had reached Parowan in Iron County, and had proceeded from there

to Cedar and a little way beyond Cedar had gone into camp in what is known as the Mountain Meadows. A stream flowed through a valley or stretch of land where forage was available and on either side of the stream a few hundred yards apart arose banks or bluffs, so that the encampment was made in a small valley. The emigrants went into camp on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning were attacked by what afterwards proved to be Indians and Mormons.

The story of the massacre of course has many times been told, and aside from the fact that it will give you an impression of the kind of people that I had to deal with while going through the Mormon country, no useful purpose could be served in again repeating all of its horrible and revolting details, but in order that you may receive to some extent, an impression of the nature of at least some of the people that I was dealing with, I shall briefly recite the outstanding features of the story.

Sunday morning the emigrants arose and were preparing breakfast when a volley of shots sounded out on the morning air, and several of the men and women in the camp fell dead. That was the signal for the beginning of a four-day siege. A warwhoop resounded from the surrounding rocks, and the emigrants thinking themselves attacked by Indians, as in part they were, hastily made preparations for defending themselves. They rushed to their wagons, procured their arms, and getting behind the wagons, returned the fire as best they could. They dug small trenches and sunk the wagon wheels to the hubs in the trenches, to the end that the wagons would afford better means of defense and shelter. For four days they were besieged and their sufferings were

intense. A stream of fresh water flowed a few yards from the camp, but it was impossible to procure water during the day, and the wounded suffered the agonies of thirst while water flowed placidly near. At night a few adventurous ones among the emigrants procured water and helped the wounded as best they could.

On the fourth day of the siege, an emissary came from the attackers toward the camp, bearing a white flag of truce, and the emigrants in response thereto, sent out to meet the emissary, a little girl. After a brief parley it was decided that the emigrants should surrender. They had of course by this time discovered that their attackers were not all Indians, the emissary himself being a white man. And this white man informed them that in order that they might not arouse the further hostility of the Indians, they should surrender their guns and place them all in a wagon out of their reach, which the emigrants very foolishly did. What was known as the Mormon militia then filed out of their hiding places and forming the emigrants in a line, formed a double line of Mormons on each side of the emigrants and started to march them away from the wagons. The emigrants being wholly unarmed after having placed their weapons in the wagons, did as directed. They had gone but a little way after the surrender when at a given signal, the butchery began. Guns were placed at the heads of the unfortunate victims, and even of the women and some of the children, and their brains were blown out. The Indians of course swooped down upon the helpless emigrants in demoniacal fury, and all of the barbarity of an Indian massacre began. Men and women were slaughtered and scalped and their bodies dismembered;

children were knocked senseless with the butts of guns and shot and scalped. It is said that only one grown person escaped with his life and that he was afterwards caught and killed by the Mormons in the State of Nevada more than a hundred miles from the scene of the slaughter. Seventeen children, however, were spared, and were taken to Mormon homes in Utah. These were afterwards rescued by the Government and returned, as far as possible, to their homes. Aside from these seventeen children, the entire number that were in the emigrant train were slaughtered. On the site of the slaughter there was afterwards erected a cairn upon which was the inscription:

“Here one hundred and twenty men, women and children were massacred in cold blood early in September, 1857. They were from Arkansas. Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.”

At the time, it was given out that the massacre had been committed entirely by Indians, but the fact that some of the children had been spared, and other unusual incidents of the slaughter, aroused suspicion and the matter was investigated and it was found that the massacre had been the joint work of the Indians and the Mormons. The Mormon church, however, and the Mormon officials, disclaimed any responsibility in the matter, and historians have decided that their disclaimer was well taken. However, the leader of the party that committed the atrocious act was a person by the name of John D. Lee, a prominent Mormon. It is said also that Lee discovering that he was suspected of the crime, fled entirely from civilization and took up his abode in a hut

on the banks of the Colorado River, and that a companion with him kept a sharp lookout in all directions and that at the slightest suggestion of the approach of danger, he fled from the hut and took refuge in a cave in the side of a canyon of that renowned stream. It is said for many years he lived a hermit's existence in this way trying to avoid the just retribution that was to overtake him. Other accounts have stated, however, that he fled to Mexico and took refuge with Mormons in that country, and that he was apprehended there by the Government, but in any event, it is a fact that he was apprehended—whether in Utah or Mexico I do not know—and was placed under arrest, tried and found guilty and sentenced to be shot, and in fact was shot by a firing squad while seated on the side of a rude coffin which had been prepared to receive his remains.

From this, of course, you will get some idea of the atrocities that were perpetrated in the Mormon country. This recital of this story of the massacre, however, by itself perhaps would be unfair to the Mormons, and as I have said, the Mormon authorities have fairly well established the fact that the act was unauthorized by the authorities, and was disowned entirely by them.

Further it might be well to say that the Mormons had taken part with the Government in the war with Mexico, and that they supported the Union in the Civil War that later took place in this country. However, that all sides of the question may be seen, it would also not be out of place to state that when the Mormons first went to Utah, that territory was not a part of the United States Government, but belonged to the Government of Mexico. The Mormons went there originally in 1847 and settled "on

alien soil in what was then the Mexican Province of California, which with another province, New Mexico, comprised the present States of California, Nevada, Utah, the Territory of Arizona, and parts of Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico." Many of course at that time believed, and still believe that they went there to get away from the United States Government, but they had only been there a year when the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed which ceded the Provinces of California and New Mexico to the United States.

It has been stated that the Mormons settled in the deserts of Utah because the land was a part of the property of the Government of Mexico, and that they settled there to get out of and away from the jurisdiction of the United States. It may seem strange that they did not proceed westward until they came to the State of California which was also a part of Mexican territory, and which of course was a much more productive country and a much more pleasant one in which to live, but the apparent reason for this was that California was filling up with the Gentiles and that the Mormons did not desire the persecution which they would undoubtedly have received if they had gone on and settled in a Gentile community. So it is that the fanatical hordes settled in the burning deserts of the West, and there founded a commonwealth. We must accord them the honor, however, of making the desert blossom as the rose, and of making it bring forth from the sands and hard and rocky soil of Utah, crops that at the time never would have been considered possible by anyone other than the Mormons themselves.

This in brief, is the history of the Mountain Meadows Massacre which the historians have recorded and to a certain extent is the history of the founding of the Mormon Colony or State in the Territory of Utah.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was, also, another massacre in the very same year in which the far-famed massacre took place, which took place on the banks of the Raft River just over the Utah boundary line in the State of Idaho, and in which massacre I came very nearly being one of the victims. Our emigrant train instead of following the southern trail from Salt Lake City on the way to California, followed the northern trail on the way to Oregon. Miss Butler, as she had told me farther back along the trail, was bound for Oregon, and I had decided to go there also. My Uncle, however, had stopped in Salt Lake City. I was anxious to see the Pacific Coast and the tremendous mountain peaks rising in snowclad grandeur above the dark evergreen forests. I wanted to see the salmon come up the Columbia River, and I wanted to visit the soft rainy region of Puget Sound. I wanted to see the wonderful lakes in the mountain solitudes and the forests of giant trees stretching mile after mile over majestic mountain sides.

As I have said, however, my Uncle stopped at Salt Lake City, as he was curious to see the result of the Mormons' westward pilgrimage. He viewed the Mormons with utter contempt, but he had seen them crossing Iowa the year before, pushing their hand carts on their way westward from Gentile persecution, and he

was anxious to see the result of their efforts in the desert lands around the Great Salt Lake.

Like the emigrants from Arkansas and Missouri, our train as we proceeded westward, was encamped on the banks of a pleasant stream, and while in camp we were attacked by a party composed of Indians and Mormons. This place might well also have been called the Mountain Meadows Massacre, because it took place in a delightful valley where good grass was abundant and where the river flowed through a valley on each side of which rose the rocks and cliffs of the mountains. In this particular valley on the north bank of the river, several hundred yards from the stream itself, was what has been called The City of Rocks, so named because of the fact that the peculiar formation of the rocks on that side of the stream, when seen from a distance, give the impression frequently conveyed by the spires and towers of a town or city. Among these rocks the Mormons and Indians had concealed themselves, and while we were in camp on the river shores, we were attacked.

It certainly was a rude awakening from our pleasurable anticipation, as we arose in the morning to enjoy the pleasant surroundings of the camp. We of course had been traveling through a desert and when we came to the Raft River which was a mountain stream free from alkali, and fed by the mountain snows, and upon whose banks in this particular valley was grass in abundance for our horses, we felt that we had come to an oasis in the desert that was delightful indeed. But instead of it being a delightful ending of our hardships, it was but the beginning of a tragedy which was to end not only the

hardships, but even the lives of practically every one in the caravan.

The attack upon our emigrant train was made in substantially the same way that the one was made in the Mountain Meadows Massacre in the southwestern part of the State of Utah. An emissary was sent forth from the attacking party with a flag of truce, and when he approached so that his features could be recognized, I was astonished to see that the emissary was none other than my redoubtable enemy, Harry Lee. Of course the minute that I saw him a great many things flashed through my mind, and instantly I knew that Julia King must be somewhere in the Mormon country. Why she should be there, I did not know, but that she must be there, I had little doubt, for I knew Harry Lee would not have been there unless she had also been there. I was in the act of drawing a bead upon his fair temple and was actually pressing the trigger when I refrained from completing the act of pulling the trigger and firing the shot for fear that to do so might cause the massacre of the entire company who made up our caravan. In view of the fact that this was shortly afterwards done anyhow, of course it would have made little difference, but at the time, out of deference to my comrades in the emigrant train, I refrained from firing the shot. Also thinking that perhaps I might get some information as to the whereabouts of Miss King, (for I felt sure that she must be somewhere in that vicinity) I refrained from snuffing out the life of Harry Lee while I had the chance.

To say that I was surprised and astonished, is to put it mildly. I could not imagine why Julia King should be in that desert land surrounded by what to me were

the unspeakable Mormons, but I did not doubt for a minute but that she was somewhere in that part of the country.

The emigrants and the Mormons held a parley just as they had done in the Mountain Meadows Massacre in the southwestern part of the State, and while they were doing so, Vivian Butler and I made our escape. One old man I remember particularly, came to me while the parley was being held, and told me most emphatically that if I valued my scalp that I would depart instantly for parts unknown. He said the Mormons were frauds and were not to be trusted, and that like sheep, we were being led to the slaughter. I had little doubt but what he told the truth, and seeking out Miss Butler, we immediately set about preparing to make our escape. The old man also told me that the United States troops were on their way to the Mormon country. This we afterward found to be true, but of course the troops did not prevent the massacre that followed.

I must say, however, that Miss Butler's parents had both been killed by the first volley that was fired from the rocks by the Mormons and Indians. She of course needed no persuasion to convince her that what the old man said was true, and though under great anguish in leaving the bodies of her parents, she immediately acquiesced in my proposition to get out of that part of the country as soon as possible, and with me she took her departure. I shall always consider it a remarkable thing that she and I were able to escape the watchful eyes of the Indians and Mormons but under cover of darkness we did manage to get away. After we had made good our escape the emigrants, including the old

man who had warned us of the treachery of the Mormons, were slaughtered in cold blood just as they had been in the other Mountain Meadows Massacre.

I say "the other Mountain Meadows Massacre" for the reason that I think this one could fittingly be spoken of in the same terms, for it took place in a mountain meadow, and it was a massacre from start to finish. The emigrants were all killed, including women and children, their scalps adorning the persons of the Indian warriors, and their bodies being dismembered and scattered about, and their bones being gnawed by the wolves. Like the bodies in the other massacre, they were shortly afterwards buried in a shallow grave by the Mormons, but were afterwards discovered by the soldiers who went to the scene of the slaughter to have been dug up by the wolves and the bones to have been scattered about many yards from the scene of the burial. The wagons were burned, and for many years the iron parts of the vehicles remained on the scene, giving mute testimony of the terrible destruction that had taken place. Friends of mine who passed over the old trail more than twenty years after the slaughter, have told me that the non-inflammable parts of the wagons yet remained on the scene as evidence of the perfidy of the Mormons.

But to get back to my own personal part of the story. Vivian Butler and I made good our escape, and we managed to get out of the Mormon country and back to the protection of our friends. We of course renounced all further intention of going to Oregon, she, because of her sorrow and dread of the wilderness, and I, because of my hatred of the Mormons and my desire to get in communication with the United States troops of which

the old emigrant had told me. If it were really true that these troops were on the way to Utah, by all means I intended to see them and return with them if possible and join in the expedition against the Mormons. It was my intention to proceed to Fort Bridger and there leave Miss Butler, or put her on the stage enroute for the East. If the troops came there, I would join them.

Our journey back along the trail, however, was such that at the time I doubted if we should ever reach the fort. For a long way we journeyed on foot in constant dread of surprise and attack. Miss Butler was a splendid girl and wholesome in every way. Once as we sat concealed under some overhanging rocks and looked out on the moonlit waste, she suggested that I had saved her life. And it was true that I had.

As we sat looking out over the wide arid land over which the shadows of the clouds were moving, I thought of how unkind were the dispensations of fate. I had saved the life of this young lady and now must protect her and see her through to the fort in safety. Why, oh! Why could not this young lady have been Julia King? I looked out over the shadows and the strange silent land appearing as shadowy and as unreal as a dream. I was far from home and far from Julia King. I was indeed risking all, yet Vivian Butler and I resumed our journey and never again was the subject that seemed to have come uppermost in our minds alluded to.

With dogged determination we set out along the trail. We plodded and scrambled and walked all night long. The fact that we got out of the Mormon country at all was due purely to an accident. We were assisted by two men whom by the merest chance, we came upon, who

were themselves endeavoring to get out of the country. They were traveling with horses and a buckboard and were of course, Gentiles, and consented to take us with them.

In due time we reached Fort Bridger. The troops were not there and the fort itself had been burned to the ground by the Mormons, and the provisions and grain had been stolen and burned. We soon decided to keep on and were in a short time proceeding eastward. Early in October we arrived at Ft. Laramie, and found the troops there. We drove right into the midst of a party of soldiers strolling about the fort. In the center of the group and the center of all eyes were two strapping troopers with a young lady between them. She strolled along with a hand on a stalwart arm on either side. She smiled and talked gaily with them all. As we rode up she turned to look at us as our horses' hoofs resounded on the ground. At that instant my gaze met hers and I found myself looking straight into the eyes of Julia King.

Of course I was surprised to see Julia King at that time and place. In one sense, however, I was not greatly surprised, for as I have already stated, the presence of Harry Lee in the Mormon country assured me in my own mind, of the presence of Julia King also. I felt sure that if not in the immediate vicinity, she could not be far away. My meeting with her at this time was more satisfactory to me than any meeting that I had ever had with her before. The long weeks' and months' sojourn on the prairies and over the plains and in the mountains had made an entirely different type of man of me from the type that I had been before. I suppose that some-

thing of the vigor of life appeared in my demeanor and in my bearing, and perhaps even to a certain extent illuminated my countenance when I met her at Fort Laramie at the time of which I am speaking. Of course those things being true, I made an entirely different impression upon her at that time from any that I had ever made upon her before.

It is characteristic of the weak always to make no impression in the world, so far as getting anything for themselves is concerned, and of course on the other hand it is characteristic of strength that it ever asserts itself, establishes itself, makes its own way and takes for itself the things which it desires. Something of that strength I think appeared in my make-up at that time, and something of that impression was made upon Julia King. I felt it, and I think that she must have felt it. The fact is, a person in this world can get what he is capable of getting, and nothing more, and generally he will get nothing less.

I remember very well, and I never would forget if I lived a thousand years, the expression upon the face of Julia King when I first greeted her at the time of which I am speaking. The old expression of unconscious condescension took temporary form upon her countenance, but withered and flickered out and died as I stood before her and looked her straight in the eyes. It was perhaps the best exhibition of proof to me of the supremacy of strength that I had ever seen. Its supremacy was instantly manifest and instantly asserted itself.

No doubt you will think from this that my suit for the hand of Julia King was at that time at an end, and that my contest with Harry Lee was then over, but such was

not the case. I have often wondered since then why it might not have been so, and I have often thought that it is rather strange that it was not so, but the fact remains that it was not. Why it should have taken me not only many months, but several years longer to accomplish the desired end may seem rather strange to you, and it also seems rather strange to me, but as I have looked back over the events of those times, always there has arisen in a rather vague and indefinite way in my mind the idea that such things are achieved at their appointed time and not before.

It is characteristic of lovers, I suppose, to feel that since the beginning of time they were made for each other, and that throughout all the cycle of the ages, the whole Universe has ordered itself to bring about their happy union. It is characteristic of them, I believe also, to think that it was ordained from the beginning of the world that they should meet at the time and in the place when and where they do in fact meet, and that their particular consummation of happiness is apart from and different from all others. They regard it apparently, as a kind of fate which is not to be changed by mortal affairs.

I suppose that in my lifetime I have had, to a certain extent at least, some such ideas, and in a rather indefinite way I contented myself during the time of which I am speaking with taking it for granted that such things were true, and that all would come out right in its appointed time. This is a rather vague and indefinite way of stating that lovers believe in an indefinite and vague way, that some power transcending the power of mortals plans these things and carries out the plans. Or to put

it in another way, they believe, though perhaps in an indefinite way, that some power back of and behind the world that controls the events of all mankind, enters into the affairs of mortals and directs and carries out according to its own plans, the work and the affairs of mortals that makes up the round of human endeavor.

And I might say at this point that this question of whether any supreme power enters into the affairs of man is really one of the main questions that I am dealing with in my story. There are those who seem to think that such a power does enter into the affairs of man and that it enters into them to such an extent as that it is supreme in mortal affairs, and that mortal affairs, regardless of mortal effort, are carried out and brought about according to a preconceived plan which no human endeavor could to any extent change or alter. I suppose those people are generally known as fatalists.

On the other hand, there are those who believe that if there is any such supreme power back of and behind the affairs of man, that it does not enter into mortal affairs at all, and has nothing whatever to do with the consummation of the work and plans of humanity. They think that any reliance upon the Supreme Being, or whatever power there may be behind the world, if there is any, is foolish, fatuous and practically suicidal. This vague and indefinite idea of some power or some Supreme Being can scarcely be considered as anything else than an idea of the Creator or of God, and the question is: Does He to any extent enter into the affairs of humankind? I do not think that He does.

But this is a subject that I shall not discuss further at this time, though I want to devote a little time to it

farther along in my story. Whether the Supreme Being enters into the affairs of mortals or not, and whether the postponement of my winning of the hand of Julia King was to any extent due to a prearranged plan or not, the fact remains, nevertheless that it was postponed. A good many times since then, however, I have thought of the words in the Book of Ecclesiastes:

“To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the Heaven.”

And I have often thought that perhaps it was best that the consummation of the happiness which I sought was postponed and I have often thought that in the meantime there was a development of character and a maturity of mind and personality upon my part, that was highly desirable before the desired consummation should be brought about, and that in the end, everything worked out for the best.

But at the time of which I am speaking, when I met Julia King at Fort Laramie, after the massacre by the Mormons, the meeting, though of a different character, and much more successful than any I had ever had before, was upon the whole incomplete and disappointing, and Julia King was soon on her way west once more, while I was proceeding on my way eastward to home and Iowa.

My uncle had returned from Salt Lake City, where he had remained while I had gone on westward over the Oregon Trail, and seeing me and Miss King at Fort Laramie, he was of course considerably interested, and was greatly surprised and utterly mystified by my subsequent conduct. He had not heard of the massacre until

I told him about it, and immediately after telling him, to see me allow Miss King to proceed on to the Mormon country while I turned my steps eastward once more, was something that he could not understand. But he very considerably refrained from expressing himself to any extent, and allowed me to do as I thought best.

Of course I do not mean to convey the idea that Julia King went on to the Mormon country alone and unguarded, for she had come west with the army that had been sent against the Mormons, and had come in company with two of her brothers and her father. Her father was one of the recently appointed federal judges for the Territory of Utah, who went west at the time, under the protection of the troops. Her two brothers were soldiers in the army, after having made a special effort to get in that particular part of the service in order to be under the command of their greatly admired General Johnston. As I have said General Johnston was a dashing soldier and a brilliant man, and afterwards became one of the famous generals of the Civil War. The full scope of his genius however was not permitted to flower, as he was killed in the early part of the war, but critics generally believe that he was one of the ablest generals that the war produced.

At any rate, the two brothers of Julia King admired him greatly and always sought to emulate him, and had been successful in their attempt to get under his command in the expedition to Utah. However their high hopes in regard to the service that they might take part in in the West, were undoubtedly doomed to disappointment, as the army was forced to endure incredible hardships while in the Mormon country on account of the

Mormons doing everything in their power to harass and impede its progress and to prevent it from acquiring forage and provisions, and to starve it out if possible.

As I have said, however, there was no war with the Mormons, the differences between them and the Government being settled peaceably, and the army, under General Johnston, proceeded to Camp Floyd, and remained there until the outbreak of the Civil War.

While at Fort Laramie, however, Julia King looked upon the expedition through glasses of most rosy hue, and feared not at all the outcome of her sojourn in Utah. She intended to live with her father and go from place to place with him as he held court in different places in the territory. In view of the fact that they had come west with the army, and in view of the fact that the army had for its specific purpose the vanquishing of the Mormons, she had no fear. In vain I tried to dissuade her from her purpose, and in vain I attempted to get her to return eastward and forsake her idea of living in the Mormon country. I told her of the massacre which I had just escaped, and told her of the barren nature of the country that she and the army would have to proceed through and of the very apparent fact that the army would suffer incredible hardships from cold and starvation. But all of my entreaties and advice fell upon deaf ears. She regarded the troops as invincible, and amply sufficient to protect her and her father, and she really took delight in the expedition. I then told her of the presence of Harry Lee in the Mormon country, and of the part that he had taken in the massacre. How he knew that she was there I did not know, and because of the independent attitude that I had assumed, I did not

ask her. This caused her to become mildly interested, though out of curiosity more than anything else, but did not to any extent dissuade her from her original purpose. I became very much disgusted and somewhat enraged, and though as I have said, I was on an entirely different plane in regard to my relations with Miss King at that time than I had ever been before, I nevertheless set out eastward and she continued on her journey in exactly the opposite direction.

My Uncle was mystified and perplexed, and I think somewhat disgusted. I did not breathe to him the fact of the presence of Harry Lee in the Mormon country, for I knew that if I did, and if in the face of the fact I continued on toward Iowa, that he would consider me an arrant coward, and a fool into the bargain, and I also knew that he himself would have turned upon his footsteps and would have returned at once to the Mormon country.

But as it is notorious that the ways of lovers are sometimes considered to be dependent upon Fate, and predestined, it is also notorious that their conduct is generally a conduct without rule or reason, and to ordinary mortals is wholly inexplicable, and such was the case with myself and Julia King. Of course pride, and a certain amount of jealousy entered into the matter, and a show of independence on my part, that I considered would have its effect later on, especially was this true in view of the fact that Vivian Butler was in the party that was proceeding eastward in our emigrant train as we returned toward the prairies of Iowa.

Another character of whom I have not yet spoken whom we encountered at Fort Laramie was a rather

notable gentleman by the name of Sir Robert Beverly. He was an Englishman and had come west to enjoy the thrill of hunting big game upon the North American Continent. He had hunted in Africa and had been especially desirous of hunting buffalo upon the great western plains. He appeared to be rich and had an elaborate outfit for crossing the plains, in the way of wagons and teams and guns and ammunition, and impressed every one with a certain amount of dignity and pomp and ceremony. I also discovered at once that he was greatly impressed with Miss King. On more than one occasion before we left the Fort, I saw him talking to her and saw her responding with great vivacity and animation. Of course I knew that her youth and beauty would appeal very strongly to one of his years and his wealth and his standing. And this of course did not to any extent tend to promote my peace of mind, but I nevertheless continued steadfast in my purpose to return to Iowa. I supposed of course that Sir Robert would go on to Salt Lake City and that he would make it a point to never be far from Julia King, but to my surprise he did not do so, and for some reason returned eastward in the same caravan with which we were traveling. He also very considerably placed at the disposal of Miss Butler, one of his wagons to be under her control and direction alone during the entire journey, and in a very short time after arriving at Fort Laramie from the west, we were proceeding on our eastern journey, and Julia King was proceeding westward.

CHAPTER XIV.

QUR journey homeward was uneventful compared to our journey over the same trail when going west.

But we saw the buffalo and the antelope as before and as we proceeded farther and farther eastward we saw the geese coming down from the far north. The Platte was ever famous for its geese and we saw them when nothing had disturbed their freedom and when nothing had reduced their numbers. It was October. The flight had not yet really begun but we saw geese over the wide, wild plains as I had never seen geese before. A sudden cold snap with a flurry of snow made us shiver over our fires and wrap our robes and blankets about us in a great effort to keep warm. The cold weather was soon over and October's balmy sun shone kindly on us again, but the sudden squall had brought down long lines of V-shaped flocks of geese from the plains and prairies of Canada. I hunted them as I had done in western Iowa on the outward journey in the spring. I brought a grand bird into camp every now and then to vary the monotony of the diet of buffalo and antelope meat.

The nights were getting quite uncomfortable and we were compelled to use all our robes and blankets in our efforts to keep warm. I began to long for the snug log house on the Raccoon river at Adel and its blazing fireplace, its abundant provisions of vegetables and grains

and its quarters of beef and hams hung from the rafters of the nearby smoke house. When the chill of the prairie penetrated to the bone at night I thought of the comfortable beds in that most comfortable house and wished heartily that I could be there. The long journey over the interminable plains had begun to pall on my senses and I really longed for the journey to end. The October foliage along the Iowa streams would be a most welcome sight. The shrub oaks, the hazel bushes, the wild apple trees would be a delightful change after the weeks and months of buffalo grass, sage brush and sand. I longed to get back to Iowa, though my heart was in the wild mountain regions of the far west where deserts shone alternately white and dark under the shadow-flecked moon and where unexplored mountain ranges extended mile after mile in utter desolation. My heart was there, for Julia King was there and where she might be there my heart would be always.

We had reached Fort Kearney and I was sitting by our campfire with a buffalo robe drawn up over my back to protect myself from the chilly wind. I was dreaming of Iowa, of home and of Julia King. I had visions of red and yellow Bitter Sweet, of flaming Sumac, and gorgeous trees. I could see in my mind's eye the yellow leaves of autumn floating in matted profusion on the sluggish streams. I saw flocks of robins congregating along the banks of the rivers and blackbird like clouds floating by or filling the air with their concerts. I saw the ducks streaming overhead, felt the touch of the north breeze of early fall as it came down from the north suggesting miles and miles of pine and spruce trees; saw and felt all the things that make fall so wonderful in

Iowa. In short I felt that I was nearing home. What a wonderful home that will be I thought to myself if only—and then the vision vanished as I thought of Julia King not in Iowa not in the land of abundance and pleasant surroundings, not in Iowa but in a far-off desert surrounded by desolate wastes and by treacherous men. I have said that our journey homeward was uneventful, but in one sense it was quite eventful. Something happened while on this journey that in some ways was more interesting than any experience I ever had upon the plains or in the mountains. It occurred while we were camped near Fort Kearney. Night had settled down and we were just preparing for sleep, when suddenly out of the darkness there sounded the cry of the whippoorwill. Something in the note at once attracted my attention. It was a signal which the chief had used when we were in Iowa to apprise me of his whereabouts. I raised my head and threw back the robe when the chief himself stood before me. He had promised my uncle that he would meet us at Kearney and he had kept his word.

The three of us were sitting by our fire relating our experiences since we had last seen the chief. Sir Robert, the Englishman, had partially overcome his surprise at seeing a full-blooded Pawnee walk into our camp and receive the warmest greetings from us and then sit down with us by the fire and converse like an old friend.

We were conversing thus when the chief suddenly stopped and sat rigid in a listening attitude. Soon we could hear something or someone approaching our camp-fire. Sir Robert sat apparently unmoved, expecting no doubt another Indian, who would be received in the same manner in which we had received the chief.

Frank Perkins, however, and myself were quite unprepared for what we saw. Two men of rather youthful appearance staggered, rather than walked up to our campfire. One had a gun but aside from that they appeared to have no weapons. They were ragged, unshaven, unkempt and of grizzled, bedraggled appearance. They seemed in the last stages of exhaustion and muttering rather incoherently and apparently to themselves they collapsed, rather than sat down, upon the ground before our campfire.

After an involuntary ejaculation or grunt from the chief we all sat speechless for a moment. Sir Robert evidently had begun to resign himself to whatever might appear at this particular camp.

The visitors responded only in the most indefinite way to inquiries which we put to them. In a moment they both stretched themselves on the ground by the fire and went almost instantly to sleep. Their sleep seemed almost a sleep of death so utterly oblivious were they to the things about them. We were at a loss to understand these two strange characters when the chief informed my uncle that he had seen them before. They came to Ft. Kearney from the west, he said, in the last stages of exhaustion. They had come not only across the plains but also across the mountains and even the shore of the great ocean beyond the mountains had not been their starting point but they had come from the ocean's other side, from a far, far country beyond the sea. This they had told in an incoherent way at Ft. Kearney and the Indians about the fort had heard the story and repeated it among themselves and had speculated upon its truth or falseness. They had come from

a great land, said the chief, of great cities, and many, many people, so many that the leaves of the trees were scarcely greater in number. And the land had been ruled over by a great chief and the great chief was cruel and dealt harshly with his people. They had been made prisoners and were bound so they could not run away and had been taken away from their homes and from their women and children and had been taken a great distance to a land where there were no people and where there was hardly anything to eat and almost nothing to wear. They were guarded by soldiers with guns and were made to work at digging great holes in the ground and they could not get away and they had no warm places to sleep and they could never see their friends and they would have died of starvation and cold and exhaustion if they had stayed there any longer. But at last they got away and escaped from their guards and walked and walked as far as the buffalo goes in the spring and fall. And cold and weak and starved they came to the shore of the great sea one side of which washes the sands of the land beyond the mountains. And they got on a great canoe with wings that came sailing for days and days across the great sea until at last it landed on the shore beyond the mountains. And then they set out on foot once more and started to cross the mountains and after many days of freezing and starving they got across and came out upon the plains and kept on across the plains until they came to where they then were. And all this they did to get away from their great chief who ruled so cruelly and harshly.

Frank Perkins and I sat staring at each other as the

chief concluded the narrative that the Indians had passed from mouth to mouth about Ft. Kearney.

We repeated it to Sir Robert and he at once pronounced our two visitors to be escaped convicts from Siberia.

And now I suppose at this point in my story I should begin to say something about the things that I set out to discuss in the beginning. So far, of course you will observe that I have said nothing about Roosevelt, and practically nothing about Americanism, and very little if anything about present day American affairs. But, however, I did say in the beginning of my story that the observations that I should make upon American affairs would be based upon my own individual experiences and my own history during a long lifetime. I suppose everyone's views are colored by his prejudices, and by his own experiences. I suppose that it would be impossible for an individual to remove himself entirely from his own particular point of view, and I suppose it would be impossible for him to arrive at conclusions that were not based upon his own individual experiences. My experiences, from which I shall draw my conclusions in this story, are substantially those that I have already related. Of course I have not related them all, and I have not yet finished my story, but from what I have already said, you can undoubtedly get the drift of my train of thought and can understand to a certain extent at least, why I have arrived at the conclusions which I have arrived at. If I am prejudiced in my views and conclusions, I want it known why I am so prejudiced, and if I am wrong, I at least want it known by what route I have arrived at those conclusions. Of course

deep down in my being I love America and American institutions, and everything for which America has stood during all of her history down to the present time. It would scarcely be possible for it to be otherwise. After roaming all over the American Continent in all its primeval grandeur for the length of time that I did, it would scarcely be possible for me not to be deeply loyal to America and to American institutions. For, so far as the western half of the continent at least is concerned, I have seen it grow in my own lifetime and have seen it develop from absolute infancy, so far as civilization is concerned, and have seen it become the nation that it is to-day. I know of all the trials that it has gone through, and I know the position that it has occupied from the beginning among the nations of the world. I suppose also that no one thing ever impressed me in regard to the worth of America and in regard to its position in the world so much as the experiences that I had with these two young men that so unexpectedly came into our little camp there near Fort Kearney, on the lonely plains in the year 1857. For these two young fellows that came into our camp there at that time were, as Sir Robert suggested after hearing the narrative of the chief, escaped convicts from Siberia. They had come across the Pacific Ocean from the Chinese coast and had landed on our own Pacific shores, and from the coast of Oregon had come eastward over the mountains to the place where they came into our camp almost in the center of the North American Continent.

A great many memories in my mind cluster around the event of their arrival at our campfire. I hardly know where to begin my narrative in regard to this par-

ticular experience. I have said that in some respects it was the most interesting of any experience I ever had on the plains, and that is true. I had the young men relate their story after they had been with us long enough to recuperate and rest sufficiently to do so, and I found that they came from the mines of Siberia; that they were not Russians at all, but that they were both Englishmen, and had both lived in London. The name of one was John Randolph, and the other was Donald Moore. John Randolph had, however, married a Russian girl and for that reason he had left London and had gone to Russia, and in that way found his way among the exiles in the convict camp of Siberia. He had originally been in some kind of business in London, which frequently took him to Paris, and there he had met the young Russian girl whom he had subsequently married. It seems that she was a very talented and accomplished young woman, and very attractive in appearance, though having something of the melancholy that spoke of repression and subjection to wrong that is somewhat characteristic of the Slav countenance and general appearance. John Randolph was more fond of her than anything else in the world, and was ambitious to succeed in life and to become worthy of her in every way, but for some reason his ambitions had not been realized. He had failed in business in London, and because somewhat of the humiliation, and because also of the reason that he wished to start in new fields, he decided to return with his wife to her native land and to attempt to start anew within the dominion of the Czar. His companion, Donald Moore, who was a very close friend of his, decided to go with him. There, however, instead of re-

cuperating his fortunes, and instead of becoming more self-reliant, his fortunes went from bad to worse and it was not long until he found himself within the clutches of the government. Having failed in business in London, and having failed to get a start in Russia, and being somewhat of a morose and melancholy disposition, he had gradually and quite naturally drifted into the ranks of those who are opposed to the existing order. Little by little he allowed himself to be influenced by those whose counsel could not fail to bring disaster upon him. In fact from the bitterness in his heart at his failure to achieve the things in life that he wished to achieve, he gradually drifted into the ranks of the Russian nihilists. This of course was fatal to any of the ambitions that he had had. Being somewhat indiscreet, he had allowed himself to make statements that had attracted the attention of the authorities, and he soon found himself in chains and under guard and crossing the snow-clad wastes of Siberia to the mines more than four thousand miles east of St. Petersburg. His friend, Donald Moore, true to him to the last, had tried to save him, and went to such a length that he himself was apprehended and was also thrown in chains and in company with his friend, was taken as a convict to the mines of Kara.

Their coming into our camp at Kearney of course was tremendously interesting to me after hearing a recital of their story. It was tremendously interesting to me also, for the reason that I saw at a glance as any one could see, that the health of John Randolph was not good, and that he was in the last stages of exhaustion, and that he was one of the creatures or persons of whom I have already spoken which are clasified among the weak and

the unfit to survive in the struggle for existence in this world. Also I found that his objection to the existing order extended not only to existing temporal governments and to existing organizations formed by men, but that it had even gone so far as to declare itself against the Creator of the World. This of course was not unusual when one stops to consider that he had become a nihilist. It is of course fundamental among many of the nihilists that they are thus opposed not only to the existing order established by humankind, but that they also are opposed to the existing order as established by the Creator of the world, or if not so opposed, that they at least deny that there is any such Creator or that any such order has ever been established.

I found that my young friend, as I shall choose to call him, had become a disciple of Bakunin, that most radical of all nihilists, and to a certain extent, the founder of the cult. Perhaps no such tirades against governments both temporal and spiritual have ever been uttered by humankind as those uttered by Michael Bakunin. In Geneva in 1868, he expressed himself as follows:

“Brethren, I come to announce to you a new gospel which must penetrate unto the very ends of the world. This gospel admits of no half-measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new one. The lie must be stamped out and give way to truth. It is our mission to destroy the lie; and to effect this we must begin at the very commencement. Now the beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is God. For many hundred years monarchs and priests have inoculated the hearts and minds

of mankind with this notion of a God ruling over the world. They have also invented for the people the notion of another world, in which their God is to punish with eternal torture those who have refused to obey their degrading laws here on earth. This God is nothing but the personification of absolute tyranny, and has been invented with a view of either frightening or alluring nine-tenths of the human race into submission to the remaining tenth. If there were really a God, surely he would use that lightning which he holds in his hand to destroy those thrones to the steps of which mankind is chained. He would, assuredly, use it to overthrow those altars where the truth is hidden by clouds of lying incense. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God; for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds, you will never know what freedom is. When you have got rid of the belief in this priest-begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence and that of the surrounding world are due to the conglomeration of atoms, in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then, and then only, you will have accomplished the first step toward liberty, and you will experience less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented. The first lie is God. The second lie is right. Might invented the fiction of right, in order to insure and strengthen her reign—that right which she herself does not heed, and which only serves as a barrier against any attacks which may be made by the trembling and stupid masses of mankind. Might, my friends, forms the sole groundwork of society. Might makes and unmakes laws, and that might should be in the hands of the majority.

It should be in the possession of those nine-tenths of the human race whose immense power has been rendered subservient to the remaining tenth by means of that lying fiction of right before which you are accustomed to bow your heads and to drop your arms. Once penetrated with a clear conviction of your own might, you will be able to destroy this mere notion of right. And when you have freed your mind from the fear of a God, and from that childish respect for the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your only law. But in order to get this law recognized, and to bring about the proper relations which should exist between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of state or social organization. So educate yourselves and your children that, when the great moment for constituting the new world arrives, your eyes may not be blinded by the falsehoods of the tyrants of throne and altar. Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad; for if but an atom of this old world remains the new will never be created. According to the priests' fables, in days of old a deluge destroyed all mankind; but their God specially saved Noah in order that the seeds of tyranny and falsehood might be perpetuated in the new world. When you once begin your work of destruction, and when the floods of enslaved masses of the people rise and engulf temples and palaces, then take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue

any atom of this old world, which we consecrate to destruction."

Some such doctrines had permeated the mind and heart of John Randolph, and some such attitude toward the world existed in his mind when he came into our little camp on the prairies of Nebraska.

I have said that up to this time I have said very little about Roosevelt and very little about America and American institutions, and at this point in my story I have said that it would seem fitting and proper that I begin to state why it is I have arrived at certain conclusions in regard to American affairs. This meeting of these young men, and particularly the one of whom I have spoken in detail, in that early period in the history of the western part of our continent, impressed upon me as it has never been impressed before, or since, the glory and the might and the real position of America among the nations of the earth.

I have said, in speaking of my relations with Julia King, that I have sometimes wondered if things were not ordered by an unseen hand to take place according to a preconceived plan, and to be worked out according to that plan in their appointed time. I have also often thought that this might be true when I considered the things of America and what America stands for. It has always seemed rather strange to me and at least something worthy of notice, that the great American continent lay idle here in the western seas for so many long centuries while civilized man was attempting to reach his goal upon the continents of Europe and Asia. It always has seemed rather strange to me, and something worthy of attention, that in due time the best continent upon the

face of the earth was discovered and revealed to human beings who had begun to overflow, as it were, from the shores of the continents of the Ancient East. It always has seemed very strange to me that the continent through all that time was here, and that it remained here idle until the time for its utilization should come. It has always seemed rather strange to me that the face of man has ever been turned westward toward the setting sun. It has always seemed somewhat strange to me that as it has been expressed in poetic phrase:

“Westward the star of empire takes its way.”

I say “strange”. Perhaps that is not the proper word to use, for nothing could be more natural than that the vigorous and hearty members of any race or tribe should push out and away from the old and worn out domains in order to reach new and better fields. But the fact remains that the better fields were here, and were provided for the utilization of mankind when the proper time should come. Civilization was born in the East and came toward the West. It did not originate in the West, and it did not go toward the East, but in very truth, Westward the star of empire has taken its way, and westward upon the American continent has culminated all the best ideals in the civilization of humankind.

There upon the prairies of Nebraska, in 1857, it seemed to me was the very beginning of this westward movement so far as its reaching American shores is concerned. Of course I do not mean to say that that is true, because of course civilization had long before appeared upon the Atlantic seaboard, but the staggering into our little camp upon those lonely plains of these worn and

exhausted and hunted men, coming as they did from the convict camps of the East, to the freedom and splendor of the West, impressed me as nothing else in all the world could have done, with the freedom and independence of America, and with the hope that it held out to humankind. As these young men told their story, I could not help contrasting the West and the East. I could not help thinking of and picturing in my mind, the horrors and the wretched poverty and the slavery and the degradation of the East, with the happiness and the abounding vigor and sweet independence and the dignity of the West.

I say that I love America. It seems to have been born in my very soul. To be other than patriotic while living in America under the American flag would be an impossible thing for me, for I know what the American flag means and I know what it has done for the world. I have been through the great Civil War, and I have grown up with the West and I have seen what a haven of refuge it has been for the oppressed and down-trodden peoples of the earth, and I have seen how it has ever stood for and has established among the races of man, principles of liberty and freedom as an ideal to be attained by all mankind, and anything that hints of disloyalty to America is of course utterly repugnant and abhorrent to me.

I said that I would make some observations upon American affairs and I said that I would speak of Roosevelt and Americanism, and the things that I shall say will be, as I have said, the outgrowth of my own experiences and though perhaps the result of prejudices, will be based upon prejudices that have grown from such ex-

periences as I have related. But how could those prejudices be other than they are?

I asked John Randolph to tell us more of his story. I asked him to tell us of the convict camps in Siberia and I also requested him to tell us how he and his companion had made their escape from them.

CHAPTER XV.

IT was this way," said John. "It was in the spring and it wasn't very hard to escape in the spring.

The guards were glad enough to have us come up missing for when we were gone, what little clothing was allotted to us by the Russian government was appropriated by the guards and sold to traders coming over the Mongolian frontier.

"We fled to the woods like animals or birds let out of a cage. God's sunshine never seemed so sweet. Throughout the long snowbound winter we had spent the nights in hell. I can think of no other word that would fitly describe our quarters. I always hated civilization and its institutions. The Kara prisons in Siberia seemed to typify civilization at its worst. Nowhere in savagery was there ever such hideous torture. We were crowded in our log prisons like sheep in a pen. Nowhere in the building was there any provision for ventilation. Windows were immovable and not a breath of air ever reached us from the outside during the night. We were without bed clothes of any kind. Only our overcoats covered us as we tried to sleep or furnished us with a thin protection from the benches upon which we spent the night. Bed bugs and other vermin fairly swarmed. There were little or no toilet accommodations. The stench arising on the foul air was overpowering. Scurvy and typhoid fever decimated our ranks, sick men often

lying in our midst for days before being removed to the prison hospital.

"We were compelled to work from nine to thirteen hours a day (according to the season of the year) in the mines and then were forced to spend the night in the way I have described.

"When spring came I was wild. No beast was ever wilder. The soft airs came over the ancient steppes and awakened a longing in my soul that cried out to the very stars. A carpet of flowers spread their delicate corollas over the green grass and touched my soul with their sweet gentleness. The Cossacks were lax in their watchfulness and offered little resistance to our escape. Knowing that representatives of Jewish traders would soon be along to buy the rations and clothes that would have been ours had we been there to claim them they winked at our departure. The birds were calling in the trees, nature was waking under the influence of warmth and light. The trackless woods and the boundless plains were cleansed and purified by the open air. I saved some food from my daily rations, managed to get possession of a kettle and an axe and fled to the forest. My friend here, Donald Moore, and another man went with me. For days and even weeks we gave ourselves up to the luxury of the freedom and outdoor air. Hour after hour in the warm sunlight we lay in the grass on the side of a small hill or creek bank and absorbed the rays of the glorious sun. It seemed that we could live thus forever but after a few weeks of this delight we began to contemplate the possibility of capture and of being returned for the winter to the mines. Never was there a more hideous dream than the thought of being returned

to Kara. We hit upon a bold plan. Most of the convicts who had spend the summer in the woods set out westward in an attempt to reach Lake Baikal and thus return to their country and their homes. But Donald Moore and I were not Russians. We were not Slavs, not of the races of the East, but we were of Anglo-Saxon descent and we were of the nations of the West. And we decided that we were going west; that we would set out eastward and keep going until we reached the other side of the earth to the end that we might become citizens of the great nation on the continent of North America. We decided to go to the United States or die in the attempt. Rather far would we leave our bones in the strange regions of Mongolia or upon the wide, desolate plains of Siberia, than to remain alive longer in torment. We recalled the sacred inscriptions on the inside walls of our prison, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' The government had these scriptural quotations placed on the walls above our heads for no other purpose it seemed to me than to mock us. The groans of the sick and dying had fallen upon my ears as I looked upon these sayings of the Master. The odors of human filth assailed my nostrils, the acme of human suffering tortured my soul as these words stared at me from the wall. There is no hope, I said to myself. Life is a dread experience filled to overflowing with human woe. If death could only come, was my prayer."

And then I talked with John Randolph's companion Donald Moore, in regard to their experiences in Siberia and their journey to America.

"We were in the Siberian mines two years" he said "when we managed to escape and made our way after incredible hardships to the Chinese coast and there contrived to get aboard a vessel bound for America.

"Before we escaped, however, another consignment of prisoners came to the mines and among them was a peasant from the community where John Randolph and I had lived when we were arrested. He brought the news that the wife who had been left behind had also been seized (for trying to assist her husband to escape) and had been cast into a dungeon. There she had died and her little child, a boy of three, had probably died also for there was no one to care for him after his mother's death.

"The news brought by the peasant completely broke and crushed John's spirit. He came and went as one in a dream. He has told me of the suffering and mental anguish he endured and how he feared that he was going insane. His nerves gave way under the strain and he became a physical wreck.

"How we got to the Chinese coast is a marvel, but we finally got there and not long after that we were tossing on the great, lonely ocean. The sea voyage made us deathly sick and we were glad as it was possible for us to be under the circumstances when we sighted land.

"John was bound to never stop until he reached the interior of the continent. For some reason he had set his head on coming here and accordingly after a month on the coast we set out overland from Portland, Oregon, to cross the western half of the American continent. We had obtained rifles and ammunition and hunting knives before starting on our journey. Luckily an told trapper

was just setting out in the same direction. He said he was going to Fort Laramie. We finally obtained his reluctant consent to let us accompany him. Had we not succeeded in doing this our bones would undoubtedly be in the western deserts at this time. We were attacked by Indians several times but because of the old trapper's skill and diplomacy we managed to get through, though as I think of it now it seems impossible."

And then he told me of their hopes and of how America had surpassed even their fondest dreams.

"I shall never forget the scenes we passed through," said Donald Moore, with kindling eyes.

"Such tremendous mountain chains, such wealth of forest, such rivers and streams I had never seen before. Sometimes as we camped among the rocks and fallen trees by a brawling mountain stream I thought of the quiet seclusion of our camp and contrasted it with the teeming millions of Europe and the east. The lofty peaks and immense summits snow-clad and with wooded slopes were restful to the mind and soul and the air wafted along the mountain sides seemed the very breath of liberty. It was a new and delightful sensation. Even John felt the uplifting influence. Sometimes I saw him sitting with upturned face gazing at the mountain tops. I saw that even his crushed and battered soul responded to this display of Nature's grandeur. For the time he forgot his aching heart and drank in the quiet sublimity of the scenery. A kind of dazed wondering expression was upon his features as though he could not believe his senses. Adjusting ourselves to the new freedom as we contemplated the kings and institutions and chains of the east was a strange, though pleasing experience.

"America is a grand land" continued Donald Moore. "I shall never leave it, I shall never go back."

"It had a soothing effect upon John" he continued. "Nature undisturbed by man has partially called him back to his original self."

"I remember one night we spent in a deserted cabin which we found in the mountains. A tremendous rain storm with cold, driving wind set in about dark. We piled the wood upon the fire, made our bed of evergreen boughs and as we listened to the storm roaring through the trees and beating on the roof we were almost happy. In fact I was happy and poor John so far forgot himself as to listen in silent content to the driving rain as he watched the sparks going up the chimney."

"And right there" continued Donald Moore, "a new thought came into my mind. I thought how much happier I would be to live right there and enjoy to my heart's content the simple joys that I was then enjoying than to be king of England or of all the Russias."

And then, as I became better acquainted with our two young friends, I discussed with them also things of much the same nature as the things that I have related to you in the beginning of my story. I had come west from New York to Iowa, and from Iowa to the western plains and mountains, after some such experiences as John Randolph had related. Of course I had not been a nihilist, and of course I had not been exiled, though in one sense I had been as I had been imprisoned in the penitentiary. Of course also, my health was not good and of course also to put it mildly, I had "soured" upon the world.

Shakespeare says that one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin, and after these experiences, John Ran-

dolph and I found in ourselves a great deal in common.

I have told you, of the change that had come over me after coming west. I have said that it was due to the great freedom and the great inspiration of the outdoor world, untouched by the hand of civilization, and also that it was due to the change of mind of which I have spoken. Having gone through the thing that I had gone through, and having come out victorious as I thought that I had, I felt that it would be not only my duty, but the greatest pleasure in the world to assist the miserable creature who had come into our camp to come out victorious if possible in the same way. And all of the powers possessed by me, and all of the influences which I was capable of exerting, were brought to bear upon the unfortunate wayfarer.

I have said that I had an opportunity to exhibit or to a certain extent to prove to Miss Butler the truth of the statements that I had made to her about the efficacy of a change of mind. She of course had regarded my statements lightly and as I have said, whatever change for the better in my own make-up that there had been, she attributed merely to the outdoor life and to that alone. I was confident that while a great deal of the change was due to that, that some of the change was also due to the other things of which I have spoken, and these things I attempted to explain as best I could to the wayfarer of whom I have spoken. I called Miss Butler's attention, which of course it was needless to do, to his woe-begone and miserable appearance when he first came into our camp, and a few days later I called her attention to the change that had come over him. I had

been somewhat shocked by his atheism and his nihilistic views and philosophy, but Miss Butler had been even more so, due particularly to an occasion one Sunday morning while we were proceeding eastward along the trail, when it was suggested that religious services be conducted in the camp. She had quietly approached John Randolph on the subject and had desired to get his approval of the proposed services. He had for some time remained sullen and silent and morose, and she had finally asked him if he did not believe in such things, and if he did not believe in God and the Bible. At that John Randolph jumped to his feet and launched into a wild tirade against the Creator of the world.

"The Creator is a monster, a beast, a brute," he said. "He has persecuted me for half a dozen years. He has taken advantage of my faith in him to humiliate and ruin my life. He has led me on and on with insincerity and fraud and has brought me to the brink of death. I would kill him if he were a man. I have gone from England to Russia, from Russia to the mines of Siberia, from those mines to the Chinese coast and from there across the Pacific ocean. And I have come across tremendous mountain chains, through terrible deserts and have suffered starvation, cold, heat, drouth and drenching rain and attacks of wild beasts, but I would go a thousand times as far, and I would endure a thousand times as much if God could but become a mortal man and if I could but get a chance to get my hand upon his throat or to sink my knife into his heart.

"But I would not kill him at once. I would torture him," said John Randolph, with his eyes shining like

those of a wolf in the darkness. "I would torture him as he has tortured me. I would take from him the things he holds most dear and would destroy them before his eyes. I would haunt him with hideous dreams. I would cause his mind to wander, to lose its balance. I would make him a slave serving brutal masters, I would cause him to be an outcast like a mad wolf persecuted by his fellows. I would destroy his health. I would make him sick. I would deceive him. I would cause him to believe one thing and act upon a certain belief when the exact opposite would be true. I would confuse and befog his brain. I would make him see dimly. I would cause his tongue to be less responsive to his will and would make his words like the mutterings of a lunatic. Then I would kill him. I would kill him with my knife. I would taste his heart's blood. I would have my revenge. I would cast his soul into hell, I would cause him torment until the end of eternity. I would ruin, ruin his soul.

"I would have his neighbors and his enemies come to reason and argue with him as they came to reason and argue with Job. I would have the unfaithful and untrue set over him and cause them to berate him for his shortcomings and for his lack of faith and for his failure to remain true. I would have the sinful and the self-righteous come to remind him of his sins and for his lack of humility. I would have those who deny God smile at his credulity."

As he concluded his wild blasphemy John Randolph threw himself full length upon the ground as though exhausted and after lying there a moment got up and left the company.

CHAPTER XVI.

I HAVE said that when I first came to Iowa I felt that not only the hand of man was against me, but that also even the hand of the Creator was against me. Of course if I had had any such feelings, John Randolph had them even more so, and they were redoubled in their intensity. His experiences seeming to be so similar to mine, and even so much more serious, I was greatly interested in him and made a great effort to bring about the change of which I have spoken.

I would not attempt at this point to detail or explain all of the conversations that I had with John Randolph in attempting to bring about his conversion, and all that I shall say is that I had with him substantially the same sort of discussion that I had had with Joe Burgess in regard to the weak and the possibility of their becoming strong, and that I discussed with him as I had discussed with Joe Burgess, the Book of Job and the great change which came over Job when he said: "Now mine eye seeth Thee". Suffice it to say that it was not long until a great change had come over John Randolph. He had told me that many times in his bitterness he had shaken his fist at the vault of Heaven and had inwardly cursed the stars and the glittering orbs of the black sky of the night because of his hatred of and his indignation at the aparent injustice of the existing order. But after the conversations that I had had with him and after the

things of which I have spoken had taken place, he told me that he could never again be guilty of such bitterness and such hate and that he could never again shake his fists at the starry orbs of the Heavens. He seemed as one transformed. I called Miss Butler's attention to him as he strode vigorously with elastic step about our camp-fires at night, and as he proceeded along the trail during the day. He gazed out over the great plains, looked at the herds of game that we occasionally saw, at the waterfowl overhead, at the vast expanse of landscape and appeared to take a new hold on life and a new interest in it, and to look at it from an entirely new point of view. Miss Butler was indeed impressed, and watched the young man closely. In regard to him and his transformation, however, she felt much the same as she had in regard to me and the transformation that had come over me,—that the change was due to the great inspiration of the American continent and the freedom that had suddenly come to him and of the health-giving food and of the invigorating air that were his while he enjoyed his freedom. And of course those things did enter to a very great extent, into the change that had come over him. To what extent they were responsible for the change, and to what extent the things that I have said I endeavored to instill into his mind were responsible for it, it would be hard to determine. Such questions are always hard to determine, and in fact I think they never have been determined, but they are all subjects for endless speculation.

Did any supreme power enter into the affairs of myself and Julia King? Did any supreme power enter into the establishment of the American continent in the

western seas and to the reservation of it for the use of humankind in its appointed time? Did any supreme power at all, or to any extent, enter into the change that came over myself or John Randolph? Nobody knows and yet humanity from the dawn of time has gone on looking up and hoping and praying and remaining steadfast in the faith and yet also humanity has to fight its own battles and has to make its own way. To rely alone upon Hope or upon Faith of course would be disastrous. But would not relying upon one's self alone also be disastrous? In other words, is there not a sort of partnership between mankind and the Supreme Being in which partnership the Supreme Being takes a certain part, and in which also humankind takes its own part?

Mr. Roosevelt has written a book entitled: "FEAR GOD AND TAKE YOUR OWN PART." And that, I suppose, is the keynote of my story. "Fear God" means of course to have Faith in God, and does not mean to fear Him in an abject sense, and "take your own part" means exactly what it says. Neither one alone would be sufficient. No man is sufficient unto himself. No nation is sufficient unto itself. Humanity as a whole is not sufficient unto itself, and yet humanity must rely upon itself and must fight its own battles and must take its own part. To do otherwise would be fatal, and conducive to utter and overwhelming disaster. What part the Almighty takes in our affairs, if any, we can not say, and yet we still have Faith. And what part He takes apparently it is not for us to determine, or even to attempt to find out, for we could not find out even if we tried. Our business is to tend to our own business and is to take our own part, and work out our own salvation with the

material that we have at hand, with the material that is tangible and concrete and that we can see and feel and comprehend. Having done our own part, the Almighty will undoubtedly do His. And to attempt to dictate to Him or to find out His mysteries, is time wasted.

No doubt you wonder where I am coming out in regard to all of these statements about a change of mind. Perhaps you think I am going to arrive at the conclusion that there is no such thing as matter, or something of that sort, but that is not the case. I have said that in looking at the landscape along the Platte, while proceeding westward along the trail, that I seemed to look back of and beyond the material world and seemed to see the very origin and source of life itself, but you will observe that I have nowhere stated, though you may perhaps think that I have hinted, that there is no such thing as a material world. I believe in both the things spiritual and the things material. I believe in those things in the same way that I believe that we should fear God and take our own part; that is, that there is a reciprocal relation or perhaps something in the nature of a partnership relation with duties to be performed on both sides and that neither one is sufficient unto itself. The material world or a belief in the material world alone would not suffice, and on the other hand, to ignore it and to believe only in a spiritual or mental world, also would not suffice. Both to my mind are very, very real, and both are necessary to the proper existence of humankind.

But if that is true, you say, what do you mean by the change of mind and by the corresponding transformation brought about thereby? And to this I will have to answer that I do not know. I can simply say that I have

gone sufficiently far in these matters to believe that I have discovered that there is something that tells of a better and higher state for human beings in the far future. I do not know what it is or when it will be brought about, nor just what the nature of it will be, but I do feel convinced that there is something that speaks of higher and better things, and that humanity is not without hope, and that its faith will some day be justified. The mind and the power of the mind are undoubtedly wonderful things and things that as yet we only imperfectly understand. That better things will come in the future, I can scarcely doubt, but at present we only have faint flickerings of the light as to what these things shall be.

But it seems clear to me that mankind is tending on and up. It seems clear to me that just as the American continent has been reserved for use in its appointed time, so greater and more wonderful things in the realm of the mind and the spirit may be reserved for the utilization of humankind when the entire world, including the American continent, shall become so densely populated as that there is no place for the overflow of humankind to go. It seems clear to me that something in the future must be revealed for the relief of humankind when that condition of affairs comes to pass. It would seem indeed, that material things could hardly suffice for the support of humankind in the generations of the very remote future. Though as I say, I have no disposition at this time to say that there is no such thing as a material world. But the threat of population, it seems to me, is a very real threat and presents one of the very great problems of humankind. How will the earth's millions be provided for in the very far future when not only the

ancient East, but the West as well, becomes a densely populated, almost seething mass of humankind? We must look out and up beyond the world, it seems, for something new. What that new thing is, or those new things, it is of course most difficult to tell, but it seems that their nature must be essentially mental or essentially spiritual.

So that I feel that the experiences that I have had which I have related to you are merely suggestions of something which I can not well define, which may come to pass thousands of years from now. But of course we can not live in the future, and we can not live in the past, but we must live in the living present, and must solve the problems of the present. We must do our work well which we have to do now, in order that we and our descendants may enjoy the things that they should enjoy in the future.

How can we best make progress individually and as nations, is the great question before the world to-day. And it seems to me that there is a certain analogy so far as this question is concerned, in regard to the affairs of individuals and the affairs of nations. It seems to me that the affairs of individuals are not so very different from the affairs of nations, and the principles applicable to the life of an individual are to a very great extent, applicable to the life of a nation. To-day we see this question, so far as individuals are concerned, grappled with by the Christian Scientists, and so far as nations are concerned, we see it grappled with by those who are supporters of the idea of the League of Nations. This comparison may not be obvious and may not seem justified to you, and may not seem just clear, but to a certain extent

at least, it seems justified for the reason that on the one hand the Christian Scientists are doing their utmost to overcome disease and bodily ills and physical limitations, or as they put it, in the belief in all of these things, and on the other hand, the supporters of the League of Nations idea are trying to overcome and do away with war and national ills and national troubles that have been for the past few years scourging the entire world and both are looking forward to something new: a new era and a new day that shall bring in a better state of affairs than the world has yet known. And the comparison, it seems to me, is the more obvious and the more justified just now for the reason that on the one hand there has just passed over the world the greatest epidemic of disease ever known in the history of the world, and there has also, and practically at the same time, just passed over the world the greatest scourge of war ever known in the history of the world. These are things, that humanity dreads, and which give rise to the problems to which practically all mankind is addressing itself.

Thus it is that I have been leading up to these questions which I consider the most important questions before the world to-day transcending all questions of mere business and money-making and striking vitally at the very lives of all humankind. And thus it is that I am much more interested in these things than in the affairs of mere business and money-making, as I consider them more vital and more important to all of mankind.

In the upward struggle of humankind I admire and wish to pay my respects to the soldier who fights for righteousness, to the martyr who gives his life for a

cause, to the thinker and the philosopher who brings forth new ideas and new things for humankind. It is the life stream of humanity marching on toward its goal that is absorbingly interesting. But I suppose I am to a certain extent digressing from my story and from the avowed purpose which I stated that I had in mind at the outset. I have not yet really gotten down to the question of Americanism and the things in regard to Mr. Roosevelt which I intended to say.

The question before our people to-day, and the question that has been before our people all during the period of the great war has been the question of Americanism. I said that I wanted to speak of Roosevelt and of the things that Roosevelt stood for, and of course Rooseveltism and Americanism have always been synonymous. The Americanism of Roosevelt has also been the Americanism that has been typified by the vigor of life and by the great glory of life lived in the physical, tangible, outdoor world. The Americanism of President Wilson on the other hand, has always been the Americanism typified by just exactly the opposite of these things. The fact is that it has not been Americanism at all, but has been internationalism, and President Wilson has been an internationalist first, and an American afterwards. He has not represented America or the American people during his presidency any more or even as much as he has represented the peoples of all other nations, and the great question before our people and to a certain extent the great question before all the people of the world to-day is whether this kind of representation or leadership on his part has been justified, and whether the future will show that it has been for the

best. I speak of Roosevelt on the one hand, and of Wilson on the other, rather abruptly in this way for the reason that I think they typify to a very great extent, the very things of which I have been speaking. I have spoken of the physical, material, tangible world, and I have also spoken of the mental and the spiritual world. Those who follow Mr. Wilson believe that he represents the things of the mental and the spiritual world, and they believe also that Mr. Roosevelt and those who have followed him represent the things of the physical, material world alone. I do not mean that the followers of Mr. Wilson have considered him a Christian Scientist or anything of the kind, but I do mean that pacifists, conscientious objectors and even Christian Scientists have believed in Wilson rather than in Roosevelt. But is it true that Mr. Wilson has represented the things of the mind and the spirit or the ideals toward which humanity should strive any more or as much as has Mr. Roosevelt? You will recall that I have said that the basic and fundamental idea of my story was the idea expressed in the words: FEAR GOD AND TAKE YOUR OWN PART, and I have said that Mr. Roosevelt has written a book whose title is in those very words, and I now wish to say that I think he has always practiced exactly what he has preached, and I wish to show, if possible, that fearing God and taking your own part in the sense that one tends to his own business and leaves the affairs of God to God alone and attempts to work out his own salvation with his own hands, is advancing the kingdom of Heaven as far as it is possible to be advanced in this world. I do not think that because one devotes himself heart and soul to the things at hand that it

necessarily follows that he is unmindful of the spiritual world and spiritual things. I have said that the Americanism of Roosevelt is the Americanism of the vigor of life, and of the great glory of the outdoor world. It is also the Americanism which typifies the culmination upon the American continent of all the finest and best things that have been produced by civilization and by many thousands of years of struggle and sacrifice by the heroes and the martyrs and saints who have gone before. The civilization that we have in America to-day is the result of the work of those who in the past have taken their own part. It is the result of the heroism and sacrifice of those who like the Greeks and Athenians at Marathon vanquished the Persian hosts that had come westward as a menace to the then western world. It is the result of the sacrifice that was then made and which enabled Greek institutions of democracy and advanced ideas in philosophy and letters and architecture and in fact all of the arts to take root in European soil for the benefit of all mankind in the future. It is the result of those who faced the foe and who were willing to lay down their lives to the end that oriental despotism should not gain a foothold upon European soil. It is the result of the work of those who stood between civilization and barbarism. Had the heroic Greeks at that time been pacifists; had they rolled their eyes unctuously to Heaven and prattled of a healing peace and had they been conscientious objectors to the idea of taking the life of a human being, regardless of what the failure to do so would have meant to mankind, civilization in America would not be what it is to-day.

Thus it has ever been in all the history of the world;

everything worth while has been fought for and has been paid for by those who fought the battles not only of themselves but also of those who through fear and a false idea of morals and duty, remained in the rear and out of danger while their comrades laid down their lives for the benefit of their contemporaries and for the benefit of posterity. It was thus at Marathon, and has been thus in many another decisive battle in the history of the world. It was true when the hosts of Attila, the Hun, swept westward into Europe and attempted to overwhelm western civilization with the paganism and barbarism of the Orient. Sweeping westward from Asia into Hungary and thence westward again into France and toward Rome, the pagan hordes of the East threatened again the new and vigorous and wholesome life of the West. But at Chalons on the Marne, not far from where the great battles in the great world war just brought to a close were fought, the soldiers of civilization beat back and defeated the hosts of barbarism which threatened the civilization of the world, and again that civilization was saved for posterity. Those soldiers, of course, who fought those battles for the benefit of the world, were taking their own part, and who shall say that they were brutal and barbarous and were seeking blood when they laid down their lives for the benefit of the world? Who shall say that they failed in their duty to man or God? Who shall say that they failed in the proper interpretation of the things of the mind or of the things of the spirit? Theirs it was to do their duty and their comrades if such there were, who considered it wrong to emulate them, because of religious or other scruples, were spared the agony of the conflict, but have gone out

of the world without having contributed to the advance of the world, and without having won the high honor due those who in the path of duty have made the supreme sacrifice for the benefit of humankind.

And the same things were true in the battle of Tours in later years when the hordes of Arabia, Egypt and Persia, and other countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea at that time swept into Spain and thence into France where they were met by the forces of civilization under Charles Martel, and were beaten and turned back again toward the Orient. It was the battle of the Crescent against the Cross, of Oriental institutions against Western institutions; of despotism against freedom and democracy, and of the Koran against the Bible. And who shall say that the soldiers under Charles Martel were an unchristian band when they stood between the Koran and the Bible? Who shall say that they were wrong in their conception of duty to themselves and to the world when they paid with their lives for the things that as a result of their valor were permitted to continue to grow in Western Europe and which we in America inherit to-day? They were fearing God and were taking their own part, and who shall say that they feared God in a wrong way, or in a foolish way? Who shall say that their conception of the things of right and of the spirit was to any extent wrong? And yet we have conscientious objectors to-day who consider it irreligious and morally wrong to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord. And to a very great extent I can not refrain from classifying President Wilson with this latter class, and of course I classify Mr. Roosevelt with the heroic Greeks, who defeated the Persians and with the

Franks and Goths and other western peoples who beat back Attila, the Hun, and with the soldiers under Charles Martel who vanquished the Moslem hordes at the Battle of Tours.

Before the great war which has just been brought to a close had drawn the American nation into the maelstrom, Mr. Roosevelt went up and down the length and breadth of our fair land arousing or trying to arouse our people to the danger that threatened them. And preaching Preparedness with all his heart and soul, he was laughed to scorn and was looked upon only with curiosity as one would look upon a new and strange species of wild beast recently brought into captivity. People utterly failed to comprehend or understand the meaning of his message, and utterly failed to grasp his point of view. They seemed to think the man was beside himself, yet even after this short time events have vindicated his position. He of course knew, having seen with his own eyes the German army and having conversed personally with the renowned Kaiser, the nature of the new barbarism that was sweeping out of Berlin with the idea of overwhelming the world. But President Wilson did not know it, or did not care to know it, and refused to try to know it. He opposed preparedness for practically two years after the German horror had issued forth to conquer the world. Mr. Roosevelt believed in taking his own part, but Mr. Wilson appealed to our pacifist tendencies and our pacifist thought by deprecating war as an evil as such and by preaching in effect, peace rather than righteousness, and servility to wrong rather than heroic sacrifice to righteousness. Mr. Wilson was of course supported

by all pacifists and conscientious objectors, an enormous multitude at that time, and was heralded as the world's prophet of peace, and as the one man sent by the Lord to keep the American nation out of war. A great crowd thronged the streets of Washington to protest against the declaration of war. People regarded it as providential that Mr. Wilson, rather than Mr. Roosevelt, was at the time in the presidential chair. They regarded it as a divine interposition in the affairs of man that peace should reign in the hands of Mr. Wilson, rather than that this nation should be drawn into war by the hands of Mr. Roosevelt. And yet, what have the results been? We were brought into the war, nevertheless, and the war was undoubtedly greatly prolonged because of our failure to get into it earlier than we did. It is said that many thousands of American lives were saved by Mr. Wilson because of his delay in entering the war, but can this be true? You will recall that at the time of the outbreak of the war, the most marvelous thing in regard to it all was the surprising loyalty of all nationalities and all creeds and all races to the flag to which at the time they were paying allegiance. All nations of the earth, practically, rallied to the support of the Allies to contend against German barbarism. Even in Russia, an almost unheard of thing took place. The Jews, who had been persecuted by Russian tyranny for centuries, rallied to the support of the Czar. Every race and every creed in Russia flocked to the colors, believing as they had a right to believe, that the time was ripe for the overthrow of tyranny not only in Germany, but throughout the world. And you will recall the vast army that Russia mobilized. Millions of Russians went to the front to

offer their lives against the tyranny of the German armies, and Russia was enthusiastic and full of an almost religious fervor in prosecuting the war. From the ranks of the highest to the lowest, this was true. And had Russia at that time received America's support, even moral, if not material, a very different result might have been brought to pass in Russia and all over the world. Russia would not have broken when she did, if the American army had joined the armies in France at an earlier date than it in fact did, and the war would have been ended much sooner than it was in fact ended, and more than all, Bolshevism might and probably would have been prevented from being turned loose upon the world. At the beginning of the war it represented but a small percent of the Russian people, and had Russia not broken and had German perfidy not been allowed to have played upon Bolshevik weakness and Bolshevik anarchy, the probabilities are that we would have law and order in Russia to-day. The tyranny of the Czar of course, terrible as it was, was nothing as compared to the tyranny of the Bolshevik, and Bolshevism is threatening the world.

I have read to you the speech of Michael Bakunin, the founder of nihilism, delivered in Geneva some fifty years ago. And I wish now to read to you a statement or a platform of the Bolsheviks promulgated not in Russia, and not fifty years ago, but promulgated in America, the land of the free and the home of the brave, in the year 1919. It was composed, or at least has been approved, by what is known as The Federation of Unions of Russian Workers in the United States, and is as follows:

"We must consciously hasten the elementary movement of the struggle of the working class; we must convert small strikes into general ones, and convert the latter into an armed revolt of the laboring masses against capital and State.

"At the time of this revolt we must at the first favorable opportunity proceed to an immediate seizure of all means of production and all articles of consumption, and make the working class the masters in fact of all general wealth. At the same time we must mercilessly destroy all remains of governmental authority and class domination, liberating the prisoners, demolish prisons and police offices, destroy all legal papers pertaining to private ownership of property, all field fences and boundaries, and burn all certificates of indebtedness—in a word, we must take care that everything is wiped from the earth that is a reminder of the right to private ownership of property; to blow up barracks, gendarme and police administration, shoot the most prominent military and police officers, must be the important concern of the revolting working people."

"We hate religion because it lulls the spirit with lying tales, takes away courage and faith in the power of man, faith in the triumph of justice here on the real earth and not in a chimerical heaven. Religion covers everything with fog; real evil becomes very visionary, and visionary good a reality. It has always sanctified slavery, grief, and tears. And we declare war upon all gods and religious fables. We are atheists."

It is part and parcel of the proposition promulgated by Bakunin over fifty years ago, and is promulgated as

I have said, not in Russia, but in America, and at the present time.

Therefore it is that I believe in fearing God and taking your own part. Therefore it is that during the great war I would have much preferred to have had the leadership of Roosevelt in America than the leadership of Wilson. And I speak of this at this time, also, because of the striking analogy between the affairs of individuals as I have related them to you, and the affairs of nations. I have spoken at length, of John Randolph and the ideas discussed by him and me on the western prairies in 1857. I have spoken of the great transformation wrought in his life and mine by a change of mind, and I said it suggested the ideas promoted by the Christian Scientists, but I also hasten to say that the fundamental tenet of the Christian Scientists was not then, and never has been adhered to by me. That is, I do not and never have believed in the non-existence of matter or of the physical, material world. I have always believed in the existence of both things spiritual and things material. I have been discussing this question of the overcoming of physical ills, however, for two reasons; and one reason is to show that I am not reactionary, and that I have all sympathy with progressives everywhere. While I have only discussed this question as limited to the field of a semi-religious nature, I have all sympathy with progressives and those seeking new ideas and new thoughts in every field of endeavor, be it religion, politics, or otherwise. And the other reason why I have been discussing it, is that, as I have said many times, I think there is an analogy between the progress made by an individual and the

progress made by a nation or nations and I can not help feeling that there is an analogy to-day between the position taken by the Christian Scientists on the one hand in regard to overcoming disease and physical ills, with the position taken by Mr. Wilson and his followers in regard to the overcoming of war and the ills attendant thereon in regard to the affairs of nations. You may say that there is no analogy in regard to these matters but certainly there is an analogy between the attitude assumed by the Christian Scientists on the one hand, in regard to those who do not believe in their doctrines, and the attitude assumed by the pacifists on the other hand toward those who do not believe in their doctrines. Both regard those who do not believe in their doctrines as reactionary, barbarous, cruel, bloodthirsty, ignorant and out of date.

But at least up to the present time the world has been brought forward more by acknowledging the existence of matter and by combating the evils attendant thereon in a scientific way based upon such acknowledgment, and by fighting for right upon the battlefields, assuming, of course, that moral principle and righteousness are always the guiding stars in human conduct, than it has been brought forward by refusing to acknowledge the existence of matter and by refusing to fight for righteousness on the battlefield.

The question now is: To what extent can these old methods of progress be abandoned? Christian Scientists assert boldly that we can and should abandon at once all idea of the existence of matter, and pacifists of course insist that we should abandon all ideas of war and physical combat. But can we do these things to-day? I

have said that I have been discussing this matter of overcoming physical ills and physical limitations as I have, in part, to show that I am not reactionary, and I have said that I believe my experiences show that there is something that points to a higher and better existence in the future, though just what it is, I can not say. And I have been discussing the kindred subject of war as we have known it to-day and of the effort to forever do away with it for the reason that I also think that there are things in the present day situation that point toward a much better and higher state of affairs in regard to that problem also. I think we are indeed approaching a new day in both of these very vital matters, but I do not think that we have reached the full splendor of noon as Christian Scientists and as pacifists would have us believe, and I do not think that progress in the world can be made to-day by the methods that they advocate.

I spoke of a change of mind that came over John Randolph on the western prairies there near Fort Kearney in 1857. This of course was long before the ideas of Christian Science were foisted upon the world. So far as there is anything in my discovery, of course it was due to my own belief and my own research alone. I was peering and seeking into the unknown as mankind has ever done, seeking to find a way out of the hardship and suffering that exists in the world.

Those who represent the doctrine of spiritualism to-day assert substantially that if out of a thousand experiments, one yields some return and throws off even the faintest spark of light in regard to the unknown. that the thousand experiments have been justified; that if one path out of a thousand can be discovered that leads

somewhere toward higher and better things, that the exploration along the thousand paths have been worth while. I make no pretensions to any knowledge of or interest in spiritualism, but the statement that even if a spark of truth can be found which has never been found or discovered before, that the experiments are worth while, does appeal to me. It appeals to me in the same way that a mechanical invention, crude and clumsy and of no utilitarian value at the time, appeals to me for the reason that I know that it will in nine cases out of ten, lead onto a perfected product that will be of great value in the years to come. Thus it is that I have all sympathy with progressives and those seeking the truth, but I do not have any sympathy with those who refuse to see the things that are actually at hand. Mr. Roosevelt has expressed the idea in the words: Nationalism as a prerequisite to Internationalism, meaning that internationalism and brotherhood will be brought about by the very fact of building each national character strong and firm on its own individual foundation. This is true of individuals as well as of nations.

But I have gone a long way from the discussion that I was having with John Randolph on the western prairies. I have spoken many times of the change of mind that came over him there as it had come over me in Iowa when I first came west, but I have purposely left the subject and have wandered from it to the subject of national affairs.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I HAD many conversations with John Randolph, and among others while I was expounding to him the great benefits of a change of mind, I discussed with him the doctrines of evolution and the survival of the fittest. John Randolph had gone through too much from a physical point of view to be entirely won over to the new idea so suddenly. Among other things he said to me:

"In my long journeys over the earth it has been vividly impressed upon my mind that the physically fit are the ones that triumph in this world. I have seen the pitiful struggle of the weak against hopeless odds and have seen them go down to death as they made way for their more fortunate neighbors who were possessed of physical endurance and hardihood. What a strange tragedy it is" he continued, "when the weak mates with the weak and brings into the world weak progeny which like themselves are doomed to a life of weary suffering and to defeat and failure. A man must fight if he will amount to anything in this world, he must fight and hold his own against the keenest competition. He must be strong and vigorous and must have the virile fighting qualities. Otherwise he cannot hope to take a place of honor in the world or to win the respect of his fellows. He must have that physical endurance that will enable him to devote long hours of study and labor to his work

and that will enable him to meet his fellows with assurance and confidence. He must forge his own way and must expect to get the good things of life only when he is strong enough to take them. He must be as alert as a beast in the mountains or on the plains, ever watchful for an opportunity to strike and equally vigilant against attack. Nerves of steel and muscles and sinews of iron are what win in this world, and courage and constancy to purpose are what guard and protect the good things from the bad.

"Without these things there is no chance and one's outlook is hopeless" continued my companion. "It is just as true of men as it is of animals," he went on, "just as true of civilized beings as it is of savages and men of the mountains and forests and plains. How many times I have been on the point of achieving something worth while in my work when I would have to stop work when at the very brink of success on account of physical weakness and see the fruits of my labor slip away and someone else step into the place which I had vacated. There is a distinguished English naturalist by the name of Darwin who takes the position that evolution plays the all-important part in the development of men and animals and that the evolutionary process is brought about by natural selection and the survival of the fittest. In this process there is no sentimentality and not the slightest regard for the weak and the unfit and they are weeded out and discarded by the strong and the vigorous as ruthlessly and as uncompromisingly as it is possible for it to be done. The strong prey upon the weak and the weak consequently are constantly being destroyed and cast aside in the struggle for existence and are con-

stantly being replaced by the strong. Tragedy after tragedy is constantly being enacted in the wilderness as the weeding out process goes continually on. For the weak there is no chance, no hope, yet this great naturalist holds and rightly holds that this inexorable process is for the good of the race and constantly tends to elevate the standard of the race's physical fitness and vitality. It is right that the race should not be allowed to deteriorate by the perpetuation of the weak and it is right that the race's heritage should be kept at as high a level of efficiency as possible, but what of the weak while the process is going on? They are without hope," said John Randolph disconsolately.

"I have spoken of the race of men and of the lower animals indiscriminately," he continued, "for I think the principle is the same with men as it is with beasts. The struggle takes on a little different form but its results are the same. The tragedies are as heart-rending among men as among beasts that live among the rocks and trees of the wilderness. And what a wretched existence it is for the weak, how discouraging, how hopeless; to struggle on day after day with the certain knowledge that one's companions are placed far ahead in the beginning of the race and that to keep from being hopelessly distanced in the race this long discouraging handicap must be made up and overcome. It seems the acme of injustice. Yet for the benefit of the race it must needs be so.

"It is true of individuals and it is true of nations," said John. "The strong survive and the weak die out. Human progress is based on force," he continued, "and civilization rides on the wheels of the thundering guns.

That nation which cannot defend itself is lost and that one with the physical power strides to the ascendancy."

"John," said I, "these things are undoubtedly true, or at least have been true in the past, but will they always continue to be true?"

"I have seen nothing to indicate that they will not be" he answered. "In my wretched experience as a business man, in my arrest and imprisonment in a hideous Siberian prison with its foul horrors; in my experience in the wilderness while traveling here, in my struggle with wild beasts and wild men and the raging elements I have seen nothing to indicate that these things will not always be so. Nature is as inexorable in her laws, as undeviating in her processes as the most hard-hearted tyrant. There is no yielding, no softening for the benefit of any individual. Nature and the elements must be successfully combated and overcome or the individual must die. It is a case of fight to the death and always will be. If you have ever been many hundreds of miles beyond the confines of civilization, with starvation staring you in the face, with no shelter except what you in your weakness could find or build among the rocks and trees, with wild beasts sniffing at your trail and with the solemn booming of the storm sounding ominously in the trees, you know what these statements mean. Or if you have ever been tossed for days on the ocean without a friendly sail in sight, expecting every moment that your ship would go down you know something of the grim laws of Nature. There is no help, there is no hope except that which lies in one's own hands and brain and the courage that lies in a dauntless heart."

"But", I objected, "as civilization advances and as

Nature is overcome and subdued, these grim and inexorable conditions will become things of the past and fighting and animal-like alertness and vigilance will no longer be necessary."

"Bah," said John Randolph, in deep disgust. "As civilization advances the harder the struggle will become," he retorted in intense indignation. "Do not be misled by what I have said about Nature," he continued. "With all the hardships I have endured since escaping from the mines of Kara I have experienced nothing so bitter and so sickening as the dreadful things I have gone through within the confines of civilization.

"As civilization advances population will become more and more dense and the restrictions incident to a bee-like hive of human beings will be thrown about every individual. I trust I may never live to see it here in America as it is now in Europe. Crawling, struggling, seething humanity with its diseases, its prisons, its courts, its hospitals, its institutions of every kind and description, I hope I may never live to see. Rather would I die alone in the wilderness or attended by a faithful friend than to live a wretched life in a crowded city and die of one of the city's diseases even though I might be surrounded by physicians, nurses and relatives and friends. Like a tough old buffalo bull or a superannuated wolf I would rather pass back into the elements than to die in a crowd where all is hubbub and confusion. In the shadow of the mountains or in the depths of the forest I would rather die of old age or be shot by a prowling savage than to die a wreck of a human being at the end of a vapid, miserable life.

"The grand mountain chains of America and the im-

mense, wide plains are wonderful and offer a freedom and a depth of life not elsewhere to be attained. Think of the time that is coming when this continent like that of Europe will be overflowing with human kind. What is to become of men when they get so thick on the earth that there is not food enough to feed them? What kind of a life will it be when they are so far removed from Nature and the soil that their closest approach to these things will be aimless and inane strolling in parks and gardens?

"The tragedies of civilization are greater and will be greater than those of Nature. The tragedies of civilization will be starving and diseased children in the slums of great cities, there will be imprisonment in wretched prisons, there will be war, there will be poor health due to overcrowding and unsanitary conditions, there will be life sapped of its virile energy and of its normal, healthy conditions by the artificialities of man-made institutions. It will be life made wretched beyond the power of words to describe by drink and drugs and social evils too terrible to comprehend.

"Rather would I live alone in the wilderness with the great peaks as my silent companions, with the wild things of the forests and the mountains to keep me company than to cast my self into the seething vortex of a miserable humanity. Rather would I see the clean, pure trees washed by the rains and snows, rather would I daily meet the deer and the wolf and bison than to see the throng of human derelicts that crowd the streets of civilization's seething centers. Rather would I hear the cougar scream at night and the owl hoot and the rumble and boom of the avalanche or the steady roar of the

waterfall than to hear the raucous notes from the throats of civilization's outcasts and the clamor of the discordant night sounds of a great city.

"Rather would I make friends with savages and share my wigwam or cabin with them and know the inner calm of a soul at peace than to fraternize with frauds, hypocrites, thieves and scoundrels masquerading as men and go down to hell on the well oiled road of civilization.

"A great change has come over me," said John Randolph after a pause. "You, yourself have spoken of it. I feel better, have more self-respect and more self-confidence than I have had for years. I am more at peace in my own mind. I even feel that I am going to be happy, and that is a thought I have not had for five years. You say it is because I have discovered my great mistake and have found that God is not against me and I am sure that is true, but I think also the great mountain chains of America and the great forests and great plains have something to do with it. The peace and calm, the soul-delight incident to life in the American wilderness (full of hardships though it is) have had something to do with making me see and understand that God is for me and not against me. Somehow I can never find God in the city, never even in a church in the midst of civilization. But in the wilderness where all is still and the giant trees lift their venerable heads into the sky and where the mountain tops stand sharply outlined against the clear, blue heavens, speaking of eternity in their silent vigil through the years, I always feel that I am communing with my Maker. And I cannot but believe that as civilization gets men farther and farther

away from this close communion with their Maker that life will become more and more sinful, more and more a vain thing and more and more a dismal mockery of the simple but beautiful things that are worth while.

"The mountains are God's testimony of His great power and of His supremacy throughout eternity. Men come and go but the mountains keep watch from generation to generation. Lord Byron's lines from the 'Prisoner of Chillon' suggest the thought:

"I saw them—and they were the same,
"They were not changed like me in frame;
"I saw their thousand years of snow
"On high—their wide, long lake below."

"There is no great poetry, no great literature, no great life, no great religion that does not have Nature for its foundation and its background," said my companion after he had recited Byron's lines with great emotion and depth of feeling.

"The bible itself is largely based on the inspiration and beauty of Nature," he continued. "Two of the greatest books of the bible, the Book of Job and the Psalms, both derive their great beauty, their rich imagery and their inspiration from the world of Nature. I dread the time that is coming when civilization shall dominate the earth and Nature will have no place in the lives of men."

So saying, John Randolph swung into the saddle preparatory to taking up his journey eastward once more.

As I rode by his side I could not refrain from expressing to him a few thoughts which his remarks had suggested.

"John," I said, "there is a lot of truth in what you have been saying. Fundamentally it is all true but you have been extreme. You seem to have arrived at what I consider the proper balance between oneself and God but you have not arrived at the proper balance between Nature and civilization. Either one to the exclusion of the other is not right. You are quite right in saying that Nature must be in every man's life, must form its background and its foundation, but you go too far when you say in effect that you would exclude civilization entirely. You have quoted Lord Byron and now I want to quote some one also. The quotation contains just four words and they are 'whatever is, is right.' Civilization must therefore be right or there wouldn't be any such thing. It is working out the destiny of man and God must have contemplated that civilization would be the result when He created the world. One other thing I would like to call to your attention," I added. "You have told of your sufferings in Europe and Asia, of your separation from your wife and child and of your wife's death, and of your long, weary wanderings as an outcast from society. Did it ever occur to you that while you blasphemed God for having set His hand against you that He was guiding your footsteps to this very spot and was bringing you farther and farther from despotism and tyranny and to a land of democracy and freedom?

"And did it ever occur to you that God may have reserved America for a higher and better type of civilization than any the world has yet known and that nations like individuals may come to see the hand of God working out man's destiny?

"And may it not be that war will become a thing of

the past and that here in America will first be exemplified the ideal toward which the nations are striving?

"May it not be that as population becomes more and more dense and as food becomes more and more scarce that God will become more and more apparent in the lives of men and that the fearful problems which apparently are not capable of being solved, will be by Him disposed of?

"Is it not possible that in the far future when the earth is not a fit habitation for men as at present constituted, that God will provide and that mankind will, like Job, be able to say, 'Now mine eye seeth Thee?' And is it not possible that men and women will live more and more happily as they become more and more into an understanding of God and more and more confident of His protection? And may it not be that when that time comes that the doctrine of the survival of the fittest will be somewhat relaxed and that the weak will be given some hope and some chance in the race of life and the work of the world?

"In fact aren't they given some chance already? I think you have learned to rely on yourself and yet that you have learned that you cannot succeed when you rely on yourself alone. You say you have seen no evidence that the doctrine of the survival of the fittest will not always be true as it is today, yet you yourself are strangely transformed from a weakling to a person of strength, and you have been brought safely through a thousand dangers to a land where you are independent and free and are enabled to take your place among the strong."

John Randolph was silent as we rode over the wide

uncivilized region toward the river that separated us from the state of Iowa.

"Maybe the weak will have some show after all" he ventured as we proceeded on our way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SO, while John Randolph was to a very great extent won over to the idea of the benefits of a change of mind, he had never considered the thought or the idea of the non-existence of matter.

He like myself believed in the existence of both things material and things spiritual. I want to speak of this particularly for the reason that at the present time the analogy between the struggle in individual and national affairs seems to me at least, very striking. The struggle toward spiritual truth and spiritual enlightenment both upon the field of battle and in the realm of the individual life, seems to me to be things that almost go hand in hand.

And thus it is that I place my faith in the soldier and the militant exponent of truth and righteousness rather than in the pacifists and the conscientious objectors. And thus it is that I feel that in most cases these latter persons merit nothing but the contempt and scorn of the great souls who as Mr. Roosevelt has said, "are ready for The Great Adventure."

I have said in my preceding remarks that the upward struggle of humankind is in many respects a tragedy. John Randolph has spoken, in the things which I have quoted to you from the remarks made by him to me there on the prairie over sixty years ago, of the tragedies of the wilderness and of the tragedies of civilization.

The two tragedies in these different realms, while being in different fields, are to a certain extent, nevertheless tragedies of much the same nature. John Randolph, as you will have seen from what I have reported to you, was pessimistic in the extreme in regard to some of the things of which he told me, and concerning which he expressed his opinions. You will have seen from what I have quoted from him that he appeared to doubt the fact that any improvement was being made in civilization and in the conditions of humanity. He seemed to doubt that civilization was any improvement over Nature. He expressed his opinion as you will have seen, that Nature was no worse than civilization and that so far as he himself was concerned, that he would have preferred to have lived and died within the confines of more or less primeval surroundings than to have lived and died in the more complex surroundings of civilization. In regard to war and disease and conditions of humanity in general in these two realms, so far as we can judge from the conditions of the past few years in our much boasted twentieth century, it would seem that John Randolph's pessimism was to a certain extent justified.

We have seen the greatest war and the greatest epidemic of disease ever known. We have seen the greatest tragedy ever enacted upon the face of the earth. We have seen the struggle of humankind for higher and better things apparently come almost to defeat and to a bitter and weary end. But in this great struggle that has been enacted upon the European continent, there is seen something of inspiration and something pointing out a high hope to humankind. Indeed there are things in this great drama of human life as it has been enacted

in the last few years, horrible and discouraging as it has been, that are more inspiring to humanity as a whole than anything that has yet taken place in the history of the world. For in this great tragedy and in this great sacrifice made by humanity as a whole, we have seen the recognition on the part of humanity everywhere, of the value of the things of the spirit and the things of the soul. We have seen men make sacrifices for these things that they could not be compelled or hired to make for material compensation alone. In the great world war just brought to a close of course the soldiers of the allied armies have fought for territory, and for their homes and their firesides and for material wealth and material prosperity, but more than that, they have ultimately fought for the intangible thing that we call moral principle and for the even more intangible thing that we call spiritual truth and spiritual enlightenment. It is a splendid thing to see that men everywhere recognize the truth and to see that they appreciate the high value of these intangible things.

And it has ever been so. Unconsciously perhaps, mankind has almost from the beginning of the world, recognized the value of moral principle and the value of spiritual truth and spiritual enlightenment. They recognized these things at Marathon and at Chalons, and at Tours and at all the other great battlefields of the world where Truth has struggled with Wrong, and where Righteousness has been pitted against Unrighteousness. And a very singular thing about the whole chain of human history is the fact that in nearly every case where Right has stood with its "back to the wall" confronting the combined forces of Wrong and Evil everywhere, that

Right has ultimately won, and that victory has crowned its arms. "Let Truth and Error grapple, for whoever knew Truth to be beaten in a fair fight" were the words of the immortal Milton, and it has ever been true that Truth has ultimately been vindicated and Righteousness has had its reward. Tragedies indeed, are enacted for the defense of Truth and Righteousness, but the great inspiration to humankind is the fact that Right in the long run wins and that triumph is its reward.

James Russell Lowell has said in substance that "civilization rides on a gun carriage", and nothing ever in the world was said that has been more true.

Julia Ward Howe has expressed the thought admirably and militantly and beautifully in her famous poem entitled THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. "His Truth is marching on" is the watchword of her poem.

"I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
deal;

Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
For God is marching on."

Everywhere from the dawn of the earliest creation we see the truth of the statement that "God is marching on". It may seem strange indeed, that He marches in such a way, and that such sacrifice must be made in order that His truth may go marching on, but undoubtedly it is the order of the world. The great tragedy enacted upon the European continent in the great world war appears to have been the culmination of a great struggle that has gone on through all the ages that have gone be-

fore. It seems to have been the great climax of war and of strife and of bitter woe. It seems to have been the darkness preceding the dawn, or at least while the war was being fought we have all hoped that it would be so. But whether it is so will be open to question, but in any event it has proven more than any other war, and more than any other struggle, the value of principle and of spiritual truth and enlightenment. And this statement is easily proven when we consider the hundreds and thousands of young men who have been swept into eternity willingly and voluntarily, and when we know that no material reward and no material compensation could have induced them to have thus made these sacrifices. No one could contend for a moment that the soldiers of the allied armies would have gone down to death in their hundreds and thousands in this way if they had known that their only reward, had they survived the conflict, would have been the acquisition of territory, or financial or other material compensation.

And thus it is that civilization rides on a gun carriage, and thus it is that the lines of Julia Ward Howe speak the truth. It is "a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel" that down to the present time, at least, has enabled the world to reach the position that it has reached to-day.

But will there never be anything better? Will the world go on and on indefinitely advancing the kingdom of humankind and of the Almighty by means of the "fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel"? Will there never be any other way? Will the tragedies of humankind ever be re-enacted at ever recurring intervals in the history of the world? Many people

believe that they will be so re-enacted. A famous author of one of the best known books written about the war has spoken of war as the beast, and has referred to famine and war and pestilence and death as the four horsemen that preceded the beast referred to in the Book of Revelations, and in speaking of the beast and of the havoc wrought by it during the waging of this great world war, and of the probability of its being its last appearance upon the face of the earth, the author has written:

"Blood!" he shouted jubilantly. "All the sky seems to be blood-red. * * * It is the apocalyptic beast who has received his death-wound. Soon we shall see him die."

Tchernoff smiled, too, but his was a melancholy smile.

"No; the beast does not die. It is the eternal companion of man. It hides, spouting blood, forty—sixty—a hundred years, but eventually it reappears. All that we can hope is that its wound may be long and deep, that it may remain hidden so long that the generation that now remembers it may never see it again."

Men are hoping to-day that the beast will never reappear. But this author seems to think that it will reappear and even goes so far as to say or to suggest that it is the eternal companion of man, though he does say, that the wound inflicted upon the beast to-day should be so deep as that it will never again reappear within the present generation.

John Randolph and I there on the prairies in the middle of the American continent over sixty years ago, expressed our belief in both things spiritual and things material. We believed in the value and the immense importance of the things of the spirit, but we also recog-

nized and believed in and understood the value and also the immense importance of the things of the physical, material world. I, at that time, believed in the efficacy of a change of mind, and that it pointed to something higher and something better than mankind as a whole had yet known and John Randolph, after my conversations with him, believed also in something of the same nature. But he also believed, as I have shown to you, in the inexorable nature of the processes of evolution in the world of Nature. Of course also I could not help believing in the same things. And I have spoken of the analogy that it appears to me exists to-day between these things that are contended with and struggled for in the lives of individuals, and the things of much the same nature that are contended with and struggled for in the lives of nations. In other words, it is the ideal ever pointing up and the suggestion and high hope ever held up to the gaze of man, and on the other hand, it is always the physical, material limitation that restricts and hampers the attainment of a desired ideal and a desired end. To-day it seems to me that this analogy may be illustrated in regard to the things that are before the people of the world for determination, by quotations from Abraham Lincoln. At the close of our great Civil War, Lincoln said:

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when

again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

And there are those who would extend this idea beyond the borders of our own Union, so as to comprehend the entire world. It would seem, perhaps, if this idea could be expressed and carried out after the close of our great Civil War, that the same idea could be expressed and carried out all over the world at the close of the great World War, and that the idea could be expressed and made applicable by substituting for the words: "all over this broad land," the words: "all over this broad world", and for the words: "will yet swell the chorus of the Union", the words: "will yet swell the chorus of Humanity". But Lincoln, though pointing to the ideal, recognized the inexorable nature of the facts that confronted him, for he also said:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether", recognizing, of course, that up to that time at least, the war had been a necessity, and that the great ideals and the great expression of the thought of brotherhood in the words first quoted from him, had been made possible and had been brought about by the waging of the great Civil War. And if brotherhood throughout the world is to be the result of the World War, it may also fittingly be said that it has

been brought about by the waging of the great World War, showing again that as Lowell has said: "Civilization rides on a gun carriage", and as Julia Ward Howe has said, "It is a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel."

But the world desires peace. The world is weary of war. It is weary of death and carnage and slaughter. It is weary of the pestilence and famine and of the four terrible horsemen that preceded the beast referred to in the Book of Revelations. The world has been swept by war and may it not be purged and purified as by fire as the result thereof? May it not be that like the Heavens after a storm, that the atmosphere may become clarified and pure? What shall we as Americans say in regard to the situation and in regard to this question? What shall we as Americans do in regard to the spreading of the gospel of peace and the idea of brotherhood throughout the world? We have already contributed much. We have already made possible the winning of the great World War for the forces of democracy, but we have made it possible not through a policy of pacifism, but through a policy of the defense of righteousness; and the culmination upon the American continent of the highest and best civilization that the world has yet known has been made possible in the same way. America, land of the free and the home of the brave, to whose shores those seeking freedom and independence have fled from old world despotism and old world abominations, has turned her face eastward once more in order to save the world. America has gone back to the lands from which her people came in order to carry to those lands and to all lands throughout the world the

things which her people through many generations, have died to save. America, with her wealth and her prosperity and with her soldiers and her steel, has saved the world.

The great French general at the Battle of the Marne said: "They shall not pass" and civilization, on the issue in the struggle that took place there, hung as by a single thread. In many previous battles it has thus precariously hung in a similar way. It was so at Marathon, and at Chalons, and at Tours, and it was so at Saratoga and Yorktown and it was also so at Gettysburg and Appamattox. Lincoln said: "The Union must and shall be preserved" and on the issues joined between the North and the South as the result of those few words, civilization trembled in the balance.

Wherever Truth has had its back to the wall, and wherever the hosts of barbarism and paganism were sweeping it apparently into oblivion, it has nevertheless triumphed and has nevertheless come into its own. Thus it has been true in the great World War, and though at the Marne it was the result of the heroism of the gallant French in stemming the German hordes, and though at Verdun it was the same, and though in Flanders and in Picardy it was the result of the heroism of both French and English in stemming the tide of the Teutonic invasion, and though on the sea it was the result of the heroism of those who manned the British fleet in preventing German Kultur from overwhelming the world, it is nevertheless true that had it not been for America in the critical hour, it is not only possible, but probable that Truth with its back to the wall would have been swept aside and the pagan hosts would have gone

on to Paris and to London. America is still the home of liberty lighting the world, and for many long years and generations it will ever be. What then shall our attitude be toward all the other nations of the world? Shall we in the spirit of brotherhood and altruism admit our equality with all the other nations of the earth and say nothing of our superiority over the vast majority of them and submit ourselves to their dictation? Are we unfit at the close of the great World War to guide our own ship of state and to shape our own destiny? Are we more unfit to-day than were the pilgrim fathers who sailed westward over an unknown ocean to an unknown land to brave the dangers of unknown peoples and unknown tribes to the end that they might be free? Does America mean no more to us to-day than simply one of the nations of the earth on a plane of equality with all the others? Does America mean nothing to us to-day other than a state in the Union of the United States of the World? This no doubt has been the dream of many, many people both in this country and abroad. During the waging of the great World War many people in other lands and in our own land believed that the war, if won by the Allies, would bring forth a United States of the World. They believed that it was bringing forth the dawn of the brotherhood of man. And if it could be so, it should be so. But America is yet the leader of the nations of mankind. It is yet the leader of the world and the one nation to which all other nations look for guidance and strength and stability in the present chaotic condition of the world. It is the one nation supreme among all the nations of the earth and it has been so made supreme by the fact that civilization has ridden

on a gun carriage, and by the working out of a "fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel", and by the sacrifice and human endeavor that has gone on since the beginning of the world. It is the culmination of the force of evolution in the world. It is the highest expression of the combination of things spiritual and things material. Its ideals are great and are recognized as being the greatest in the world, and its material wealth and prosperity are great and are recognized as also being the greatest in the world. It has in a greater degree than any other nation of the earth, a combination of both the things that are necessary for greatness, and greatness in the world to-day implies the combination of both of these things. It implies these things in both the lives of individuals and the lives of nations. Ideals are fine and we must have them, but they are of little value if we can not put them in practice, and material wealth and prosperity and physical strength are fine, but they are of little value if we have not the ideals necessary to properly direct them. Though we are tending toward the things of the spirit and the things of the soul, though the sacrifices of the soldiers on the battlefields demonstrated beyond the question of a doubt that those things are recognized as our goal and as the highest things within the realm of human thought, yet it is nevertheless true that we will attain them only by striving for them within the realm of the material, tangible world that is at hand.

Mr. Roosevelt's statement that "We must have nationalism as a prerequisite to internationalism" might be extended by saying we must have individualism as a prerequisite to brotherhood, and that we must have the tangible as a prerequisite to the intangible, and that we

should not overreach our ability to go forward in the world as it is now constituted. Those who believe in the non-existence of matter, it seems to me are overreaching their ability, and those who believe that the brotherhood of man is here, and that the millenium has begun to dawn, also overreach their ability as that ability exists in the world to-day. We are living in the present and we must contend with the things that the present puts before us. We can not with success live altogether in the future. That the brotherhood of man will come, and that wars will be practically brought to an end, I can scarcely doubt, and that the beast will be not only wounded so as not to reappear for many generations, but that it will finally be executed, I can scarcely doubt, but I nevertheless believe that to-day our duty is to contend with the forces that we find about us, and that we should not overreach ourselves.

I have admitted that I may be prejudiced in regard to my views upon these questions that confront the American people to-day, and I have been telling my story and have been stating my reasons for being thus prejudiced, and I suppose that I should go on with my story in order that you may see more fully why I entertain the views that I do and more fully why I have arrived at the conclusions that I have arrived at.

I do not want to leave the subject, however, without paying, so far as I am able, a tribute to the soldiers who have fought upon the battlefields of the great World War. All of human history, it seems to me, is a history of human struggle and of human effort to advance and to get up higher. I have spoken of the pathetic nature of this struggle, and I have spoken of it as a tragedy and it

seems to me that it is. I have said, however, that running through it all there is something that points ever upward and that there is something that speaks ever of something higher and that there is something that ever inspires men to press on and to struggle on. The culmination of all the great struggles that have gone on in the history of the world prior to this time has been brought to pass upon the battlefields of this last great war. The struggle here has been upon a scale unprecedented in the history of the world. Sacrifice here has been such as has never been known before in the history of the world. Consecration to ideals here has been of a nature hitherto unknown. The tremendous scale of the operations of the great war have been more tremendous than that of any other struggle or of any other combat, and those who have gone down to their deaths and have paid the supreme sacrifice that humanity might go on and ever on in its upward march are entitled to the consecration of thought and to all of the tender memories and devotion of posterity that it is possible to bestow upon the memory of those who have departed this life. Yet

"They are not dead;
Life's flag is never furled;
They passed from world to world.
Their bodies sleep but in some noble land
Their spirits march under a new command.
New joys await them there
In hero heavens wrapt in immortal air."

I have said that in this tremendous struggle that has taken place upon the battlefields of Europe that the struggle has been of a two-fold nature, that it has been

in the realm of the spirit and in the realm of the material, and I think that this is true, but the point that I wish to make is that while ultimately we are struggling, as I believe for the things of the spirit, and while ultimately the struggle that goes on in the tangible, material world is to the end that the things of the spirit may be revealed and brought forth, that nevertheless the struggle to-day is confined almost wholly to the realm of things tangible and things material. The ideal leads ever on. It burns brightly above the battlefield as a glorious star lighting the firmament and pointing the way. But the battlefield is nevertheless on the ground, and the feet of the soldiers are on the ground, and the battles are fought and determined there. I mean by this, of course, that the spiritual kingdom to-day will best be advanced by struggling in the material kingdom. And I mean by that that we can hardly advance it in any other way. I mean also that the results obtained to-day from the struggle in the realm of the spirit are practically negligible as compared with the results that are obtained in the realm of the material. Christian Scientists would deny this, but when we look for the results, it seems to me that the statements can not be denied. It seems to me that the refusal of those who believe in the non-existence of matter to call a doctor to administer to a person lying on his death-bed, is of the same nature as the refusal on the part of a nation to prepare itself when the hordes of barbarism are sweeping out of their strongholds to overwhelm the world.

I do not mean that Christian Scientists always confine their efforts to the realm of the spirit alone, but I do mean that they very often do so both to the

detriment of themselves and humanity as a whole. Preparedness up to date, at least, has been the watchword of the nations, and it has been well that it has been so. It is strange that it was not so to a greater extent in our own country during the early part of the waging of the great World War. The hordes of barbarism were issuing out of Berlin and were overwhelming all of the weak and helpless peoples that came in their way and were threatening the greater nations that stood between us and the barbaric hordes in a way that to a properly balanced mind could not give rise to anything but the gravest apprehension. The British fleet and the armies of France stood between us and the Germanic hordes and it seems clear that those things are all that saved us from a barbaric war here on our own shores. It was said that the German army could not have reached America with any decree of strength even had the British fleet and the armies of France not been in its way, but the answer to this is that the armies of America reached European shores in tremendous strength and it seems clear that the armies of Germany could have reached American shores in the same way. Yet our government refused to prepare. Our president after the sinking of the Lusitania, said that there was such a thing as being "too proud to fight". He said substantially that there was such a thing as being "so right that it would not be necessary to fight". But such statements of course would not have stopped and did not stop to any extent the onward sweep of the Teutonic armies. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, went up and down the length and breadth of the land preaching preparedness. He dealt with facts and with the physical, tangible, mate-

rial world. President Wilson, in so far as he dealt with anything, dealt with abstractions and theories and professed to deal with the things of the spirit, yet after practically three years of carnage and slaughter upon the European battlefields, he came around to the Roosevelt view and advocated "force and force without stint, and force to the utmost". "Nine-tenths of wisdom," Mr. Roosevelt says, "consists of being wise in time," and certainly nothing has proved his statements so much as the conduct of President Wilson in regard to preparedness.

Thus it is that I say that up to the present time, at least, the upward struggle of humanity has been largely in the realm of the material. Thus it is that I believe in fearing God and in taking one's own part. The part of God will undoubtedly be taken by Himself and undoubtedly we, by any efforts of our own, could not improve upon His activities, and thus it is also that I believe the same is true in regard to disease and physical limitations. The great epidemic of disease that swept over the world immediately after the great war had to be dealt with according to scientific principles that we understand to-day. I doubt if the dealing with it that was done by those who believed otherwise, and who believe in faith alone, accomplished much if anything. This may seem strange to you after hearing the fore part of my story. It may seem to you that I of all others would be one who would support the Wilson view in regard to preparedness for war, and would be one who would support the Christian Scientist's view in regard to dealing with disease, but because of the very fact of the experiences that I have related in the fore part of my story, I support exactly the opposite views and

exactly the opposite position. I do this for the reason that while, as I have said, I think there has been made in the world to-day a beginning toward a realization of the things of the spirit, I believe nevertheless that it is only a beginning that has been made, and that no real substantial results have yet been attained. I believe that a faint glimmer of light has been seen, but I believe that scarcely even the first rays of dawn have been visible and I feel sure that the white light of noon of things spiritual is not yet upon us. Those who profess to believe that it is, either in the realm of national affairs or individual affairs, it seems to me are peculiarly blind to the facts that they see about them, and those who refuse to take their own part in the world as it is to-day because of their belief in the fact that the kingdom of Heaven is at hand, are peculiarly remiss in their duties to themselves and to humankind. We can not yet ignore the great driving force that comes up from the early world that makes every individual and every nation look out for himself and itself. We can not ignore the great propelling force in the world that develops the fit and enables it to survive and thus brings about the higher and better type of life in the world to-day, and thus benefits not only those who thus obey these laws, but also the entire world. Thus it is that I believe in carrying on the struggle in the realm of the material, guided of course ever by moral principle and by truth and honesty and by high ideals. And I believe in thus carrying on the struggle, because of the very fact of the experiences that I have related in the beginning of this story. I thus believe in carrying on the struggle principally for the reason that the struggle in my own life to

attain the things of the spirit has largely failed. I have struggled for the light, and as I have related, I have seen a glimmer of the light, but I have been compelled to give up the struggle.

And therefore it is that I have arrived at the conclusions that I have arrived at. I do not believe that the weak attain or see enough of the light of spiritual things to-day to in any sense justify our abandonment of things material.

I have said that my struggle for the things of the spirit has failed. In regard to that I often think of the lines of the Persian poet in the popular poem:

"Why if the soul can fling the dust aside,
"And naked on the air of heaven ride,
"Were it not a shame, were it not a shame,
"For it crippled, in this clay carcass to abide?"

And undoubtedly you wonder why, if I saw any of the light at all, I could not go on and see more of it, and find and open and develop greater fields in the same realm. I answer that I do not know. But I also answer that I could not, and I very much doubt if those who profess to believe in the non-existence of matter can go any farther than I have gone or could to any extent prove to unprejudiced persons the truth of the things that they profess to believe. They speak of demonstrations, but I have never yet seen one. They speak of miracles to-day the same as miracles of the past, but I have never yet seen any. I have heard of many such, but none has ever come under my observation, and I doubt if any have ever been performed or if any have every taken place. This you may say is a pessimistic

view and a reactionary view, and an unenlightened and ignorant view, but whatever it may be, it is not a view or conclusion arrived at through desire, but simply as a result of what I believe that experiences and facts show. If there is any way of getting rid of disease and physical limitations and physical suffering other than by working in the realm of the material and if there is any way of getting rid of war and famine and pestilence without submitting to slavery and chains and despotism and things worse than war, I would be the first to welcome them. But the question is: Is there any such way? It may seem strange that a just God would create a world or would set in motion forces or would govern them by laws that would create such havoc and such destruction and such despair in the world, and Christian Scientists of course do not believe that He ever did do these things, and believe that there not only is no such thing as matter, but also that there is no such thing as evil and no such thing as pain, and that all of these things are the products of man himself and the results of his own thought and his own imagination. It may seem strange that we are left, if we are left, to work out our own salvation in such an environment, but the history of the world as the great majority of mankind understands it to-day shows that we have been thus left.

However the fact that whenever civilization was hanging by a thread and whenever Truth had its back to the wall, and whenever mankind had reached the critical point in its life and in its career, that Truth has ever triumphed and that Righteousness has had its reward, would indicate that we are not left entirely alone, but also it would indicate that we are left to fight these

battles in the realm of material things and in the realm of disease and pain and evil and all of the wretched things that flesh is heir to. We believe that we are going on and up and we believe that something higher and something better than exists in our own mortal minds is pointing the way, but we can not prove it and we can not demonstrate it. .

And thus it is that while I am unqualified in my statements that we should prepare as individuals and as nations for the great upward struggle, and that we should prepare according to our present day standards, that I nevertheless have sympathy with those who are struggling on and with those who are seeking a higher and better way. I trust that I am neither a blind optimist, nor a fanatic, nor an ignorant reactionary. I believe that great changes are going on in the world in the lives of both individuals and nations. I believe that the greatest change ever yet made in the world has been made in the present generation, and is being made to-day, but I believe that this change is being grossly and wrongly misconstrued and misinterpreted by fatuous and foolish-minded persons who are more ignorant of facts than they are of theories.

I suppose that if I would go on with my story and would tell of the experiences that I went through upon the American continent during a long life, or at least during the period of my life, which I hope to relate to you, that it would become still more plain to you why I have arrived at the conclusions that I have arrived at. And I shall now proceed to go on with that story.

But you insist on knowing why my search for the things of the spirit has failed, and if I succeeded in it to

any extent at all, why I could not succeed to a greater degree or to a greater extent. I have answered that I do not know. I suppose that I shall have to admit that some of the success which I attributed to a change of mind was due solely to a change of environment and a change of occupation, but I would not admit that it was entirely due to that. And I have often thought that perhaps that program which I originally tried to carry out has been carried out farther than I have ever realized that it was being carried out, perhaps, in an indirect way rather than a direct one, and that I have received benefits from it indirectly rather than directly, or at least in such a way as that it would be impossible for me to determine whether they were due entirely to my own efforts or to the interposition of some greater or some outside power.

I have said that it has always seemed to me that the relation of the Supreme Being and an individual was something in the nature of a partnership in which each played practically an equal part. To what extent destiny or the power of a Supreme Being enters into our lives, of course we can not tell. It may enter in more than we suspect, but nevertheless may be worked out in human rather than in divine channels and it may not of course enter in at all. Christian Scientists of course say that it does not enter in at all in the sense that there might be a special divine interposition in favor of one individual as against another. They say there is no entering in and no special visitation upon the part of the Almighty, but that it is incumbent upon us to enter into His kingdom rather than for Him to enter into ours. And this last statement, of course, seems reasonable. But neither they, nor any one else, have reached

the point in their philosophy or their development to-day whereby they can prove to an unprejudiced world the truth of the things that they maintain, regardless of their many claims to the contrary. Things claimed as demonstrations by them may always as clearly be attributed to other and material causes. The same as my claim there upon the prairies to the benefits of a change of mind might, to others, as easily have been attributed simply to a change of climate and a change of environment. So I say that while I believe the truth of the things that I have stated, and believe in them in my own mind, yet nevertheless I never could prove anything and that even in my own life I was long ago compelled to abandon these things and to live entirely within the established order and according to natural laws as we understand them. It is in this sense that I say that I have failed in my search for the things of the spirit.

And now to go on with my story and to show further why I have arrived at the conclusions that I have arrived at, looking up as I do, and nevertheless having through a long life had it fairly burned into my soul that one must take his own part in the world.

CHAPTER XIX.

WE were proceeding eastward across the prairies from our camp near Fort Kearney where the weary wayfarers from the other side of the world had come into our camp. One morning as we were breaking camp and were preparing for the eastward journey, John Randolph surveyed the landscape about him, and with vigorous tread was walking about the encampment when he suddenly stopped and said that if he had his wife and child he would be the happiest man in the world. I asked him to tell me of his wife and child. I have already told you that Donald Moore had told me that a peasant had brought the news to them while they were at Kara that the wife had been thrown into a dungeon and had died, and that it was probable that the child had soon afterwards also died. While we were discussing these things, Sir Robert, who up to that time had paid but little attention to our conversation, came nearer and appeared to listen with great interest. "I wonder", he said as he suddenly broke into our conversation, "if this child of yours of whom you are speaking, could be the one that I brought west with me from New York to Adel a year ago". John Randolph appeared almost thunderstruck and gaped with open mouth at the person who had addressed him. He appeared to be unable to comprehend the question that had been put to him. So long he had given up not only his wife, but

his child also as being dead, that the thought that either might be alive had scarcely occurred to him. Sir Robert with great nonchalance, and with great ease of manner, repeated the question, and John Randolph being unable to respond, Sir Robert went on to say that while he was crossing the Atlantic Ocean he became acquainted on the ship with a young Russian who had in his charge a little boy three or four years of age, which he said he was taking to relatives in New York City. During the long voyage Sir Robert had become fairly well acquainted with the young Russian, and also with the little boy, and it seems had taken considerable fancy to the child. Also he had become greatly interested in the story told by the young man, and this he related to us there on the prairie.

He said that he had been informed by the young man that the child's father had been exiled to Siberia, and that his mother, because of an attempt to do something in her husband's behalf, had also been taken into custody by the government and had been cast into a dungeon and had died there. He said that he was a near neighbor of the parents of the child, and that when the mother had been taken from her home, that he had taken charge of the child. He said that hearing that the mother had died, he had set out for America, both because he wanted to go there himself, and also because he knew that the child's parents had relatives in New York City, and it was his intention to turn the child over to them.

In utter amazement John Randolph listened to the story, and then in a bewildered way inquired the name of the village in Russia where these things had taken place.

When Sir Robert named the place, John Randolph nearly lost control of his senses. It was the very town where he had lived and where he had been apprehended by the government. Further conversation developed the fact that it was very probably true that the child of which Sir Robert had spoken was the child of John Randolph. Sir Robert further said, having taken the interest in the child that he had, he had gone with the young Russian to the relatives spoken of in New York City, and having discovered that these relatives were sunk in poverty and were living in one of the worst quarters in the city, he asked permission to take charge of the child himself, which was readily granted, and thereupon he brought the child with him to the town of Adel in the State of Iowa.

After discussing the matter at length, both Sir Robert and John Randolph were convinced that the child was the one which John Randolph had so long mourned. Of course he could scarcely wait until he arrived at Adel. Our journey eastward was carried on with all possible speed. The impatience of the young Englishman to reach the little village on the banks of the North Racoon River could scarcely be controlled, and when we arrived there we found that what they had anticipated was true. The child was John Randolph's beyond a doubt, though the father had some difficulty in reconciling the appearance of the boy as he was then, with the picture that he had retained in his mind since he had been exiled to Siberia. The reunion of course was a delightful one, and it again spoke eloquently to me of the grandeur and sublimity of America, and of the haven that

it should be for the miserable and poverty-stricken ones from the Ancient East.

John Randolph was delighted with his Iowa home. The following spring was a happy time for him. Living, growing things in such abundance, he had never seen before. The quiet seclusion, the absolute freedom, the wealth of the vegetable world were sources of never-ending wonder to him.

He dug in the deep, rich soil and followed the plow like a child engrossed with things hitherto unknown.

He was telling us one day of the East and of his sufferings there. We were listening in a kind of awed silence to the story of suffering. Nearby a thicket of wild plum trees white with bloom was filling the air with its sweet perfume. Wild crab apple trees along the river bank were pure and beautiful in their blossoms of spring. Birds were singing and maple and elm and oak were responding to the wonderful influence of the sun in its northward journey. Vegetation was taking root in the deep, black soil, the earth was becoming green, buds were swelling and bursting into bloom. The rejuvenation of the earth was all about us, was everywhere apparent; the resurrection of the world seemed to take place before our eyes.

The light green of the treetops extended in a beautiful fringe up and down the river, the thickets of hawthorn and plum blossoms showing snowy white among the green of the half developed foliage on the trees. The prairie extended westward like a green undulating lawn.

John Randolph surveyed the scene about him.

"I did not know there was such a land" he said. "I did not know there was such freedom, such beautiful,

quiet seclusion, such prodigality of Nature. It is the land of hope for the oppressed, the land of inspiration for the downcast and discouraged. It seems a miracle that I am here, it is too good to be true.

"I have always loved Nature with a passionate love but this spring while living here in the enjoyment of good health I have known what it is to live in the true sense of the word. I have been up at dawn and have seen the sun rise, I have walked in the sun's early morning beams, I have seen the birds awake and have heard them sing, and I have watched the buds and blossoms develop on the trees. I have breakfasted with appetite made keen by exercise in the open air, I have seen and felt the glory of the sun shining upon growing trees and plants at noon. I have known the dignity of labor in the morning and the afternoon and I have worked in the soil with my own hands. I have refreshed myself with meat and bread at the close of day, have watched the sun descend in red and yellow and gold, have heard the last cry of wandering birds as they sink to rest upon the prairie and have gone to my repose to sleep as Nature has intended. Refreshed and invigorated I have left my bed at the break of day to greet again the great luminary and to marvel at its regularity and precision through so many thousands of years.

"Truly this is a wonderful land and truly it is wonderful to live here."

But the struggle for human liberty then, as now, was everywhere going on.

One day while John Randolph and I were talking of America we discussed the question of the possibility of civil war.

I told John how the slavery question was becoming more and more acute. I told him that some of the Southern states were proposing to secede from the Union. That they proposed to set up an independent confederacy of states in the South and that slavery was to be permitted and continued there.

"I have read of the negro slavery in this country," he said. "Is it as bad as it is represented?"

"I don't know how bad it is represented," I answered, "but it is bad enough."

"They have a fugitive slave law," I continued, "compelling people in the northern states to assist in the capture of escaped slaves which are found in northern territory and compelling them to return the slaves to their owners."

"Do you obey that law?" asked John Randolph with narrowing eyes.

"I certainly do not" I answered. "On the contrary I have assisted escaped slaves on their way to Canada."

John Randolph sat down as though he were overcome with disappointment.

"To think that in this great land where freedom seems in the very air that human beings are bought and sold like cattle? To think that there is a law compelling non-slave holders to assist in the capture of slaves.

"I am against human slavery" he announced as he rose from his seat, "I am against it with all my heart and soul."

He threw his hands aloft and raised his eyes to the sky.

"I will fight it" he continued, "to the last drop of blood. If war comes I shall enlist. I shall do my part

to keep this land free. I shall do my part to keep all this wonderful land in the Union. America, the United States are the hope of the world. The eyes of the ancient East are turned westward toward the great, new land beyond the seas. Before human slavery shall dominate this land, before liberty shall be trampled on here as it is there I at least shall offer my life and give it if necessary that human freedom shall prevail."

"There is going to be war," said Joe Burgess, "make no mistake about that."

"Then I shall take part in it" said John Randolph, and the conversation ended.

These things of which I am telling you of course took place in the year 1857. John Randolph and I and my Uncle, with Joe Burgess, and Donald Moore spent the winter of 1857 and '58 at my Uncle's home on the banks of the North Raccoon River at Adel. It was a splendid winter from my point of view. I had seen John Randolph and his child united and in the haven of my Uncle's home. I spent the long winter nights before the great fireplace resplendent with its glowing, burning logs, reading the history of the Ancient East and the Orient. I read of all the history of the things which I have related to you, and of course the history of many things more in regard to the upward struggle of humankind and of the westward trend of nations. I read of the Battles of Marathon and Chalons and Tours, and then I read of the contest waged by the English people with their kings, and with their tyrants to the end that better institutions and better laws and better governments might be brought forward in the English speaking world. I read of the flight of the Separatists to Holland and thence to

America, and of the bringing forth upon American soil of the newest and best institutions yet known in the history of mankind. I read of the great migrations of people westward and of the struggle of humankind to get a foothold upon American soil and to develop here governments founded upon freedom and liberty instead of upon despotism and tyranny. I read of Washington and of Jefferson and of James Monroe. I read of the foundations of the American government and of the principles that were established here. I read of Yorktown and of Valley Forge, of the formation of the American constitution and of the Declaration of Independence. I read of the formation of that constitution declared by Gladstone to be the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man. I read of great things and of great men and of great events. I read of Americanism, of its foundations and of the things in the history of the world for which it stood. I read of the sacrifices that had been made that it might be brought forth in the world and that it might indeed bring liberty to enlighten the world. And I myself, as I read of these things, enjoyed freedom. I enjoyed it perhaps as did no other man in the world. Upon me there was no restraint, and no chains either of ill health or of slavery. Not even the restriction of the business world or professional life had any hold upon me. I was free to go and come as I pleased and I exercised my freedom to the fullest extent.

The following spring I set out in company with Joe Burgess and John Randolph to make a journey over the Santa Fe Trail. My reasons for this it would not be

worth while to explain, and I suppose I could not explain them if I tried, but in any event I made the trip.

I say I could not explain why I made the journey, but I suppose it was principally because of my love of freedom and my great love of the West, and I suppose also that my relations with Julia King to a certain extent, entered into the matter, though of course why I should proceed toward the southwest over the Santa Fe Trail, while according to my best information she was in Utah, would hardly appear to be reasonable, but as I have said, the relations of a young man and a young woman hardly ever are reasonable.

The old trail, as did all of the trails across the great plains, held a great fascination and a great charm for me. The great westward hegira of people across these vast and sunlit plains toward the far-off mountains threw an irresistible charm over my soul. The great lands and the great caravans moving across them held the embodiment of freedom and the great expression of bold spirits hitting out toward new fields and untried realms to develop and bring forth a new civilization and a new type of life in the western world. The newness and the freedom of it all I could not resist. The evolutionary development of this great land from the very beginning has held an interest for me that I could not express in words. What a wonderful period we have gone through here in America in a brief span of a lifetime! What a wonderful change has been brought forth upon the American continent and what wonderful things it has meant to all mankind! Evolution has been expressed here as nowhere else in the world, and it has been expressed tremendously and wonderfully. The old

trails that I wandered over in my youthful days and over which the white-topped wagons and ox teams moved at the rate of fifteen miles a day toward the western mountains and the western ocean, soon after witnessed the pony express, and then the transcontinental railway lines, and then a comparatively short time later, the airship flying westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores. I myself have seen the ox team setting out on its well-nigh interminable journey. I have seen the emigrants and pioneers fighting the savage Indians that everywhere beset the trail, and I have seen that pass into utter oblivion and have seen these other things of which I have spoken, take their places. I have seen the great West fill up with a great race and a great tide of people. I have seen the buffalo and Indian pass to their reward. I have seen cities and towns spring up where the wolves serenaded about the trappers' campfire at night, and I have seen all of the complex and intricate manifestations of the most wonderful civilization upon the globe spring up within the period of a lifetime. But in that day, some sixty years ago, when I and my two companions set out westward over the Santa Fe Trail toward the old town of Santa Fe, that evolutionary movement of which I have spoken was at its beginning. From end to end of the old trail there was not a bridge. Savage Indians, as I have said, at every point beset the trail. Every grove and every prominent headland or rock harbored its savage band ready to swoop down upon the slow-moving caravan. Civilization here was won by those who feared neither man nor beast nor devil and who looked unmoved in the face of life or death. Hardy and intrepid these grim, determined fore-

runners of the wave of civilization that was to sweep the American continent, set out westward over the old trails to seek their fortune in the far-distant West. Romance and charm hovered everywhere about the slow moving ox teams and long wagon trains. Hair-raising fights and wild escapades everywhere took place, General Dodge, who later built the Union Pacific Railway, being authority for the statement that the vicinity about Fort Kearney, Nebraska, where the two wayfarers of the East of whom I have spoken, came into our camp, was the scene of more desperate fights and wild encounters than were ever portrayed by some of the foremost writers of fiction. Of course what was typical and characteristic of the region about Fort Kearney was typical and characteristic of points along the other trails. Dodge, Kansas, which at that time was more generally known as Fort Dodge, was also the scene of many fights and savage encounters. The Fort was established there to afford protection for the emigrants and pioneers, and General Custer, and General Miles, and W. F. Cody, more generally known as Buffalo Bill, once made the place their headquarters. It was a wild, free life lived upon the western plains, but was one of course beset with work and hardship and danger. The romance and the charm of it all in our American life should never die, because it speaks of the vigor of life and of the daring and of the individual initiative and hardihood that formed the foundation stones of our American civilization. It speaks of those who in that early day pre-eminently took their own part in the working out of their own salvation and that of their country. It speaks of those who got close to the source and origin of life and who saw first

hand the evolutionary processes of a primitive world. Primitive indeed. Not primitive in a sense that the land when it should be won was uninhabitable, but primitive in the sense that it was new and when it should be won for civilization, would be the most habitable land upon the globe. Primitive in the sense that it developed the vigor of life and developed all the hardy, virile qualities of a great race and that it expressed the newness and grandeur of life in its onward and upward march toward new and higher and better things. I think of the evolutionary processes of the world as they have worked out from the dawn of creation, or at least so far as we have any history of them, more particularly as I think of the opening and development of the great West. This is true for the reason that the geologists and the scientists tell us that this great land of freedom over which I roamed in that early day with such a lack of restraint was once a land of an entirely different nature and harbored an entirely different fauna and an entirely different flora from that which it harbored at the time of which I am speaking. They tell us that the great sunlit prairies that were so inviting and so romantic and so full of charm when we wandered over them were once, so far as the tastes of man are concerned, wholly uninviting and wholly devoid of charm. They tell us that the immense expanse of fertile soil that grew the rosin weed and the sunflower and the buffalo grass and the other coarse wild grasses that waved over the landscape when we wandered over it, and that gave promise of such abundant crops and of such wonderful fertility in the days that were to come, was at one time a tremendous inland sea that harbored immense and uncouth denizens of the deep and that

formed the congenial home for forms of life that, from our present viewpoint, were hideous and uncouth to the last degree; and then when the waters subsided and sunk away, we are told that still another form of life came forth and that the land of North America now in the temperate zone that held the mighty and beautiful forms of animal life that wandered in such immense herds over the prairies when I was there to see, harbored in the years that went before, forms of animal life that we now find altogether in another hemisphere: camels and llamas and elephants and mammoths and mastodons and strange, primitive horses thronged in what was known as the pleistocene time, practically all over the western half of the North American continent. The gravel and shales of the ages that are gone hold skeletons and bones of these forms of life that came and went in their appointed time.

Wonderful indeed, has been the lifestream upon the face of the earth, and wonderful indeed, has been the progress of the ages. Rising to its zenith a certain age has developed certain forms of life, which in turn became extinct and passed away. Their bones molder in the soil of the centuries and new forms of life higher in the scale of evolution spring up where they have taken their part and have gone. Thus it is to-day that I view in thought the plains of the Great West and contemplate the development of life upon the continent through the ages. Evolution indeed, from the lowest protozoan, and from the simplest single cell there has been evolved upon the face of the earth immense and uncouth forms of life which in turn have given rise to more graceful and more

beautiful forms that have peopled the earth during the period that it has been given men to live upon the face of the globe. Strange, indeed, that all should have come forth in its appointed time. When man has been developed upon the earth things needful for man have come forth to be used and taken by him at his sweet pleasure. The forms of animal life and of vegetable life are adapted to his use and benefit and the ages that have gone have underlaid the earth with coal and minerals for his use and benefit. All has gone on through the unthinkable periods of time that have elapsed since the dawn of creation, bringing forth the higher types of life that tend on and upward toward the things of the spirit. From the most gross and most uncouth material forms the higher and most graceful have been brought forth to take their place in the world in the upward march that leads on toward the higher and better things. This, of course, is evolution from the scientific standpoint. The minister of the gospel might deny that these higher forms have evolved from these lower forms, and he would deny that human form has ever had any connection with the lower animal forms, and he will assert that it is the product alone of a special creation. And this point I would not argue with him, for as to its truth one way or another, I do not profess to know. Like the things of my own life of which I have told you, it is not capable of proof either one way or another. In either event it points toward a Creator or a Supreme Being and an Infinity which has given rise to all of the things that we see and know but which we cannot grasp and which we cannot comprehend. Scientists of course, to a certain extent, claim to have established the connection be-

tween the lower forms of animal life and the forms of human life, but their proof, it seems to me, is incomplete and inadequate, just as the attempted proof on the part of the minister that human life has no connection at all with these lower forms is incomplete and inadequate. But the great mystery of human life goes on and ever on.

But to return to my story of my trip over the Santa Fe Trail. I have said that that time was the beginning of civilization upon the western half of the American continent and that it was the laying of the foundations of that civilization in the principles of vigor and hardihood and self-reliance. And I spoke of it and of my own experience on this trail and in the western half of the continent more particularly for the reason that these experiences show why I have arrived at the conclusion that I have arrived at in regard to the best methods of making progress in the world, and why these conclusions have been fairly burned upon my soul.

I have spoken of the nature of the land and of the animals and human beings that inhabited it when I traveled over it at that early day, and I trust you will pardon me if I speak a little more in detail of those things. Truly the great West, so far as the evolution of the animal species that have inhabited the globe, is concerned, had come into its own when I traveled over the Santa Fe Trail. The buffalo of course thronged all over the southwestern plains in unnumbered millions. It has been estimated by General Sheridan that over a hundred million of the shaggy beasts were in the country between Dodge, Kansas, and Fort Supply, Oklahoma, when the General was at Fort Dodge for the purpose of protecting the emigrants against the Indians. What havoc was

made in the buffalo herds by the advent of civilization, of course is well known. It has also been estimated that during the first winter after the Santa Fe Railroad reached Dodge, Kansas, that two hundred thousand hides were shipped eastward over the railway, and that two hundred cars of hind quarters also went out over the line to the eastern part of the country, and that two carloads of buffalo tongues were also shipped eastward. The slaughter was wanton and unreasonable. These facts that I am citing and the remarks that I am making in regard to the destruction of the buffalo, which according to historians was practically completed in twenty years from the time that I made the trip westward over the Santa Fe Trail, constitutes something that is more or less in the nature of a lament.

But I am speaking of these things also to show that at the time that I made the trip, all things combined to make my sojourn one of great freedom and tremendous interest. Such sojourns of course will never be made again in this or any other country upon the globe. Such unrestrained freedom and such independence perhaps will never again be known. And more than that, I am speaking of these things for the reason that they, like most of the other things of which I have been speaking in this story, speak of spiritual values. The great outing and the splendid and inspiring vacation that I had on the Santa Fe Trail was not simply a release from work and the confines of civilization, but it was something that spoke of the things of the spirit.

I have spoken of the understanding of life that Job had when he was enabled to say: "Now mine eye seeth Thee" and I have spoken of how these things, at least,

according to my interpretation, were revealed to him through the tangible, physical objects of Nature in the outdoor world. And in much the same way, though of course to a much more limited extent, these things, I always like to believe, were revealed to me, or were at least found by me on my trips west across the plains.

Mr. Roosevelt, as no other man of his time, had this understanding of these spiritual values. He has been criticised greatly by business men and closet theorists for his trips into the wilderness and for his time spent in the hunting of big game, but these things to me at least, have revealed the greatest and best feature of the character of the man. They point to his more profound understanding of life than is had by the business men and the closet theorists who have thus criticised him. Nowhere in the world has there been a better expression of appreciation of the evolutionary processes and of spiritual values revealed through the world of Nature, than is contained in the introduction to Mr. Roosevelt's African Book. If you will permit me, I will read it to you.

“‘I speak of Africa and golden joys;’ the joy of wandering through lonely lands; the joy of hunting the mighty and terrible lords of the wilderness, the cunning, the wary, and the grim.

“In these greatest of the world's great hunting grounds there are mountain peaks whose snows are dazzling under the equatorial sun; swamps where the slime oozes and bubbles and festers in the steaming heat; lakes like seas; skies that burn above deserts where the iron desolation is shrouded from view by the wavering mockery of the mirage; vast grassy plains where palms

and thorny trees fringe the dwindling streams; mighty rivers rushing out of the heart of the continent through the sadness of endless marshes; forests of gorgeous beauty, where death broods in the dark and silent depths.

"There are regions as healthy as the northland; and other regions, radiant with bright-hued flowers, birds and butterflies, odorous with sweet and heavy scents, but, treacherous in their beauty, and sinister to human life. On the land and in the water there are dread brutes that feed on the flesh of man; and among the lower things that crawl, and fly, and sting, and bite, he finds swarming foes far more evil and deadly than any beast or reptile; foes that kill his crops and his cattle, foes before which he himself perishes in his hundreds and thousands.

"The dark-skinned races that live in the land vary widely. Some are warlike, cattle-owning nomads; some till the soil and live in thatched huts shaped like beehives; some are fisherfolk; some are ape-like naked savages, who dwell in the woods and prey on creatures not much wilder or lower than themselves.

"The land teems with beasts of the chase, infinite in number and incredible in variety. It holds the fiercest beasts of ravin, and the fleetest and most timid of those beings that live in undying fear of talon and fang. It holds the largest and the smallest of hoofed animals. It holds the mightiest creatures that tread the earth or swim in its rivers; it also holds the distant kinsfolk of these same creatures, no bigger than wood-chucks, which dwell in crannies of the rocks, and in the tree tops. There are antelope smaller than hares, and antelope larger than oxen. There are creatures which are the

embodiment of grace; and others whose ungainliness is like that of a shape in a nightmare. The plains are alive with droves of strange and beautiful animals whose like is not known elsewhere; and with others even stranger that show both in form and temper something of the fantastic and the grotesque. It is a never-ending pleasure to gaze at the great herds of buck as they move to and fro in their myriads; as they stand for their noontide rest in the quivering heat haze; as the long files come down to drink at the watering-places; as they feed and fight and rest and make love.

"The hunter who wanders through these lands sees sights which ever afterward remain fixed in his mind. He sees the monstrous river-horse snorting and plunging beside the boat; the giraffe looking over the tree tops at the nearing horseman; the ostrich fleeing at a speed that none may rival; the snarling leopard and coiled python, with their lethal beauty; the zebras, barking in the moonlight, as the laden caravan passes on its night march through a thirsty land. In after years there shall come to him memories of the lion's charge; of the gray bulk of the elephant, close at hand in the sombre woodland; of the buffalo, his sullen eyes lowering from under his helmet of horn; of the rhinoceros, truculent, and stupid, standing in the bright sunlight on the empty plain.

"These things can be told. But there are not words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open, in long rides rifle in hand, in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong

attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons, and the splendor of the new stars; where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting."

These words are the expression of a mighty life lived grandly and exultantly. They are the words of a physical and mental giant, glorying in the physical, primitive world. They are the words of one who loved life and lived it mightily and who never shrank from death because of his faith in the things of the spirit.

CHAPTER XX.

I HAVE said that there has been within the last few years in America, two schools of thought, and that one has been led by Mr. Roosevelt and the other by President Wilson. I have spoken somewhat at length of the wide divergence of views of these schools as regards the questions of peace and war, but I believe I have not yet contrasted them as regards their spiritual appreciation and understanding of life as revealed by the things of the outdoor world. I have said that I believe in both things material and things spiritual, and I might add that it seems to me that there is a curious intermingling of things spiritual and things material in the world in which we are living and that we can scarcely discern where things spiritual begin and where things material end. Nowhere is this better shown than in the Book of Job, and in the Psalms, to which I have briefly referred. And nowhere has it been better exemplified in modern times than by the life and writings of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, represents entirely the things of the indoor world. He is a product of the office, the library and the classroom. He has nothing in common with men who work on the soil. Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, had much in common with all of them. His great vigor of life took him into nearly all the different fields of labor and toil and his appreciation and understanding of them was profound. And

yet he was ridiculed and contemptuously snubbed by the professor who speaks only as the result of theories and only as the result of the knowledge gained from books and classrooms. The idea seems absurd. The American people seem to have become insensible of a proper appreciation of character in the world to-day.

I might suggest that this failure to appreciate true worth and true merit has been brought about almost wholly by fear. It has been fear of war and the slogan of Wilson and his supporters that he would keep us out of war, that caused the people to flock for a time at least, to his standard. Reason has been cast aside and thrown to the winds. Judgment has been frittered away. Fear has reigned supreme. And not only has it caused the American people to fail to properly appreciate true worth and true merit, but it has caused them to fail miserably in their appreciation and understanding of spiritual values. Pacifism in the name of spiritual truth is almost always a pretense and a fraud. The pacifists hide behind the bulwarks of those who go forth and fight their country's battles and reap the benefits therefrom while professing to be spiritually deep and spiritually profound, when as a matter of fact, they merit only the scorn and contempt of those who really appreciate and understand true spiritual truth and spiritual values.

But I am again wandering far from the subject which but a few moments ago I set out to discuss. I said that Mr. Roosevelt had to a greater extent than any other person of his time, an appreciation of spiritual truth as revealed by the physical objects of Nature and the outdoor world. And I have said, or at least have suggested, that Mr. Wilson has perhaps less of this understanding

and this appreciation than any other person of his time. My thought is that we should get back to Nature, that we should return to simpler and better things. Our civilization to-day is a vast and complex affair. It is so vast and so complex as to drive from men's minds the understanding of life that the Psalmist had and that Job had when the things that were written of and told of by them were written and told. Our civilization in America during the past few years leading up to the great war has been a tremendous era of commercial prosperity. It has been unprecedented in the history of the world, but it to a very great extent led men away from the things of the spirit. The things of the soul had been relegated to the background. The great war in a large measure called us back and gave us a better understanding of these things, but we are fast returning again to the conditions that prevailed before the war and this cannot go on and our people prosper as they should prosper.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This is the question that should be put to America to-day. It is the question that should be written deep upon the minds and hearts of the American people. It is the question that should be kept everywhere in view. And will this question best be answered by Wilson and by Daniels and by Ford, or would it best have been answered by Mr. Roosevelt had he lived and had he been permitted to continue the work which he had during his lifetime been so actively engaged in? What will the American people do? Will they follow the pacifists, the pretenders and the frauds, or will they follow men who understand as the Psalmist and as Job understood, and who are willing to fight for

the things which they understand and appreciate? Which will America do? Will it lead the world in the paths pointed out by Wilson and Daniels and Ford, or will it follow in the paths where Roosevelt blazed the way?

Mr. Roosevelt has written another very wonderful article which perhaps sums up in brief and concise form all of the principles for which I have been contending in this story, and which should be placed on a par with the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and all the heroic verse and prose that has been written to fire the hearts and souls of men since the beginning of time. It is entitled: **THE GREAT ADVENTURE**, and it is as follows:

“Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual but as a link in the great chain of creation and causation so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole. Therefore it is that the man who is not willing to die, and the woman who is not willing to send her man to die in a war for a great cause, are not worthy to live. Therefore it is that the man and the woman who in peace time

fear or ignore the primary and vital duties and the high happiness of family life, who dare not beget and bear and rear the life that is to last when they are in their graves, have broken the chain of creation, and have shown that they are unfit for companionship with the souls ready for the Great Adventure.

“The wife of a fighting soldier at the front recently wrote as follows to the mother of a gallant boy, who at the front had fought in high air like an eagle, and, like an eagle, fighting had died: ‘I write these few lines—not of condolence for who would dare to pity you?—but of deepest sympathy to you and yours as you stand in the shadow which is the earthy side of those clouds of glory in which your son’s life has just passed. Many will envy you that when the call to sacrifice came you were not found among the paupers to whom no gift of life worth offering had been entrusted. They are the ones to be pitied, not we whose dearest are jeopardizing their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. I hope my two sons will live as worthily and die as greatly as yours.’

“There spoke one dauntless soul to another! America is safe while her daughters are of this kind; for their lovers and their sons cannot fail, as long as beside the hearthstones stand such wives and mothers. And we have many, many such women; and their men are like unto them.

“With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself, but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and of risk and danger never wantonly courted but never shirked when duty commands that they be

faced. And those who have earned joy, but are rewarded only with sorrow, must learn the stern comfort dear to great souls, the comfort that springs from the knowledge taught in times of iron that the law of worthy living is not fulfilled by pleasure, but by service, and by sacrifice when only thereby can service be rendered.

"No nation can be great unless its sons and daughters have in them the quality to rise level to the needs of heroic days. Yet this heroic quality is but the apex of a pyramid of which the broad foundations must solidly rest on the performance of duties so ordinary that to impatient minds they seem commonplace. No army was ever great unless its soldiers possessed the fighting edge. But the finest natural fighting edge is utterly useless unless the soldiers and the junior officers have been through months, and the officers of higher command and the general staff through years, of hard, weary, intensive training. So likewise the citizenship of any country is worthless unless in a crisis it shows the spirit of the two million Americans who in this mighty war have eagerly come forward to serve under the Banner of the Stars, afloat and ashore, and of the other millions who would now be beside them over seas if the chance had been given them; and yet such spirit will in the long run avail nothing unless in the years of peace the average man and the average woman of the duty-performing type realize that the highest of all duties, the one essential duty, is the duty of perpetuating the family life, based on the mutual love and respect of the one man and the one woman and on their purpose to rear the healthy and fine-souled children whose coming into life means that

the family and therefore the nation shall continue in life and shall not end in a sterile death.

"Woe to those who invite a sterile death; a death not for them only, but for the race; the death which is ensured by a life of sterile selfishness.

"But honor, highest honor, to those who fearlessly face death for a good cause; no life is so honorable or so fruitful as such a death. Unless men are willing to fight and die for great ideals, including love of country, ideals will vanish, and the world will become one huge sty of materialism. And unless the women of ideals bring forth the men who are ready thus to live and die, the world of the future will be filled by the spawn of the unfit. Alone of human beings the good and wise mother stands on a plane of equal honor with the bravest soldier; for she has gladly gone down to the brink of the chasm of darkness to bring back the children in whose hands rests the future of the years. But the mother, and far more the father, who flinch from the vital task earn the scorn visited on the soldier who flinches in battle. And the nation should by action mark its attitude alike toward the fighter in war and toward the child-bearer in peace and war. The vital need of the nation is that its men and women of the future shall be the sons and daughters of the soldiers of the present. Excuse no man from going to war because he is married; but put all unmarried men above a fixed age at the hardest and most dangerous tasks; and provide amply for the children of soldiers, so as to give their wives the assurance of material safety.

"In such a matter one can only speak in general terms. At this moment there are hundreds of thousands

of gallant men eating out their hearts because the privilege of facing death in battle is denied them. So there are innumerable women and men whose undeserved misfortune it is that they have no children or but one child. These soldiers denied the perilous honor they seek, these men and women heart-hungry for the children of their longing dreams, are as worthy of honor as the men who are warriors in fact, as the women whose children are of flesh and blood. If the only son who is killed at the front has no brother because his parents coldly dreaded to play their part in the Great Adventure of Life, then our sorrow is not for them, but solely for the son who himself dared the Great Adventure of Death. If, however, he is the only son because the Unseen Powers denied others to the love of his father and mother, then we mourn doubly with them because their darling went up to the sword of Azrael, because he drank the dark drink proffered by the Death Angel.

“In America to-day all our people are summoned to service and sacrifice. Pride is the portion only of those who know bitter sorrow or the foreboding of bitter sorrow. But all of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners. The torches whose flame is brightest are borne by the gallant men at the front, and by the gallant women whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and brothers are at the front. These men are high of soul, as they face their fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the skies above or in the waters beneath; and no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes; the girls whose boy lovers

have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers and wives to whom the word has been brought that henceforth they must walk in the shadow.

"These are the torch-bearers; these are they who have dared the Great Adventure."

Here we find the expression and the revelation of a noble and heroic soul. There is no prattle in these words about being "too proud to fight", and no imbecile statements about being "so right as that it will never be necessary to fight", or about there being such a thing as "peace without victory", and no childish failure to comprehend the true nature of the life that we are living. And Mr. Roosevelt offered to pay and his youngest son has paid the full price demanded by heroism and they each have given that great measure of devotion to a cause of which Lincoln spoke when he said that we should "here highly resolve that these honored dead shall not have died in vain, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth". And we in America should to-day highly resolve that these honored dead of which the two Roosevelts were typical, should not have died in vain. We should here highly resolve that "this country under God" shall have a new birth of freedom and that the liberty referred to in the Gettysburg speech shall be carried on and on and kept inviolable for succeeding generations.

But to return to my story. Joe Burgess and John Randolph and I continued on our journey over the Santa Fe Trail until we reached the site of Bent's Fort in what is now the State of Colorado, situated between the present town of Las Animas and La Junta. Bent's Fort was a famous fort and trading post in the early days, having

been established by one of the Bent Brothers who about the same time had established a line of trading posts from that point west along the Arkansas River to the vicinity of the present site of Pueblo, Colorado. It is quite a historic point, the army of the West having passed by the Fort in 1846 under the command of General Kearney on its way to take the City of Santa Fe at the time of the Mexican War. Also it was in that vicinity that Zebulon Montgomery Pike obtained his first view of the famous peak near Colorado Springs which now bears his name. However, the Fort itself had been destroyed before we reached it, having been demolished in 1852 for the reason that the Government of the United States would not pay the price that was demanded for it. A halfbreed son of one of these founders of the fort and trading post, after obtaining a fairly good education in St. Louis, returned to the plains and at the head of bands of Indians, waged unrelenting and merciless war against the whites for a considerable time along the southwestern frontier.

The caravan proceeded on to Santa Fe, but my friends and I went no farther than the site of Bent's Fort. After remaining for several days in that vicinity, we set out on the return journey. We proceeded south-eastward into the region between the Arkansas and Canadian Rivers. After several days' travel we gradually left behind us the forbidding rocks and cliffs and sandy wastes of the Arkansas valley and entered upon a land of green trees and grass. Game abounded throughout all the region through which we were now traveling. The buffalo were more numerous than we had found them on the Platte the year before, and as we continued east-

ward and our way was more and more beset with bushes and shrubs and trees, deer became plentiful and an occasional bear was seen. Wild turkeys were also constantly in evidence and a new kind of game, if such it might be called, also attracted our attention. This new species was none other than that of the wild horse. Some splendid animals were occasionally seen and we made every effort to capture one but without success. One day we gave chase to a black stallion that came to a little stream to drink, a quarter of a mile from our camp. Far over the rolling, grassy openings among the trees we chased the gallant steed. As we ascended the gentle slopes and swooped down the undulating inclines, we started buffalo from their day dreams, sent wolves scurrying here and there and deer and turkeys from the thickets. The grassy land extended over the low hills and wide sweep of prairie lands as in a meadow and as though planted by the hand of a landscape artist. The whole region through which we were racing seemed as a gigantic park full of game and beautiful trees and grass, yet not a human being was to be seen. It was a land prodigal of those things that delight the hunter's eye. At last we gave up the chase of the wild horse. We watched him with streaming mane and tail as he stretched away over a hilltop and disappeared. Then turning our horses' heads, we started for our camp.

The nights were glorious and from our camps in the deep shadows of the trees we looked up at the wonderful galaxy of stars. Sparkling in the vast abyss of the night sky the shining orbs proclaimed the glory of God and the firmament exhibited His handiwork.

Joe Burgess and I spent many a silent hour about the

nightly campfire enjoying the simplicity of our life, of the hunting the wild game, and of broiling it over the coals for our repasts. We felt the wholesome joy of living on the ground, of sleeping on it, of looking from our blankets through the tree tops to the stars, and of knowing that we were advancing on the road to knowledge. We contemplated the many twinkling stars and thought how grand that knowledge in its perfection must be and how wonderful the love and the faith that must rule in the realm of the spirit.

Slowly we continued on our way. It was late when we arrived at my Uncle's home. The season was far advanced and the chill winds were blowing among the autumn leaves.

I sat on a bear skin in the log house and looked out at the gray skies and the scurrying clouds. Somehow I felt that my youth had gone, that I was no longer young as I had formerly always considered myself. The brown leaves, the withered grass and gray skies were much in keeping with my serious reflections. "My youth has gone", I said to myself. "I have spent it in getting hold of life, but what matters it, what matters anything if I can in truth get hold."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN the story that I have been telling, of course I have been speaking much of Roosevelt and have been holding him up as the great ideal and the great example. I do this for the reason that his life embodied all of the things for which I have been contending. His life embodied all of the great glory of life that comes from the vigor of life and combined with it an appreciation of and a firm adherence to moral principle. Duty was of course his watchword, and that which received his first attention.

I have spoken of his love for and appreciation of the things of nature and the outdoor world, but I do not wish to any extent to convey the idea that these things detracted in any way from his devotion to duty and his observation of the serious things of life. All the world of course knows that these more serious things received his first attention, and yet where in all the world's history will we find one who was more buoyant, more full of the great joy of living and more appreciative of the splendor and joy of life, as well as the duty of life?

In the article entitled **THE GREAT ADVENTURE**, which I have quoted, he has himself said that "none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life." And in the same article he has also said: "With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself,

but as a seized and prized incident of hard work, well done, and of risk and danger never wantonly courted, but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced."

Thus it is that I point to his life as the supreme exponent and example of the things for which I have been contending, the things of the spirit on the one hand, and the things material on the other, and the things of joy on the one hand, and the things of hard work and duty on the other. The balance that should be maintained in regard to these different fields of endeavor and these different fields of experience has been maintained by him better than by any one of whom I have ever read or whom I have ever known. The balance that should be maintained in a person's life in regard to the things of primeval Nature and the things of civilization has also thus been maintained by him. The vigor of life of course in his career has been perhaps the pre-eminent and most outstanding feature of his life. And this in the face of the fact that he was born a weakling and fought his way under this handicap to the most wonderful specimen of physical and mental strength perhaps that the world has ever known. And this in the brief space of but a comparatively few years. He was inaugurated president of the United States when he was forty-two years of age, the youngest president we have ever had, and he was not only president at that time, but he was the author of many books which had won him distinction at home and abroad. He had become a Colonel in the Spanish War; had been Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Governor of New York, aside from the service rendered by him as Civil Service Commissioner and as

member of the New York Legislature. Abounding and tremendous vigor of life were his, such as had never been the portion of any man. I make the statement advisedly, for to whom can you point in this day, or in any other, that was his equal in this respect? It has been said of Julius Caesar that "seven letters he could dictate at once, at the same time writing his memoirs". But even this accomplishment, if it were true, has not served to demonstrate to posterity that Caesar was as versatile or as quick of comprehension, or as capable in as many different fields as was the young American president. Many great generals the world has produced, and many great authors, and many great statesmen, which undoubtedly the world would say in their own particular fields have surpassed Roosevelt in ability, and perhaps in capacity, but I challenge history to produce a single character who has been as proficient as he has been in as many different fields at the same time.

And above all other things, he was a leader, an executive and an example to mankind. He did not wait for the people to formulate opinions and arrive at conclusions and then strive to follow them. He did not seek to first ascertain whether his action might be popular before beginning a certain course of action, but he always blazed the way. In these things he was truly great. I have always considered him a great man. I hear others spoken of to-day as being great, and hear this or that particular person in the public eye spoken of as a great man. Of course there are many different ideas as to what constitutes greatness, but to my mind one of the pre-eminent tests of greatness is the test of whether the particular person spoken of has the moral courage to

stand alone. Greatness all through the history of the world, to my mind has for the most part been embodied in those whose moral fiber was such as that against the whole world, if need be, when questions of right and wrong and not mere selfishness were involved, they could remain unshaken and undisturbed in the courage of their own convictions. From one point of view at least, this was true of the one great teacher of the world. The multitude thronged about him and cried "Crucify him", but he remained unmoved, serene in the faith and knowledge that his own life and the principles for which he stood were true. It has been true of martyrs from that time until this. Lowell has expressed the thought in the words:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

And thus it is that Roosevelt at the outbreak of the great war preached preparedness and in scathing terms denounced the monsters of Germany and called upon our people to go to the defense and the aid of Belgium, but our people remained unmoved. In the face of overwhelming popular opposition he advocated action on the part of our government on behalf of those who had been cruelly wronged, and on behalf of those upon whom injustice had been outrageously inflicted. Now, when the issues have been made clear, there has been an attempt to prove that he himself at that time advocated neutral-

ity, but the record gives the lie to those who are making the attempt. As early as the 8th of November, 1914, in an article in the New York Times, and which I now quote from the Outlook, in speaking of certain articles of The Hague Conventions, he said:

"If these articles do not forbid the levying of such sums as forty million dollars from Brussels and ninety million dollars from the Province of Brabant, then the articles are absolutely meaningless." And he adds, as regards Articles 43 and 50, which forbid the collection of a general penalty for the acts of individuals:

"Either this prohibition is meaningless or it prohibits just such acts as the punitive destruction of Vise, Louvain, Aerschot, and Dinant."

"Now, it may be," continues Mr. Roosevelt, "that there is an explanation and justification for a portion of what has been done. But if The Hague conventions mean anything, and if bad faith in the observance of treaties is not to be treated with cynical indifference, then the United States Government should inform itself as to the facts and should at least put itself on record in reference thereto. The extent to which the action should go may properly be a subject for discussion. But that there should be some action is beyond discussion, unless, indeed, we ourselves are content to take the view that treaties, conventions, and international engagements and agreements of all kinds are to be treated by us and by everybody else as what they have been authoritatively declared to be, 'scraps of paper'".

His action and his arguments in this country were everywhere unpopular. He was denounced as a militarist seeking blood and war, but he had the courage of

his convictions and denounced those who advocated neutrality as being on the same plane with Pontius Pilate, the arch neutral of all time. Greatness indeed. What constitutes greatness? Is it the ability to cajole and flatter and conciliate wrong and injustice? Is it the ability to seek out the popular side and to ally oneself with that side? Or is it the ability and the determination to seek justice and right, though the Heavens fall in making the attempt?

Another characteristic which you may think does not necessarily constitute greatness, but which undoubtedly often (and I might say generally) accompanies true greatness is love of and appreciation of Nature. We have had great men in America. We have had Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt. And I might add that we have had Grover Cleveland. And one of the characteristic features of the character of the lives of all of these men, unless perhaps it was the life of Lincoln, has been the love of Nature and the outdoor world. With Washington this love was a passion and his sweetest experiences and his greatest content came from fox hunting with his friend Lord Fairfax, and from attending to the planting of trees and plants and shrubs upon his estate at Mount Vernon. Nature played a great and wholesome part in his life as it does in the life of nearly every man who is truly great and who is truly well balanced. It played such a part in the life of Webster and in the lives of practically all great Americans who have become enshrined in the hearts of our countrymen. In Roosevelt of course this feature was developed to a greater degree perhaps than it was in the lives of any of the others. And I admired it not only for the reason

that it is a feature of his life that affords pleasure to contemplate and not only because it afforded pleasure to him, and because the love of Nature affords pleasure to others, but also because it reveals the true secrets of life and its study gives information as to the methods of making progress in the world. Witness Mr. Roosevelt's words in the article entitled THE GREAT ADVENTURE:

"Woe to those who invite a sterile death; a death not for them only, but for the race; the death which is insured by a life of sterile selfishness. * * * And unless the women of ideals bring forth the men who are ready thus to live and die, the world of the future will be filled by the spawn of the unfit. Alone of human beings the good and wise mother stands on a plane of equal honor with the bravest soldier; for she has gladly gone down to the brink of the chasm of darkness to bring back the children in whose hands rests the future of the years. * * * All of us who give service and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners. The torches whose flame is brightest are borne by the gallant men at the front and by the gallant women whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and brothers are at the front. These men are high of soul, as they face their fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the sky above or in the waters beneath; and no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes; the girls whose boy lovers have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers and wives to whom word has been brought that henceforth they must walk

in the shadow. These are the torch-bearers; these are they who have dared The Great Adventure."

These words show how in his mind were intimately bound together and were inseparably associated the great principles of Nature in bringing forth and in reproducing and in perpetuating the life stream that keeps marching on in the physical world, with the idea of combat and struggle in order that the life stream might go on and up. And in this struggle he himself took a wonderful and a glorious part. "We are", he said, "the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can pass them to the hands of other runners". And surely no man in the history of the world ever ran better or carried the torch higher than did he. Surely he was truly great and surely we are remiss in our duty to-day if we do not take up the torch which has fallen from his hands, and if we do not bear it high so that all the world may see. Thus it is that I speak of Roosevelt in my story, and thus it is that I have combined with these remarks concerning him, and with the story of my quest for the hand of Julia King, my remarks and observations upon the great war and the upward struggle of human kind. Thus it is that as Roosevelt has combined in his article entitled THE GREAT ADVENTURE, the things of the individual and the things of family life, in bringing forth and perpetuating a strong and vigorous race, with the things of nations and the battlefield, so I have attempted to combine these things in my story. For in the ultimate analysis, they are in fact, as we know them in the world to-day, inseparably combined and inseparably united. The torch-bearers are in the home and in the family life no less

than on the battlefield. And it is our duty to carry the torches wisely and well.

Nature is still the great mother of the race, and Nature's laws must still be obeyed. And Nature's laws are still harsh and inexorable and the weak still have an unequal struggle and the strong still go forth and become supreme. In the life that I have lived, I have as yet seen no relaxation of these laws. According to my observations, they remain unchanged. Christian Scientists of course profess to ignore them, profess to ignore heredity and all the evolutionary principles in the physical, tangible world, but it has been my observation that these things are as potent, as powerful, as driving, and as inexorable as they ever were in the history of the world. The great effort is to get away from these laws and these institutions, but they will best be gotten away from by carrying them out and observing them to the very letter. Only thus will "the great chain of creation and causation" be followed out to its ultimate destiny.

But I have been speaking of the vigor of life and of its great exponent here in America. I have been speaking of the life lived in the mountains and on the plains, in the great forests and along the great rivers, and of the life which derived from these things of Nature inspiration and health and strength and moral and spiritual food for the sustenance required for the great turmoil of public life which surrounded the presidency of a great nation. This great exponent of the vigor of life has gone to his reward. He has gone out and on, but who believes to death and oblivion? Who believes but that his spirit goes on and ever on to new and even brighter realms of great joy and great activity? To-day

to us as Americans it seems to me that his great and eager spirit says:

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, * * * and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

* * * My Mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—

* * *
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die."

To-day we must bid him "goodbye". We must say farewell to the great spirit that has passed on and up to higher and better realms, but America has been infinitely better for his having lived, and America will be infinitely better in the future if the ideals he preached and practiced are continued to be preached and practiced by Americans everywhere. Bolshevism in America to-day is a thing that he would not have tolerated were he to-day at the helm in American affairs. Bolshevism in America to-day is something that we should not tolerate, and that we should drive completely from our American life. It is intolerable and almost unthinkable that it should be here to the extent that it is here to-day. How far we have gone from the times when as a young man I

wandered over the great western prairies and plains! How far has been removed our aspirations and our ideals! Then we were Americans standing for America alone, but to-day we are scarcely any more Americans than we are internationalists standing not only for America, but for the things and the ideals of nearly every nation in the world. Americanism as against internationalism is the great issue in America to-day. We have before our people internationalism as proposed by the league of nations, internationalism as proposed pre-eminently by Woodrow Wilson, internationalism as proposed by the man who appointed a delegation to meet and treat with the Bolshevists of Russia on Princes' Islands in the sea of Marmora and to compromise with them in some way if possible in regard to their nefarious outrages; internationalism as proposed by the man who appointed as one of these delegates a man who was pre-eminently a socialist and perhaps one who believes in the doctrines of free love and who was practically banished from our own State of Iowa by the force of public opinion here. We have internationalism as proposed by Woodrow Wilson whose policy has ever been, while president of the United States, to compromise with evil rather than to combat it and strike it down. We have internationalism as proposed by Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House and Henry Ford. We have internationalism as proposed by Woodrow Wilson who supported Mr. Ford in his candidacy for the United States Senate in the face of statements made by Mr. Ford to the effect that he did not believe in patriotism, and that when the war was over the flags over his buildings would come down never to go up again, and who also said in

substance that he cared no more for an American than for a Chinaman or a Hindoo. We have internationalism as proposed by Woodrow Wilson who professes to be the great exponent of altruism and who in effect condemned Mr. Roosevelt as the supreme exponent of selfishness.

But are we yet ready to surrender Americanism in this way? Are we yet ready to abandon the doctrine promulgated by James Monroe and are we yet ready to abandon entirely the doctrines of Washington and Lincoln and Grant? Has the world progressed so far and has it attained so near perfection as that the American flag can to any extent be hauled down? Have the other nations of the earth reached a plane of equality with America? If so, then the flag can come safely down. But until they have reached the plane of equality morally and spiritually, the flag must ever float on high. Until they have become as little desirous of acquiring territory as we are and until they have become as little likely to wrong a neighbor as we are the flag must ever be unfurled. Americanism has saved democracy for the world, but if internationalism had been in vogue a hundred years ago, as it is to-day, Americanism that could save democracy would not have been in existence at all. But the league of nations proposes to-day to very largely abandon Americanism. Let its proponents say what they will, this is the effect of the league as proposed by Mr. Wilson, and he will not suffer it to be modified to any extent. But the Senate up to this time at least, has refused to ratify the treaty and Mr. Wilson has refused to submit to the slightest modification thereof. He has condemned the Lodge reservations "as utterly inconsistent

with the Nation's honor and destructive of the world leadership which it had established."

And he has said:

"I do not accept the action of the Senate of the United States as the decision of the nation. I have asserted from the first that the overwhelming majority of the people of this country desire ratification of the treaty, and my impression to that effect has recently been confirmed by the unmistakable evidence of public opinion given during my visit to seventeen of the states."

And he has called the Senators who have opposed ratification "contemptible quitters" and he has said that "they have jaundiced eyes; that they are seeking to destroy one of the first charters of mankind; that they are in for a life long reckoning at the hands of the people", and that "when at last they are gibbeted, they will regret that the gibbet is so high."

In speaking of these confident statements of the President, I am reminded of the telegram sent by thirty-eight well known Californians to Senator Johnson calling upon him to withdraw his opposition to the peace treaty. It was in part as follows: "We appeal to you to withdraw your opposition. We are confident that in this we speak for the overwhelming majority of the people of California, and that your present position does not represent them truly". But since the sending of the telegram a state wide primary has been held in California and the overwhelming majority was for Johnson. Therefore it occurs to me that the President also may possibly have been mistaken in his statements in regard to overwhelming majorities.

And in Des Moines Mr. Wilson said to us:

"But do not go away with the impression, I beg you, that I think there is any doubt about the issue. The only thing that can be accomplished is delay. The ultimate outcome will be the triumphant acceptance of the treaty and the league.

"And let me pay the tribute which it is only just that I should pay to some of the men who have been, I believe, misunderstood in this business. It is only a handful of men, my fellow citizens, who are trying to defeat the treaty or to prevent the league."

And he has also said that the only organized elements opposing ratification are the pro German elements and others who "showed their hyphen during the war."

And in New York before he went back to Paris for the second time he said:

"The first thing I am going to tell the people on the other side of the water is that an overwhelming majority of the American people is in favor of the league of nations. I know that that is true."

And there also he said: "No party will in the long run dare oppose it."

And there also he told of the nature of the instrument that he expected to bring back with him when he said: "And when that treaty comes back, gentlemen on this side will find the covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the treaty tied to the covenant that you cannot dissect the covenant from the treaty without destroying the whole vital structure."

And his responsibility for having them thus tied together is of course well known. And his intention to force the Senate to ratify both the treaty and the cove-

nant whether they believed in them both or not is of course perfectly apparent.

And in the same New York speech, in speaking of the Senate he said, "I am amazed—not alarmed—but amazed that there should be in some quarters such a comprehensive ignorance of the state of the world."

And in regard to all these predictions by Mr. Wilson that the treaty would be ratified it should be said that he of course meant that it would be ratified without reservations for he has said that we must take it without any changes that alter its meaning or that we must reject it entirely.

But in spite of all these confident assertions the Republican party in its platform adopted at Chicago has endorsed and approved the action of the Senate and the question is now before the voters of the nation to determine whether they also shall endorse it.

The Platform recites: "The Senators performed their duty faithfully. We approve their conduct and honor their courage and fidelity and we pledge the coming Republican administration to such agreement with the other nations of the world as shall meet the full duty of America to civilization and humanity in accordance with American ideals and without surrendering the right of the American people to exercise its judgment and its power in favor of justice and peace."

Democrats everywhere have seized upon this statement in the Republican platform as being indefinite and vague, but it is exactly as it should be. We pledge ourselves by these words to do the right thing at the time when the right thing is demanded and we do not guarantee in advance a certain course of conduct regardless

of what conditions may arise. But the Democrats in order to be definite and in order to "say something" as they put it would forever foreclose the right of the American people to decide for themselves and at the time when the occasion should demand. They would decide now once and for all what our conduct shall be for all time to come. They say the Republicans have "straddled" and they profess great scorn for the platform. But the Republicans like Roosevelt refuse to promise in advance when they do not know what conditions may arise and the Democrats on the other hand consider it a mark of great statesmanship to rush to the peace table and announce once for all what their conduct shall ever be. Which procedure is sensible, which is honest, which is sincere and above all which will prevent future wars?

The question is: Shall we follow the Roosevelt Americanism or the Wilson internationalism? I say the Roosevelt Americanism because Roosevelt was opposed to the league of nations which President Wilson was contemplating. He was for a league just as a majority of the Senate is for a league, but he was not for the Wilson league. In an article in the Metropolitan magazine, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"If the League of Nations is built on a document as high-sounding and as meaningless as the speech in which Mr. Wilson laid down his fourteen points, it will simply add one more scrap to the diplomatic waste paper basket."

And after President Wilson's appeal to the voters of the country to elect a Democratic congress, Mr. Roosevelt joined with Mr. Taft in saying that "it is of capital im-

portance that we should now elect a senate which shall be independent enough to interpret and enforce the will of the American people in the matter of this world peace and not merely submit to the uncontrolled will of Mr. Wilson."

What kind of leadership do we want,—the Wilson kind or the Roosevelt kind?

President Wilson has said, "The United States enjoyed the spiritual leadership of the world until the senate of the United States failed to ratify the treaty".

The question then is:

Which school of thought shall we follow in America to-day, the school that was led by Roosevelt, or the school that has been led by Wilson? Mr. Roosevelt the great American, while being primarily and wholeheartedly for America, nevertheless recognized the progress that was being made in the world and the great change that was being inaugurated in the world. He himself advocated a league of nations, but based it on the principle that it should contain the nations of the earth that are the most fit not only from a material point of view, but from a moral and spiritual point of view. He said, let these nations form the nucleus of the league, and let the other nations of the earth be admitted as they become fit to be admitted, thus recognizing the evolutionary principle that has been working out from the foundation of the world. This would have been a league which it might be said would have been formed by the war itself, and the close friendship thus formed between France and Great Britain and the United States would have been perpetuated instead of being broken down by the unfortunate wrangle that has necessarily taken place over

the impossible league proposed by Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Wilson could have had peace without delay if he had accepted it as a separate treaty and without having the league covenant embodied in it. That was the unfortunate part of his trip to Europe, and because of that part, history will record that the trip never should have been made at all. It is my own opinion that for having insisted that the league covenant be embodied inseparably in the treaty, that he should have been impeached.

But Mr. Wilson would fly in the face of all known laws of evolution and progress and would set up a Utopian world that should instantly do away with war and all inequalities and all injustice. He has of course played into the hands from the beginning, of the pro-Germans, the internationalists, the socialists and the Bolsheviks. He has sought to put America on a plane of equality with the unfit nations of the earth to the same extent that he has sought to bring these unfit nations up to a plane of equality with the fit nations of the earth, of which America is the supreme exponent. Indeed we should have internationalism to-day, and we should have brotherhood to-day to the extent that these things can be had without causing a detriment not only to America but to the entire world. That has ever been America's mission in the world, and it has ever been America's purpose to bring these things about, and America has ever been best able to bring about these things by first ordering well her own household and keeping herself fit to take her own part in the struggle of the world, and she should continue to-day to do those things. She should continue to use her own judgment in international affairs

and not become bound by contract to submit to the judgment of other nations. Should she do so, America again would scarcely be able to save the world for democracy should the need ever come. America has never yet proved false to her trust as the keeper of the liberties of mankind. When those liberties have been assailed, though slow to act, she has nevertheless gone to the rescue and this she will ever do. But she has gone at the dictates of her own conscience, and at the dictates of her own judgment, uncoerced by the consciences or the judgments of other nations. America should ever keep herself free to decide for herself the questions of right and wrong that arise in international relations and should ever keep herself free to decide for herself when the good of the world demands the great weight of her moral and material forces. To do otherwise is to break faith with those who have died not only in Flanders Field, but in Yorktown and Saratoga and at Gettysburg, and the other battlefields of our own great wars. Let America indeed enter a league of nations to-day, but let it be based on the principles announced by Mr. Roosevelt, or failing that let it be based on the principles announced by Henry Cabot Lodge or Elihu Root, rather than upon those announced by Woodrow Wilson.

It would have been better if the Wilson league had never been proposed at all. For even with reservations it will not be as valuable to our country and the world as would have been the league proposed by Mr. Roosevelt. Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root had long been working for the establishment of an international court and an association of nations based on judicial rather than on political and diplomatic principles.

At the Philadelphia convention which nominated William McKinley for President of the United States, in 1900, Theodore Roosevelt seconded the nomination with the following remarks:

“We stand on the threshold of a new century, a century big with fate of the great nations of the earth. It rests with us to decide whether in the opening years of that century we shall march forward to fresh triumphs, or whether at the outset we shall deliberately cripple ourselves for the contest. Is America a weakling to shrink from the world-work to be done by the world powers? No! The young Giant of the West stands on a continent and clasps the crest of an ocean in either hand. Our nation, glorious in youth and strength, looks into the future with fearless and eager eyes, and rejoices as a strong man to run a race. We do not stand in craven mood, asking to be spared the task, cringing as we gaze on the contest. No! We challenge the proud privilege of doing the work that Providence allots us, and we face the coming years high of heart and resolute of faith that to our people is given the right to win such honor and renown as has never yet been granted to the peoples of mankind.”

This of course has ever been his attitude in regard to America and Americanism. And this of course was his attitude in regard to the relations that should have been assumed by America with the other nations of the earth at the time of the outbreak of the great World War. He recognized not only our moral obligations at that time to Belgium and France and the other nations attacked by Germany, but he also recognized our legal obligations un-

der The Hague conventions when the neutrality of Belgium was violated. We were parties to the treaties enacted at The Hague, and of course as parties to the treaties, it was our duty to interfere when Germany violated the treaty and invaded the neutral territory of Belgium. These things being true, it has always seemed to me at least slightly absurd that a man of the type of Woodrow Wilson should assume to prevent and block the attempt of Mr. Roosevelt to go to Europe himself and take part in the great World War. At the time of our entrance into the war, it is well known that Mr. Roosevelt tendered to President Wilson the services of himself and of his four sons but it is also well known that these services were steadfastly declined. What shall we say of this attitude of President Wilson in regard to services that might have been rendered during the war? What shall we say of his partisan selfish spirit which caused him to decline these services? What shall we say indeed?

Roosevelt, an American to the core, and representing all classes of true Americans and having much in common with them all was denied the opportunity of dying upon the battlefield for the land he loved. He, an American, and true to the last, was denied this opportunity by one who is not a typical American. He, an American, representing the rank and file of American citizenship, was denied this opportunity by one who represents only those who are found in the office, the library and the class room. He, an American who had worked and toiled at the side of the ranchman, the cowboy, the lumberjack, and the soldier was denied this opportunity by one who, it might almost be said, never in all his life did

a stroke of work with his hands. He, an American whose fine vigor and normal healthful life typified not only the finest and best of civilization but whose wonderful life covered also in its unprecedented range the activity of the hunter, the cowboy and the soldier, was denied the opportunity of taking part in a war for liberty of which he was the world's greatest and most mighty champion. He, whose dauntless soul never flinched in the face of danger, and whose lion-like courage never faltered and remained ever fearless in the face of the most desperate odds, was denied the opportunity of fighting for the great land he loved by one whose white hand never wielded axe or spade, or carried a rifle or saber or lifted anything more potent than pencil or pen. True, the pen may be mightier than the sword, but what of him who wielded both? What of him whose pen was more potent, more far-reaching in its effect, more facile and more able to cover an enormous range than that of him who is able to wield the pen alone? What of him whose tremendous energy carried him into almost every field of human endeavor, who was conversant with the works of the savants and with that of the toilers as well and who was conversant with both, not from hearsay alone, but because he had lived and worked and toiled with both? What shall we say of him, who is gone, whose life was so wonderful, so effective, so sympathetic, so intensely human and so great and what shall we say of him who blocked his most ardent desire and his most cherished dream? What shall we say? We can say nothing. We can only stand at the grave of him who is gone and mourn the loss; the greatest grief that has come to our land since Lincoln's time. We can drape the flag about

his tomb and know that could he see it there he would be well pleased. We can look on the seas that wash our shores and on the lonely mountain tops and know that were he with us he would love them still. We can look over our broad land and know that mightiest of all mighty crusaders, he would have fought for this great land. We can know and solace ourselves with the thought that he of all others in the world knew what it means to be devoted to a cause. We can know that he never looked on injustice and remained unmoved. We can know that his was a soul that burned white with indignation at the sight of wrong and that his might and his strength were ever given to benefit the weak and to overthrow the strong when injustice was their cause.

We can know that no land in all the world ever produced one with the rare combination of characteristics that were his. His was the combination of the physical and the mental, of the things of the earth and the body and the things of the spirit and the soul. His was a great life, the greatest ever lived in America since Lincoln's time, and he was an American to the core.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF course also it is well known that the services of General Wood were dispensed with by the President and that the General was relegated to an interior post in the United States as remote as possible from the actual scene of operations in the great war. What shall we say also of this action of the President? And what shall we say of his partisan appeal to the voters of this country at the time of the congressional election in 1918? What shall we say of his appeal to the voters of the country to return a democratic congress to Washington in the face of the fact that the selective draft law which enabled this country to turn the scale in favor of democracy, had been before that time enacted by Republicans, and had been bitterly opposed by the Democrats then in congress, the speaker of the house, Mr. Clark, even leaving the speaker's chair to appear upon the floor of the house to oppose the measure, and even stating that a conscript was no better than a convict? What shall we say of this appeal of President Wilson in the face of the fact that practically all of the legislation in support of the war was enacted by Republicans, and opposed with great hostility by the Democrats? The question of the increasing of the strength of both the army and the navy having been sup-

ported strongly by the Republicans and having been voted against by a large majority of the Democrats, and upon the question of increasing the pay of the private soldier to the small sum of thirty dollars per month, forty-three Democrats voted in favor of the measure, while a hundred and forty-one voted against it, and a hundred and fifty-six Republicans voted in its favor, and only thirty-seven voted against it. And in the appeal made to the voters by the President, he expressly stated that the Republicans in congress had been pro-war, but were anti-administration, and upon that basis appealed to the voters of the country to turn them out of office and to return Democrats instead. And this was after he had made the statement that "politics is adjourned".

Woodrow Wilson has been the most partisan president that we have ever had in the history of the country, his partisanship appearing not only in the measures referred to, but also in his trip to Europe where he took with him only persons who were entirely subject to his will, and none of whom were from the Senate and all of whom were Democrats with the possible exception of one, while he left such world-renowned statesmen at home as Elihu Root and others within the Republican party of this country who had they been taken to Europe, might have saved the world the unfortunate wrangle that has taken place over the peace treaty and the league covenant.

But I have again wandered far from my story. When Joe Burgess and John Randolph and I arrived home from our journey to the southwest over the Santa Fe Trail, we found a great surprise in store for us. Neither

my Uncle nor the Chief were at home, and John Randolph's child was also missing.

Inquiry at the town revealed the fact that the child had been kidnapped. A wagon train had gone through the town toward the west and immediately after the child was missing. That had been almost a month before our arrival. John Randolph was of course, well nigh distracted. He at once announced his intention of setting out westward over the road taken by the emigrant trains. We persuaded him, however, to remain at home, assuring him that he could do nothing and that the chief and Frank Perkins would do everything possible to recover the child.

The very next day Frank Perkins and the chief and a pale, rather thin, but graceful woman and John Randolph's child walked into the house.

The father of the child was reading when the steps of the travelers sounded at the door. He looked up just as the woman appeared in the doorway. His face suddenly set and he stared as one in a dream. The pale face of the lady returned the stare. For a moment they looked at each other spellbound and then were in each other's arms. John Randolph's wife had come home.

She briefly told her story. She had escaped from the dungeon, and reports of her death were of course false. But she had found that her child had disappeared. Where it had been taken she could not ascertain with any certainty, but she was told that it had been taken to America. She also heard that her husband had escaped from the mines in Siberia and that he was attempting to reach American shores. She felt sure that he would never again return to Russia or to England and that

there was at least a chance of his reaching America, and with the report in her mind that her child had been taken there also she set out at once to the great land in the western seas. She also called on the relatives in New York and was of course informed that undoubtedly her child was then at Adel. Overjoyed she set out at once for Iowa. When she arrived at Adel she found neither the child nor any of the people with whom he was supposed to have made his home. She was then informed that the child she sought had been kidnapped and that the people with whom he had been living and their friends were searching for him. Her informants told her that according to the best information obtainable he had been taken West, and she at once took the stage for Council Bluffs or any intermediate point where it might be possible for the boy to be found. She saw no evidence of him at any of the intermediate points and she had proceeded to Council Bluffs. There she was sitting one afternoon on the river bank looking across westward at the great plains which she knew extended to the Rocky Mountains. She was contemplating a journey on those plains when her attention was attracted to a group of emigrants ferrying across the turbid, muddy waters of the river. A child had fallen off the ferry and was just disappearing beneath the surface of the chocolate colored water. Almost at the same instant an Indian warrior emerged from the willows along the stream and plunging into the water swam swiftly toward the sinking child. As the boy was sinking for the third time the savage reached him and seizing him quickly turned and swam for the shore. The emigrants stopped the ponderous ferry and pulled it back toward the river bank.

The lady concealed herself carefully among the trees and weeds that grew along the shore and watched the big Indian come up out of the water like an animal and lay the child on the ground almost at her feet and attempt to resuscitate it. He turned it over so that the pale face was exposed to view. A gasp and terrified cry escaped from the lips of John Randolph's wife. On the instant she sprang from her hiding and had the child in her arms. She worked and worked and soon was rewarded by seeing the boy's eyes open and by hearing him gasp for breath. In due time she had brought him around. Then clasping him to her bosom she wept and cried and held him closer and ever closer. She rocked back and forth upon her knees with the child held tightly in her arms.

The astounded savage stood and stared. Then as he regained his senses he placed a heavy hand upon the lady's arm. She looked up at his heavy features and a shudder ran through her frame. The men from the ferry were just beginning to land. The warrior pulled the woman's arms away from the child and quickly lifted him into his own. In a frenzy the woman clung to the warrior's hands and arms but he shook her off and started into the willows. Then quickly taking a locket from her neck she flung herself upon the bewildered savage and said, "See, see" and pointed at the picture which the locket contained. In it was a picture of herself and husband and the child. The savage eyes caught the glint of light upon the trinket and the savage hand seized and wrested it from its owner while an exclamation of wonder and delight escaped the savage lips. The woman pointed at the picture, at herself and at the child.

But the savage heeded her not at all. Then suddenly clasping the locket in his hand he disappeared in the thick growth of trees with the child in his arms and the woman saw him no more.

The chief, for he it was who had rescued the drowning boy, returned with all speed to my uncle's home. Frank Perkins' delight at seeing the child once more knew no bounds. To have had John Randolph return and find his boy gone with little prospect of ever finding him would have been more than he would have been able to bear. He had sent the chief in one direction while he had gone in the other. My uncle seemed to think the child had been taken east and he had gone to Des Moines and Iowa City and Davenport in search of him but had returned empty-handed. The chief, however, had been successful, as we have seen. Frank Perkins' relief at seeing the boy once more was inexpressible but when the chief showed him the locket he was speechless with amazement. He lost no time in setting out to find the lady from whom it had been taken. He left the boy with a friend in town and enjoined secrecy until he should return. When he did return he walked into his house, where John Randolph was sitting, with both wife and child.

The autumn days were days of calm beauty. The bleak winds softened as the weather changed and many days of sunshine and warmth intervened before the frost king came. John Randolph and his wife had never known that life held such happiness as was theirs during those gorgeous days of Iowa's fall. They beheld the marvelous foliage, the troops of robins, blackbirds and ducks and geese and they sensed the quiet, the abun-

dance and the repose with minds and hearts too full to utter the joy and thanksgiving that were theirs. Truly they were in the promised land. The relief that they felt at being free, at being under no restraint and under no hardship and no great care was beyond the power of their tongues to tell. They and their child lived in a house built of native Iowa timber. The dwelling stood a short distance from my uncle's house in the direction of the town. I often looked at it and thought of the people dwelling within its walls and wondered how many other families would find refuge in similar houses from the tyranny and oppression of the East. I sat long by the blazing fire in my uncle's home during the long winter nights and I read in the quiet comfort and seclusion of that home the histories of Europe and the Orient. I read of the teeming millions of human beings in the ancient East and I read of the despotism of kings. I read of the long struggle for human liberty and of the westward trend of nations. I saw how freedom's torch led westward, lighting the world. I read of the sacrifices, of the toil, of the suffering endured by martyrs that principle might live and that those of succeeding generations might inherit better things than their ancestors had known. I read of the things of history of which I have heretofore told you. I read of struggle, of long unending struggle and I have attempted to show all through my story and in my observations in regard to American affairs, that the upward tendency of mankind and the race in general is everywhere based upon struggle. Struggle everywhere has been the price and the watchword of human progress. Eternal vigilance and eternal effort are everywhere necessary for the purpose of mak-

ing advancement and progress in the world. This struggle, I have said, has had its culmination in the great World War that has just been brought to a close, and I have spoken of the two schools of thought that have existed in America in regard to the best method of making progress to-day. I have spoken of internationalism and of Americanism, and I have spoken of the tangible, material world, and of the intangible, immaterial world. I have even gone so far as to speak of Christian Science and the Christian Scientists, and I have even gone so far as to compare them and their ideas and methods of thought with the ideas and the methods of thought of President Wilson and his followers. It may not have seemed to you to have been at all justified to speak of the methods of one as in any way to be compared with the methods of the other. But in this respect at least there is a similarity,—both promise the healing of human ills and human ailments with scarcely more than the lifting of the hand. Both promise great reward without having paid the price that heretofore humanity has always had to pay for the attainment of that reward. President Wilson has promised that the league of nations which has been proposed by him would put an end to all wars. He has said that if the league should be ratified as he has proposed it, that the boys in khaki would never have to cross the ocean again. He has given us to understand that the millenium, if not here, is almost here. Christian Scientists of course promise the same thing in the realm of human betterment so far as disease and physical ills and physical limitations are concerned. And in regard to the attitude of both President Wilson in regard to national affairs and in regard to the attitude of the

Christian Scientists in regard to physical individual affairs, I have admitted that I believe there has been made a beginning in the direction which they have pointed out, but I have also said that it is only a beginning and I have said that the reason why I so look upon these things has been deeply established in my own life from my own experiences, and that those experiences have been practically burned upon my soul.

To the end that you may understand why these things are so, I suppose I should go ahead and tell further of my individual experiences. I have said heretofore in my story that I may be prejudiced and I have said that I am setting out my experiences so that you may see why I have been prejudiced, if it is true that I am prejudiced. Perhaps it is not just correct to say that I am prejudiced, for prejudice implies conclusions arrived at without reason, and if I set out somewhat in detail the experiences that I have gone through in my life, I think you will see that my conclusions are based, to a certain extent at least, upon reason, and that therefore they are not strictly the result of prejudice, but that they are the result of hard and bitter experiences. I have said also, that I have arrived at the conclusions that I have arrived at for the reason that the things that I set out to attain or the things that I thought that I might attain when I first came to Iowa, I have been unable to attain. I have said that I have arrived at the conclusions that I have arrived at for the reason that the program which I attempted to inaugurate has largely failed, and for the reason that I believe that there is a similarity between the affairs of individuals and the affairs of nations. I believe that the progress that has been made in the realm of individual

affairs is just about equal to and practically the same as that made in national affairs. I want to look out and up, and I want to make progress. If there is any possible way of overcoming and getting away from physical ills and physical limitations, I want to find that way. And if there is any possible way to get away from war without causing a failure of democracy and the loss of liberty and freedom, I also want to find that way. But my experience has taught me that these things can not be done easily or suddenly. And as I have reiterated many times, my experience has taught me that it is only through "grim labor and painful effort" that we move forward to better things. These experiences I have told you in part, but I have not told them all. My experiences in the great Civil War of our own country have of course, contributed largely to the conclusions that I have arrived at. The great struggle that this country went through at that time has been deeply written upon my soul. Americanism it always seemed to me was really born at that time. Americanism of course was begun and inaugurated at the time of Washington and at the time of James Monroe, but it was still an experiment until after the close of the great Civil War.

Lincoln, on the field of Gettysburg said: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great Civil War testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived can long endure".

And of course all the world knows the result of the test, and that it was demonstrated that this nation could

endure and that government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth. This was Americanism. It was established here by those who have fought for liberty and by those who have taken their places on the firing line. As I have said, it was not established by the pacifists or by the conscientious objectors, or by those who believed there was such a thing as being "too proud to fight". It was established by those who believed as Grant believed when he said: "We shall fight it out along this line if it takes all summer", and it was established by those who believed as he believed when he exacted from the South "nothing short of unconditional surrender". Neither he nor Abraham Lincoln believed in "peace without victory". The victory they won was complete and overwhelming and posterity reaps the benefits thereof to-day. There were no half-way measures adopted at the time of the winning of the Civil War, but the peace of justice was established and no resultant conflict has resulted therefrom in the years that have since passed by.

But to-day such a thing can scarcely be said. At the close of the great World War it can scarcely be said that there has been unconditional surrender, or that the victory has been complete and overwhelming. It has not been.

The germ of militarism in Germany is not yet dead, nor will it be dead for many years to come. A mental victory has not been won over the German Government or over the German people. Deep in their hearts there lurks the old hatred of the world and the old bitter harboring of resentment against all prosperous peoples of the world. Germany still longs for a "place in the sun"

and sometime, somehow, somewhere Germany will have a place in the sun. And the price that she will yet be willing to pay to win it, will astonish the world. The old resentment will again break forth somehow, somewhere. It may be in a militaristic way and it may be in an economic way and it may be in both ways but that German "Kultur" will yet amaze the world I have little doubt. But you say that the teeth of the German monster have been drawn by the terms of the armistice and that watchful armies surround the German lands, and that such things in the future cannot be possible. But I simply answer, wait and see. And you say that if my position is correct that it is all the more reason why we should have a league of nations. I answer, yes, but it should be a Roosevelt league or a Root league or a Lodge league and not a Wilson league.

When Mr. Roosevelt was in Des Moines the last time he said, "Unless we put this war through to an end by administering to Germany a complete knock-out we will have to fight again—maybe in the lifetime of the oldest of us, and certainly in the lifetime of those of you who are young."

If we could have had him for our president both during the war and after the war how much better off we would be.

But to return to the days of the great Civil War. The crisis that confronted this country at that time was a crisis indeed. It was the trial of liberty and the greatest crisis ever known in the life of Democracy up to that time.

I thought of the great land I loved—of its far-flung boundaries and of the things within those boundaries for

which our country stood. It seemed to me that the giant peaks of the great West with their pure white snow were typical of the high ideals of our American life. It seemed to me that the wide reaches of prairie and plain were expressive of the untrammelled liberty that our country fostered and maintained. I saw all the great land that I had traveled over rising up in my mind's eye and I saw that the new ideals of the West were on trial and that their very existence was threatened. I knew that America—the new land, the new home of the fresh new life that had grown so wonderfully and well would cease to be America as the world had come to know it, if the cause of the Union failed. I knew that the great new experiment would be proclaimed a failure and that the world again would become entrenched in the rule of kings with scarcely a dissenting voice to dispute their sway in all the world, should the ideals of Lincoln and those who followed him be brought low.

I knew that the cause of the union must prevail—I knew that the American flag must float over all the vast region that I had seen and known as well as over all the region of the south. I knew that unless it should do so that those, who like John Randolph and his wife, had sought refuge here would be compelled to turn back in disappointment and sorrow or remain here to see even worse things enacted within our borders than those from which they had fled.

I knew America's hour of trial had come and that the supreme test of Democracy was here. Of all the European countries, Russia alone was our friend. Practically all the others sympathized with the South.

Had the Union been disrupted and had the govern-

ment founded by Washington and his associates failed, all European monarchists would have rubbed their hands with glee and the cause of liberty would have been set back a thousand years.

Accordingly that year found me and my companions enlisted in the 15th Iowa Infantry and the next year found us actively engaged in the battle of Shiloh.

How can I tell of the vast importance of that great war? How can I tell what it has meant to succeeding generations not only in our own land but throughout the world? How can I tell what it has meant to the world at the outbreak of the European war to have America a land united and free? How can I tell what it has meant to the world that Lincoln said "The union must and shall be preserved?" How can I describe the terrible things that would have come to pass had Lincoln faltered or wavered to the slightest extent or if he had heeded to the slightest extent those who counseled compromise and half-way measures of pacifying those who wished to desert the cause for which humanity had left European shores and who wished to secede from the Union and that cause?

All honor to the men of blood and iron who in that day fought humanity's fight and preserved us a nation. All honor to the men who faced the foe and refused to compromise or to be a party to anything but the peace of justice. All honor to the heroic dead who have lain through all these years in nameless graves, dead and for the most part forgotten, but whose souls go marching on in "that great cause to which they gave the last full measure of devotion." All honor to the men and the women and the boys who suffered and endured and gave

their lives that humanity might be free, "that this nation under God, should have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth."

The close of the civil war was a victory for Americanism. It was the vindication of the Declaration of Independence no less than was the Revolutionary War. In fact, it was the vindication of all great struggles for human freedom from the beginning of time. It was a triumph also of the ideals of the West over those of the East. It was the establishment of new thoughts and new ideals in a new land and a raising of the torch of liberty to a height that might be seen by the whole world.

To say that I was proud of my country when the war was over is putting it mildly. I thought the grandest boast of any citizen was to be able to say: "I am an American citizen," and since that time I have never changed my mind.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the conclusions that I have arrived at in regard to the progress that individuals and nations can make in the world, I have allied myself with the conservative side. I say conservative but of course my position is conservative only from the point of view of the Christian Scientists on the one hand, and from the point of view of the internationalist and the league of nations supporter on the other. From the point of view of other persons my position would perhaps be ultra-progressive. And I have said that while I have great sympathy with those who seek to explore new fields and acquire new benefits for humankind, at the same time I feel that to-day those who are exploring these new fields claim altogether too much in regard to what can be found and attained there.

I suppose that my position could be still further illustrated by telling of my further relations with Julia King and of my experiences in the great Civil War, and these are the two experiences to which I referred when I said that the things that had given rise to my conclusions and the experiences which had brought them about had been burned upon my soul. The millenium is not here yet. It is not here for individuals and it is not here for nations.

How well I remember the days of betrothal that were

mine after the winning of Julia King, for I might as well tell you at this point that I did finally win her. I do not claim to be any story teller, nor any artist so far as literary attainments are concerned. I simply tell things as they occur to me in the most rambling fashion, so that I am telling you now in advance that I did in fact win Julia King, and of course I have said that it was the experiences that I had while winning her that gave rise fundamentally to the conclusions that I have arrived at, and of which I am trying to tell you.

How I loved physical perfection, and how I loved the grandeur of a noble soul. And in Julia King I saw them both. How ardent, how enthusiastic, how eager, how thrilled I was. After I returned from the war I saw her daily, saw her when the winter snows mantled the landscape and when she wore garments richly decked with furs; saw her in the spring time when all the world was sweet and new and when the newness of life gripped my very soul and held me enthralled as in a spell; saw her when the summer sun beat mercilessly down and when she rested beneath the trees to find cooling shelter from the heat of noon; saw her when boisterous autumn's wintry blasts swept the woods and fields bare of their summer dress and when the lowhung clouds rolled darkly across the sky. Saw her as the seasons came and went; saw her as she adjusted her life and her appearance to each and saw in her and in the world of Nature round about me the completest happiness that ever comes to human beings. I saw her on the limpid waters in her Indian bark canoe. The chief had made it for her before we had all gone West, and in it as she floated lightly on the current of the river, I saw a primeval maid close to

Nature and to Nature's God. I saw her also when the frost king bound the river as in a coat of iron; saw her gracefully skating on the glasslike surface while her laugh rang out on the frosty air. I saw everything that I ever expected or wanted to see in a human being. And I saw her also beneath the harvest moon when the earth was so still that not a sound was heard and when she sat close by my side while we drank deep of the sweetest love that ever came to man.

And I wish everyone, every American, at least, could have and know the joy that was mine. As I think of the weak and helpless, as I think of the struggling thousands in the great cities to many of whom all really natural joys and all really wholesome pleasures are denied, I hope that somehow, some way they and those who come after them may enjoy the pleasures, the sweet, deep pleasures that were mine. I wish for every man a wholesome lovely woman, and for every woman a wholesome, manly man. I wish for them all strength, and spiritual understanding, health and moral stamina and courage. I wish for them all a wholesome, natural life, lived as the Creator intended that they should live, and lived among the most wholesome and uplifting surroundings. And I wish for the race as a whole this same strength, this same beauty, this same love. For upon it is based the hope of humankind; upon the home, upon the wife and mother and upon this love and understanding of life is based the hope of the world; upon this great fundamental, basic principle of life, the rearing and training and the bringing into the world of as noble and as upright and as sweet and as beautiful specimens of humankind as the fathers and mothers when the fathers

and mothers are of the proper kind is based the future of mankind. Children we need that are real children, normal, happy, strong. Weaklings we hope that we may not have. Weaklings that cause the tragedies of mankind. Weaklings that are a trial, a heartache and a disappointment to themselves and all mankind. Weaklings that are the most pitiful, the most pathetic things in the world.

So I wish for all mankind the strength that was mine when I journeyed up the Platte and I wish for all mankind the kind of woman that was mine. And I wish for all mankind for men and women alike, the strength that makes life a joy and not a torment, a glorious, abundant experience and not a trial, and that makes God an object of worship and adoration and not one of dread and deep hate and apprehension. I wish for them all the pleasure and joy of life as I experienced it in the great West, the land of my dreams. I hope the dreams of others come true. I hope the land I loved so ardently, so devotedly, so everlastingly will be equally loved by all other Americans. I hope it will be cherished by loyal sons and I hope that it will ever be kept pure. I hope nothing will ever detract from its great glory, its sublime grandeur and its incomparable majesty. I hope it will ever be the land of the free and the home of the brave, the home of the leaders of mankind.

And I hope that not only in America but all over the world that men will get back to the soil—back to Nature and to Nature's God. And I hope that not only in America but all over the world the leaders among men

will be real men and not merely products of the office, the library and the class room.

But those days of betrothal were not days that simply happened or that came about unheralded and unthought of, but were days that came about as a result of constancy to purpose, of hardship, and of bitter toil which won the "splendid ultimate triumph."

How well also I can remember the days, or rather the nights or night when first I knew that she was mine, in the mountains of the far West, while I was endeavoring to rescue her from the clutches of Harry Lee! How well I remember there on the mountain side in the dead of night, while Julia King slept on a bed of spruceboughs, and while I kept watch through the lonely vigils of the night—how well I remember, I say, how all of the struggle that had gone on in the years that had gone before came trooping through and presenting itself in my mind! All of the toil and all of the hardship and all of the lonely and solitary wanderings over the western half of the continent and the experiences attendant thereon, came trooping through my mind in endless array, and almost in overwhelming confusion. My mind seemed to go out and up to the very stars, seemed to comprehend the very vault of Heaven and to find no limit except in the wide regions of space and eternity itself. There I contemplated all of the past, all of the wretched things that had been mine in the beginning of my career in the East, all of the hardship and humiliation and disgrace that had been attendant upon my efforts to get a start in the world. I thought there how in the past I had thought that possibly this quest of mine for the hand of Julia King would in due time work itself out as I wished

it would be worked out according to preconceived plans over which I had no control. This had made me content at times to simply watch and wait while the months and years were going by. But also as I sat there on the mountain side alone except for the company of Julia King herself, in the regions of the silences that shrouded the mountains, I contemplated the toil and endeavor and the effort of which I have spoken. And then and there, for once and all, I renounced all idea of ever depending upon any power in the world outside of my own individual self. I have said that the relation of an individual to the Supreme Being is apparently one in the nature of a partnership and that man is not sufficient unto himself, and that also reliance upon a Supreme Being alone without co-operative effort on the part of the individual, would be disastrous and fraught with utter calamity. But there on the mountain side while I still believed these things to be true, I decided once and for all to simply fear God and take my own part. At that time, of course I had not heard that particular expression of the idea, but the idea was nevertheless the same. I decided that if the Supreme Being to any extent enters into the affairs of man, and if that to any extent His plans are being worked out through human channels, that in any event it will not do for humanity to assume that that is true and to rely upon these plans to the extent of failing to take one's own part and of doing one's utmost to work out one's own salvation. This is not to say that I believe that the Supreme Being has nothing to do with the affairs of man, but it is simply to say that we should concern ourselves with our affairs alone and the affairs of the Supreme Being will take care of them-

selves. So, after I had gone through the great Civil War as a soldier in the ranks, I was the more confirmed in my conclusions. I saw the blood and slaughter and carnage of the battlefield and heard and read the expressions of the great Lincoln, and it was indelibly written upon my soul that the things fought for here in America at that time and the principles which were established here at that time, could only have been established at that time in the way in which they were in fact established. No reliance upon the Supreme Being to establish these principles or to carry them into effect without the interference of human agency and human effort, could have availed anything. It was the "fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel" of which Julia Ward Howe has written, that was then carried into effect, and that was carried into effect by the bayonet and by shot and shell.

But you ask, and I have myself put the question, will there never come a better day? Will there never come a time when these things will cease to be? And have we not reached that period of time in our history to-day when these things will begin to be relegated to the past? You ask is not the light of a new day beginning to dawn? And I reply as I have replied before, that I believe myself that it is, but that it is only the faint light of dawn, and is not yet the white light of noon. Christian Scientists and the league of nations supporters are acting upon the theory that it is the white light of noon. But that is the thing which I am objecting to and that is the action and the position which I think should be combatted in the world to-day. Americanism is being abandoned or the attempt is being made to abandon it for in-

ternationalism. And internationalism may some day come, and probably will come, but to-day Americanism is the thing that should be taught and firmly established and insisted upon throughout the length and breadth of our land.

You say that we are coming upon a change, and that old things can be abandoned, and that though it was necessary to have the struggle and combat of which I have spoken half a century or more ago, that it is not necessary to-day, and will not be necessary in the future. A certain change no doubt is being made but it is not sufficient to justify the surrender of the things which we and our fathers have fought for in this country from its very beginning.

One change, however, that is the result of modern times is very real, and is a change about which there can be no question, and that change is the change in the nature of our population and the change in the nature of the loyalty of the people, that inhabit this country, to this country's government and this country's institutions. How well I remember the reunion of John Randolph and his child in the center of the American continent, and how well I remember the reunion of John Randolph and his wife at the same point in the American continent, and how well I remember the thrill that went through my being when I saw them safely living here far from the despotism of the ancient East, and I well remember what an inspiration it was to me to think America, the land of the free and the home of the brave, where liberty indeed lighted the world, would ever be the congenial home of the downtrodden peoples of the earth and that it would ever afford sweet refuge for those who in the old coun-

tries of the world had found life a torment and a bitter sorrow.

But to-day, what do we have upon the American continent? We have the swarming thousands and millions from Europe and the ancient East overflowing our fair fresh lands and threatening not only our commercial and material welfare and prosperity, but the very government and institutions of our country themselves.

I love America. To me it is synonymous with civilization in its perfection, or, at least, it is synonymous with civilization in the highest state yet known to man. It is synonymous with that exaltation of spirit that comes from living where the land is new. It is synonymous with the inspiration of great silent forests, endless streams and wonderful lakes and mountain chains. America to me has been a grand and wonderful home. The life I have led here has been to me a sublime and transcendent experience. I could scarcely imagine a more charming life in the world to come than that led by myself here in America's primeval and glorious lands. I love nature in America. I love the outdoor life I have led here and nothing sweeter in all the world could there be for me than the nightly campfires I have enjoyed in the lonely forests and mountain chains. I have already said more than once in my story that as I sat by those campfires or as I listened to the wind in the trees or the snow drifting about my rude shelter in the remote fastnesses of the mountains, that I spent much time meditating on the outcome in America, of the immigration that would come here from European and Asiatic shores. The prospect was always a dismal one to me and it seems that to-day my forebodings were justified. I, of course, dreaded the

increase of population in America, in much the same way that the old hunters and trappers dreaded it and even perhaps in the same way that the Indians dreaded it. That, of course, you would say was unreasonable and the dread not of a civilized, but of a savage mind. Possibly that is true. But from the point of view of a civilized mind I think my dread was also justified. To-day the American continent is flooded with the European and the African and the Asiatic. It has become the home of the multitudinous representatives of every tribe and every race and every nation. It is, as I have said, the grand refuge of all outraged and downtrodden peoples. It is the rich and bountiful home of the earth's millions who are seeking freedom. But what shall we say of these millions? What shall we say of Turk and Hun and all others who come here to profit at our expense? What shall we say of those who come here not to build up, but with jealous hand to tear down the fairest and finest and best institutions in all the world? I have said in the course of my narrative that those who would come westward in such multitudes would have no appreciation of the sublime grandeur of Nature in America and that they would come to slay, mutilate and destroy. But little did I dream that they would come not only to slay and mutilate and destroy the products of Nature's hundreds and thousands of years of evolutionary toil, but also that they would come to slay, mutilate and destroy, if possible, all the institutions of our free and Democratic government. Little did I dream that they would come not only to exploit Nature and little did I dream that they would come not only in a tremendous flood driving before them all the primeval things of a primeval world that I loved

so well, but that they would also come with hatred in their hearts and, so far as many of them are concerned, at least, even pledged to destroy so far as possible the things in our government that have made it great. Little did I dream that these things which I dreaded would so soon come to pass and little did I dream that they would be accompanied by influences and motives so sinister and so dreadful.

So, you see I love America and so you see I dread this internationalism that is spreading over the world. I dread the spread of the Hun, the Turk, the Asiatic and many of the African peoples to American shores. I dread the spread of Socialism and Bolshevism. I dread the spread of the crank, the anarchist and the fanatic. When I see them to-day in the streets of our crowded cities I long for the little mountain streams, the water ousel and the lonely campfire among the mountains. The mountains—oh, how I loved the mountains. The great peaks and tremendous crags and summits that towered above my lonely campfire. There was sweet solitude there, sweet communion with Nature and the Power that is behind the world. But now my favorite camping grounds have been desecrated by the railroad, the water-power, the mine, and a thousand other products of civilization. And not only that, but the sweet liberty for which they have ever stood, has been desecrated by the anarchist, the crank and the fanatic. The things here which ushered in the new day in the history of the world—the things here that have shown upon the world as the dawn of a resplendent day—the things here that were written as if upon the sky when Columbus sailed have been trampled and spit upon by the crowding, ignorant,

swarming millions of Europe and the ancient East. It is to me a tragedy. It is to me a thing unspeakable that we as Americans should tolerate it as we do.

And as I see America reviled and insulted and spit upon by the foreigner in our very midst, I think of the great American who has gone to his reward, and of what he would do were he living to-day and at the helm of our national government. How long do you think the Bolsheviks who preach anarchy and who defy the government would continue to do these things if Roosevelt were president of the United States to-day? And the Bolshevik and ultrasocialist today who defies the government is largely the result of the failure of President Wilson to deal properly with the Russian situation during the war. Had he struck swiftly and vigorously as Roosevelt would have done, the Bolshevik problem in America which is our heritage from the war as a result of the Wilson policy would scarcely be with us to-day. Had the president sent an American army into Russia from the East under General Wood, as Roosevelt would have done, instead of sending a pitiful little handful of men to the northern shores of ice-bound Russia and Siberia, the Bolshevik problem might very possibly have been nipped in the bud. But as it is, we have it with us to-day, and we will have it for many, many years to come. It is "hitting soft" as Roosevelt put it, that has caused all of these problems to remain over from the war to the extent to which they have remained. It is doing everything by halves that has left a heritage of problems that will confront our government for many years to come. It is the failure to do things adequately and to finish them up at

the time that will cause our people grief in the future years.

Had Roosevelt been permitted to have had his way, the war would have been over much sooner than it was, a lasting and splendid friendship would have been cemented between the governments of all the allied lands, an international court would undoubtedly have been established under the direction of Elihu Root as the representative of our own country, and a new day of which you have been speaking would in very truth have been ushered in. It would have come in the entire world in the same way that it came in America after the Civil War. Grant and Lincoln demanded nothing of Lee and his supporters less than unconditional surrender, and unconditional surrender was brought about and the great American government has been at peace with its own peoples ever since that time, and the chorus of the Union of which Lincoln spoke as the result of the mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, was swelled, as he said that it would be, from one border of the land to another. And this to a certain extent would have been true throughout the world to-day, after the waging of the great World War, had the war been terminated in the way that I have suggested. That it may be anyhow, is the hope that you point out and the idea that you suggest, and I have said that this is possible and that a beginning has been made in that direction, but the beginning would have been more substantial had it been made in the Roosevelt way rather than in the Wilson way.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I HAVE spoken of the change that has taken place in America in regard to the population that has come here and in regard to the attitude that these people who have come here entertain toward our government. Another great change that has taken place in this country since I wandered as a young man over its plains and prairies of course has been the change due not only to the attitude of the people toward the government, but due to the very fact of the people themselves. The immense population that now lives in America of course has brought about a tremendous change. Population is the thing in America that as a young man I dreaded. I have spoken to a certain extent of the change it has made here, but I cannot refrain from further speaking of the wonderful metamorphosis that has taken place upon the American continent within the comparatively short space of half a century. Even in Iowa the change has been wonderful.

The seasons in Iowa are of course the same but the prairie sod, and the prairie flowers and the red man and the wild swan and all the clanging array of wild fowl are gone. The face of the earth in Iowa has greatly changed. Instead of a primitive land sublime in solitude it now appears as a never ending garden plot divided and subdivided by myriad hands. It is primitive no

more and its inhabitants love it not at all for its own sake but merely for the money it will bring. The wild Indian loved it more than do its inhabitants today. The price of hogs and corn is of greater moment to the farmer of Iowa than anything else in the world. He cares not for the seasons, except as they nurture and mature the crops that make his savings grow.

But it is yet good to be in Iowa, for in Iowa we have in its greatest perfection the most valuable thing in the world. We have land—the land that is the greatest asset of human kind, the land upon which we must all ultimately depend. And as it is the most valuable material thing in the world we should love it not alone for its material wealth but for its own sake and for the message it brings to the soul. We should love the seasons and enjoy them as they come and go. We should love the moon and the stars and all of Nature's great and simple things. We should love the simple life, the life lived on the soil. We should love the lowly cot as well as the palace, the soil as well as the pavement, solitude as well as the confusion that leads away from spiritual things.

Since we began life in Iowa as pioneers we have watched the wonderful advances of civilization in the great West. We have seen the wagon trains, the soldiers and scouts setting out for the far West. We have seen the soldiers of the United States army going into the great wilderness of the north and west to garrison the little posts on the outskirts of civilization. We have seen a vast expansion of business life and population in America. Nothing in the world's history ever approached the rapid and wonderful development of material re-

sources that has taken place in the last half century in the United States. The opening and settlement of new lands has been unparalleled in the history of the world. The buffalo herds that moved northward in the spring to their northern grazing grounds soon began to cross the double line of steel rails that had been extended from the Mississippi to the Pacific's shores. The antelope gazed in bewildered curiosity at the unwonted sights and sounds that had penetrated the wild regions of solitude. The Indians looked over the ridges in mute astonishment at the iron horse that crawled westward over the wide landscape. It was not long until the vast buffalo herds began to disappear. The land that since creation dawned had never known a railroad tie or railway train, began to give up its age long characteristics of barbarism. Primitive, virile, wild things succumbed before the onslaught of civilization. In a comparatively short space of time the buffalo herds practically vanished from the face of the earth. The antelope soon followed and only the wolves were left to greet the traveler on the plains, and even these wild marauders were fast dwindling to insignificant numbers. The homesteader, the farmer, the pioneer; the real estate agent, the gambler, the soldier, the merchant and trader all swarmed in to the great lands where wealth abounded beyond the dreams of avarice. The prairie sod was turned under by the plow, towns and cities rose as by magic upon the plains, the railroad penetrated the remotest regions and the wilderness soon became subdued by the hand of man. The forest lands resounded with the ring of axe and saw, the region of trees that extended pure, beautiful and immaculate mile after mile, untrodden since the world began, except by moccas-

sin or hoof or claw was denuded and swept clean of Nature's product which had been nourished for a thousand years.

Rich, pure and wonderful the American continent soon resounded from shore to shore with the hum of industry, and the roar of traffic. New, alluring and unprecedented in its resources it afforded a field for the business world, the like of which the world had never before known. Parlor cars and luxuriant trains of sleepers and diners soon sped across the great plains where the buffalo and antelope had formerly roamed and where the Indian had ruled supreme.

The simple, wholesome pleasures of our lives derived from living in close communion with Nature we also have seen slowly but surely vanish away. In their stead we have seen the more complex and the more distracting things of civilization grow steadily, but surely, into our lives. We have seen the ideals of business and the business world crush out and supplant the things that had been vital in our souls. We have seen business and the business rule become supreme. We have seen our state and nation grow immensely rich. We have seen the nation lead the world in commercial things. We have seen the ideals for which we had fought in our civil war and for which our ancestors had fought in the revolutionary war to a large extent forgotten. We have seen the pursuit of wealth make our nation mad. We have seen its character decline in the eyes of the world.

We have seen it lose the things in life which Nature inspires and we have seen it lose the ideals and the spirit of Washington and Lincoln and Grant. But as our lives have been drawing to a close as the great era of

commercial prosperity and material things has reached its zenith we have seen a partial return to the ideals that have made possible the founding and maintaining of our government. We have seen the outbreak of a great world war. We have seen the world at Armageddon battling for the things of the spirit and for truth and righteousness.

We have seen American wealth make possible the winning of the war and we have seen American wealth and the American soldier turn the scale in favor of world-wide Democracy. We have seen our country ruled once more by principle and not by commercial greed. We have seen it subordinate wealth for principle and the things of the spirit. We have seen it fighting for its honor. To the extent that it has turned from the worship of sordid materialism to the worship of principle and the things of the spirit we are profoundly thankful.

What then should America be to-day? What is the mission of the American citizen to-day? Is it to be a follower of Wilson, and is it to be an internationalist, or is it to be a follower of the memory of Roosevelt and of the things advocated by him and to be an American citizen first, last and all the time? Is it to be an advocate of a weak and sickly internationalism, or is it to be an advocate of a strong and virile and vigorous Americanism? Which will benefit America most to-day, and which will benefit the world most to-day? Certainly to follow in the paths where Roosevelt blazed the way will benefit America and will benefit the world more than to follow in the footsteps of Wilson and of those who have been supporters and followers of Wilson. Certainly it will benefit America and the world more to-day to "carry

on" as the expression goes, in the direction outlined by Roosevelt than it will to proceed in the direction pointed by Wilson. And this is true not only in regard to national and international affairs, but also as I have said it is true in regard to individualism and individual affairs. The life of Roosevelt was unique and very unusual in that it spanned so many different fields and the realms of so many different activities. It was wonderful in its versatility and in its color and its ability in so many different fields of human endeavor. It was virile and strong as a mental gymnast, and it was virile, and strong as a physical gymnast, and as a physical athlete. It was wonderful in both of these fields. And we need leadership to-day of the Roosevelt type and we should get rid of leadership of the Wilson type.

Do we as Americans, wish to know simply of indoor life, of books and pictures and theories, or do we wish to know of the great secrets of the universe as revealed by the world of Nature? Do we wish to know of those things suggested in the Book of Job, and in the Psalms and in the Book of Genesis and of those things suggested in the introduction to Mr. Roosevelt's African Book? And do we wish to know of life that is wholesome and vigorous and lived on the soil as well as of life that is lived solely in the office, the library and the classroom? Most assuredly we do. Most assuredly we are yet Americans and expect to continue to be Americans in the future.

We have had in America a sickening exhibition of Wilsonism for the past eight years. We have had Wilsonism during the war, and we have passed under its yoke and have been throttled by its silly things. We

have heard the cry "Support the President" all during the war, and as good Republicans, though nauseated by the cry, and by the things the President advocated, and by the way in which he advocated them, we nevertheless submitted and supported him. We have heard the cry "Support the President" all during the war, when those who uttered the cry confounded the President with our country. We have heard the cry "Support the President" when of course what should have been said was "Support the Government of the United States". We have supported the president on account of the war when we did not believe in him or any of the things that he advocated. We have supported him when we did not believe in him personally, or as a representative of the government. We have paid our taxes without complaint and have submitted to an exorbitant levy upon our incomes everywhere to be expended during the war, but much of which was wasted, much of which was not used as it should have been used. We have seen the Democratic administration go into power in 1913, elected largely under an "economy issue". We have seen a plank in the Democratic platform previous thereto denouncing what it terms "the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican congresses".

And then we have seen the Sixty-Second Congress, which had a Democratic majority in the lower house and which was elected for the express purpose of cutting down expenditures immediately proceed to make a "total of appropriations exceeding anything in the Nation's history" up to that time; and that was before the outbreak of the war. These things would not have been

tolerated in America, and the Democratic administration would have been turned out of Washington but for the fact of the impending war. President Wilson was returned to the White House upon the platform of "keeping us out of war" and fear shackled all our judgment and all our reason and we again submitted to the wild orgy of expenditure and of foolish and blundering legislation. The railroads were taken over as a war measure, as was practically everything else in the government, and under the administration of Mr. McAdoo, they were operated at such a tremendous deficit and at such a loss that it seems practically impossible to get them back upon their old footing. Everything was done to give the Democratic administration a free hand, and to allow it to do as it pleased, Republicans, as well as Democrats, pouring out the funds and allowing the Democrats to pour out the public funds upon the theory that they were all being used as war measures. But the war is now over and we do not have to submit to such things any longer. Let Republicans who believe in America and Americanism return to power. Let an American president be elected who shall be an American, and who shall carry out American policies and American ideas. And never again let another professor be conducted into office to try out his theories upon the American people. Let there be an end of blundering, of silly incompetence and of education of incompetence at the expense of the public. Mr. Baker became Secretary of War at the hands of President Wilson, as a Pacifist, but in the experience of his office, became converted to a considerable extent to the doctrines of Theodore Roosevelt, just as Mr. Wilson

often came around to those doctrines, but just as with Mr. Wilson, he was always just a little too late.

Senator Harding has been nominated by the Republicans, and Senator Harding is an American. He is far from being the American that Theodore Roosevelt was, but no living man is the American that Theodore Roosevelt was. No living man has the love of country, the intense patriotism and the vast ability combined that Theodore Roosevelt had.

But Senator Harding is an American and in no sense is he an internationalist. He has said:

"We do not mean to hold aloof. We choose no isolation. We shun no duty. I like to rejoice in an American conscience, and in a big conception of our every obligation to liberty and justice and civilization. And more, I like to think of Columbia's helping hand to new republics, which are seeking the blessings portrayed in our example, but I have a confidence in our America that requires no council of foreign powers to point the way of American duty. We wish to counsel, co-operate and contribute, but we arrogate to ourselves the keeping of the American continent and every concept of our moral obligation. It is fine to idealize, but it is very practical to make sure our own house is in perfect order before we attempt the miracle of old world stabilization."

In these words he has stated exactly the position which America should occupy to-day. "We do not mean to hold aloof. We choose no isolation". Of course these words are true. But we "require no council of foreign powers to point the way of American duty" and "we arrogate to ourselves the keeping of the American continent and every concept of our moral obligation."

Democrats make much of our supposed isolation, and they say we are holding aloof from the world. Nothing could possibly be more silly. We couldn't hold aloof and we couldn't be isolated if we tried. But we do "arrogate to ourselves the keeping of every concept of our moral obligation" and we "require no council of foreign powers to point the way of American duty". We reserve the right to decide for ourselves the great questions of our moral obligations when those questions arise.

When Germany invaded Belgium, Theodore Roosevelt regarded it as our moral obligation to at least protest against that outrage, but Woodrow Wilson at that time regarded it as our duty to remain neutral both in deed and thought. When the Lusitania was sunk, Theodore Roosevelt regarded it as our moral duty to declare war on Germany, but Woodrow Wilson uttered his famous statement that there was such a thing as being too proud to fight. The difference is that Theodore Roosevelt and his followers were mindful of our moral obligations when danger threatened and was actually at hand, while Woodrow Wilson and his followers were only mindful of our moral obligations when the danger had passed.

In which following should we believe, in which should we place our faith? Should we believe in those who do not fail in their duty when danger is at hand, or should we believe in those who fail miserably when danger is at hand and who shout and loudly boast when the danger has passed? "Every drop of blood in my person stands up and shouts at the traditions of the United States" said Woodrow Wilson when the war was over, but every drop of blood in his person while

Belgium was being invaded and when the Lusitania was sunk, showed only an abject and miserable failure to comprehend the meaning of the traditions of the United States. And in the future it would be the same. When danger threatened, the followers of Roosevelt and their kind would be on the firing line paying with their bodies the price of liberty and freedom and the followers of Wilson and their kind would skulk in the rear and use every subterfuge to avoid the conflict. And yet with a hypocrisy that merits only scorn and with a fraud that excites only a just and righteous indignation the followers of Wilson charge the followers of Roosevelt with black crimes against humanity for refusing voluntarily to enter into the league of nations proposed and sponsored by Woodrow Wilson.

Should the Wilson league be adopted, the Roosevelt followers and the exponents of true Americanism in the future would have to guarantee and make good on the firing line the contracts and agreements and promises made by the followers of Wilson. Is it any wonder that true Americans hesitate to enter the league of nations? Is it any wonder that they oppose ratification of the treaty and the covenant?

Senator Harding is an American and we should support him. He did not support Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, but during the war he introduced in the Senate an amendment to a bill which, had it been adopted would have authorized Colonel Roosevelt to organize a division and lead it to France. And he has said, "If Theodore Roosevelt had been president, the Lusitania would never have been sunk, and we should to-day be living under the guaranties of peace."

Let us then support Senator Harding and let us also support Governor Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge has said: "The first duty of a government is to be true to itself", and he has also said: "Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong". And this is exactly what the league of nations supporters are trying to do—build up the weak by pulling down the strong.

The Democratic Convention at San Francisco has adopted a platform which endorses almost in the minutest detail everything that Woodrow Wilson has done in regard to the league of nations. It endorses Wilson and approves his actions and his words and it condemns the Senators who have opposed ratification of the treaty and the league. It says:

"We commend the President for his courage and his high conception of good faith in steadfastly standing for the covenant agreed to by all the associated and allied nations at war with Germany, and we condemn the Republican senate for its refusal to ratify the treaty merely because it was the product of Democratic statesmanship, thus interposing partisan envy and personal hatred in the way of the peace and renewed prosperity of the world."

And it also says:

"By every accepted standard of international morality the President is justified in asserting that the honor of the country is involved in this business; and we point to the accusing fact that, before it was determined to initiate political antagonism to the treaty, the now Republican chairman of the senate foreign relations committee himself publicly proclaimed that any proposition for a separate peace with Germany, such as he

and his party associates thereafter reported to the senate, would make us 'guilty of the blackest crime.' "

But this statement of the chairman of the foreign relations committee was of course made before the amazing program of Woodrow Wilson had been inaugurated and before it had become known that he proposed to surrender and sacrifice American sovereignty. And of course what was said by Republican Senators during the war would have little or no application while we are at peace. When we were at war any proposition made by us looking toward the negotiation of a separate peace would indeed have made us "guilty of the blackest crime". But when the war is over and we are in fact at peace, a separate peace with Germany would not change the fact and would in any event be infinitely better than a surrender of our sovereignty.

The Platform continues:

"May 15 last, the Knox substitute for the Versailles treaty was passed by the Republican senate, and this convention can contrive no more fitting characterization of its obloquy than that made in the Forum magazine of December, 1918, by Henry Cabot Lodge, when he said:

"If we send our armies and young men abroad to be killed and wounded in Northern France and Flanders with no result but this, our entrance into war with such an intention was a crime which nothing can justify.

"The intent of congress and the intent of the President was that there could be no peace until we could create a situation where no such war as this could recur. We cannot make peace except in company with our allies. It would brand us with everlasting dishonor and bring

ruin to us, also, if we undertook to make a separate peace."

Thus to that which Mr. Lodge, in saner moments, considered "the blackest crime", he and his party in madness sought to give the sanctity of law; that which eighteen months ago was of "everlasting dishonor" the Republican party and its candidates to-day accept as the essence of faith."

When it is recalled that President Wilson made his first trip to Europe in December, 1918, and that the famous league covenant of which he is the chief exponent, had not, at the time of the writing of the article by Senator Lodge, been made public, it will be seen that the criticism by the Democratic platform of the Lodge statements, is not now in point. And it assumes that the Wilson league would put an end to war and that there could be no honest difference of opinion on that point. And this is to put it mildly. In stronger terms it might fittingly be said that the criticism in the platform is a hypocritical attempt to pull the wool over the eyes of voters by innuendo and inferences not justified by the facts.

And continuing the platform says:

"We endorse the President's view of our international obligations and his firm stand against reservations designed to cut to pieces the vital provisions of the Versailles treaty and we commend the Democrats in congress for voting against resolutions for separate peace which would disgrace the nation. We advocate the immediate ratification of the treaty without reservations which would impair its essential integrity; but do not oppose the acceptance of any reservations making clearer

or more specific the obligations of the United States to the league associates."

And thus it is that the only thing in the way of reservations that the Democrats do not object to is "reservations making clearer or more specific the obligations of the United States to the league associates." Nothing is said or suggested about making clearer or more specific the obligations of the league associates to the United States.

And then with characteristic Democratic gall the platform states:

"During the war President Wilson exhibited the very broadest conception of liberal Americanism. In his conduct of the war, as in the general administration of his high office, there was no semblance of partisan bias."

Such brazen misstatement of the facts is comparable only to the methods employed by the Germans during the war.

And it is somewhat similar to the Democratic claims to exclusive credit for having won the war and to the claims to exclusive credit for bringing women's suffrage to the position it occupies to-day. All the world knows that the Republicans and particularly Theodore Roosevelt forced the Democrats into and through the war and all the world knows that out of the thirty-five states that have ratified the suffrage amendment twenty-nine are Republican and only six are Democratic.

And in regard to the League the platform states the vital point upon which Republicans take issue. It says:

"We reject as utterly vain, if not vicious, the Republican assumption that ratification of the treaty and membership in the League of Nations would in any wise

impair the integrity or independence of our country."

Assuming of course that this means ratification of the treaty without reservations that "alter its meaning" this statement in the platform is the one around which the battle in the political campaign will be waged. Republicans say that such a ratification *would* impair the integrity and the independence of our country. Upon this issue let the battle proceed.

Woodrow Wilson controlled the making of the treaty and the league covenant and he controlled the writing of the league plank adopted in the Democratic platform at San Francisco. How much longer shall he control? How much longer shall he prevail in our public life? Shall he continue to shape our foreign policy or shall "Mr. Wilson and his dynasty, his heirs and assigns, or anybody that is his, anybody who with bent knee has served his purposes * * * be driven from all control, from all influence upon the Government of the United States"?

Governor Cox has been nominated by the Democrats. Senator Harding has charged that President Wilson has forced upon the Governor acceptance of the league of nations issue as the paramount issue in the campaign. The Democratic Vice Presidential nominee, Mr. Roosevelt, has announced that he will make his campaign chiefly upon that issue.

Senator Harding has said "We are more than willing to make the election a national referendum on the question whether we shall have four years more of Democratic readiness to surrender this republic."

In reporting the Republican convention at Chicago a certain writer has said:

"Would this Convention have accepted Roosevelt for

President if he had been alive? Yes, gratefully, on bended knee. The most stupid reactionary has learned at last that Roosevelt was the great conservative. If doubt and fear had listened to him ten years ago, the conservative property interests of America would have been saved billions of wasted wealth and the world a major part of its recent long agony. All Roosevelt was after was the social, economic, and moral preparation of his beloved country against the class cleavage which he foresaw was about to overspread the world, and which has now nearly overspread the world."

We cannot have Roosevelt for our candidate but we do have a candidate who is for America first and we should give him our unqualified support.

Americanism and nearly all the things advocated by Theodore Roosevelt in his lifetime should be developed and carried on in our country to-day.

And aside from things political the things of the outdoor world and of outdoor life in America should not be allowed to perish and fall into decay. Our people should be educated in the things of the outdoor world. The life of Roosevelt should ever be a shining and brilliant example in the things of which I have spoken. And above all it should ever be our great example in things of character and moral principle. Theodore Roosevelt's life for thirty years or more was subject every minute of the time to the white light of publicity and no flaw and no spot has yet been revealed or discovered upon the whiteness of his moral character and the purity of his individual life. Or if it has at least it has not been made public and if it had been discovered it certainly would have been made public. He has been accused of

drunkenness, but that, it seems, has been effectually disproved. Aside from that, there is nothing that has ever been urged against the cleanliness of his private character.

So, then, let us develop the things for which Theodore Roosevelt stood,—Americanism, vigorous and true; moral character, also vigorous and true, and personal cleanliness always. These are the things that as Americans we should insist upon having. And Nature should be continued in our lives, and should be so continued as that the lives of those in the great future in America will also get the benefit of Nature and Nature's teachings. The immense population that is overflowing the world to-day makes this more and more difficult as the years are going by. As I have said, it seems that in the great future some such conditions of life as the Christian Scientists believe in must be brought about to the end that humanity may survive in the world. How can the world forever support an ever increasing and teeming population? And how can the world prevent this population from ever increasing? How can it prevent it in America from becoming some day as it is in China to-day? You say as Malthus has said, that war, pestilence and disease will prevent population from increasing to that extent, but these are the very things that we are trying to get rid of and these are the things that we must get rid of if humanity shall come into its own. And if we would deal with the problems that present themselves to-day so as to best lay the foundations for the future, we will appreciate more and more the value of the things of the soil. We will conserve more and more carefully as the days go by the products of Nature's

thousands and thousands of years of evolutionary toil. We will conserve our material resources.

In the effort to do this, Roosevelt was pre-eminent. Everywhere he asserted the power of the Federal Government to get control for the people as a whole of the products of Nature that were being usurped everywhere and destroyed by private monopoly. Everywhere for the benefit of the great future and for those who are to come in the future, he attempted to preserve and to hand on to posterity, Nature's products that without which humanity can not endure. He did this not only in a utilitarian and materialistic way, but he did it also in an idealistic way. He was the pioneer in this movement. He was the first president to take an active personal interest in Natural History and the first president that we have ever had who was an authority on the subject. That the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea and the great game and the beasts that wander in the mountains and forests might be preserved to give color and inspiration to the life of our people, he set aside parks and monuments, and took the initiative in legislation for their preservation. These things we should have in our lives more and more as the years are going by. These things should be preserved and cared for by people who understand and appreciate them as he understood and appreciated them. They should not be left to the tender mercies of those like Woodrow Wilson or of those of his type who never have lived on the soil.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN 1859 Joe Burgess and I made a trip to Oregon. We had returned from the journey on the Santa Fe Trail. We had seen John Randolph and his wife united here in Iowa. We had spent the winter at my Uncle's home, and we again set out westward across the plains. This time we went to the vicinity of Omaha, and proceeded up the Missouri River by boat and set out westward across what is now the State of South Dakota. Julia King was of course the inspiration of this journey. Salt Lake City was my objective point, and I had hoped to see her there and I did see her, but only for a brief moment. The British nobleman, Sir Robert, of whom I have told you, I also saw there, and because of my disgust, and because of my pride, and because of the rather fatalistic notion which I entertained, of which I have told you, I shook the dust of Utah from my feet and proceeded westward to the forests of Oregon.

Before telling of our sojourn in Oregon, however, I want to speak briefly of our trip up the Missouri and across the plains. We went to Council Bluffs and there boarded a river steamer that was laboriously and slowly plowing its way up the Missouri river. The water was high and boiled and swirled around the bow of our little ship. Frequently we saw buffalo floating by on the turbid current of the stream and the islands that we passed were often found to be repositories for the car-

casses of the beasts that had drowned while crossing the river and had floated down until they had lodged against the island's shores. We saw many buffalo and antelope from the boat. Occasionally also we saw Indians and we felt that the width of the river only saved us from attack. Thrilling stories were told us by the captain of Indian attacks upon the boat when the water was low and the stream narrow. Especially farther up the stream the Sioux, he said, were troublesome and he and his companions on board had been compelled to fight for their lives on more than one occasion.

Joe Burgess and I left the boat and set out alone across what is now the western part of South Dakota toward the mountains west of Ft. Laramie. Antelope thronged over these plains in incredible numbers. Prairie flowers at different places along our route bloomed in great profusion on the prairie. Sometimes we saw buffalo bulls lying in great content upon the ground apparently dreaming in the bright sunlight while gayly colored flowers grew thickly all about them. The shaggy beasts often lay down in a perfect bed of flowers.

We were camping one day within sight of the mountains. Nearly a hundred miles away they appeared dimly yet impressively in the distance. The air became cooler than it had been farther east. It was morning and the sun was just rising in the east as we rose from our blankets to prepare our breakfast. All the wide landscape was flooded with light. Joe Burgess was looking steadfastly and entirely absorbed at the mountains which loomed in the blue haze to the westward. I was watching a band of antelope which I saw a half mile or

more away on the prairie. After a long look at the mountains Joe turned toward me quickly.

"Say," he said, "when the Lord saved up this continent for the people who you say repudiated the things of the Old World, he sure saved up a good one."

"He sure did," I replied.

"It's good to be alive right here, isn't it?" I suggested.

"Well, I should say it is," replied my companion.

The breeze was blowing lightly over the high, cool prairie. The mountains in gigantic grandeur loomed silently on the western horizon. We looked long at their blue outline on the far-away landscape. They were beautiful in their repose. The years of God seemed written on their tremendous peaks. Grand, silent, awe-inspiring, they had appeared out of the western haze like sentinels of the ages, keeping watch in the long stretches of eternity.

"The Lord created a wonderful world," I suggested.

"He sure did," said Joe.

"He sure did," he continued, "when he created America and those," and he jerked his thumb toward the far distant mountains.

For days and days and weeks and weeks we traveled westward until we reached the forests of Oregon. We had been there but a short time when we pitched our camp on the shore of a mountain lake. It was cool and refreshing. The terrible heat of the deserts we had passed through seemed as a horrible dream. I listened to the waves lapping the sandy beach and heard the breeze in the fir trees. We had had a splendid supper and were wrapped snugly in our blankets. The stars twinkled overhead and their reflected light shone here

and there upon the lake. It was the most delightful region, it seemed to me, that there was upon the American continent. We had penetrated far through the immense forests and mountain chains. We had come out of the forest upon shores of lakes that we flattered ourselves had never been seen by the eye of white man before. We felt that we looked upon lakes and mountains and forests that had known no sight and heard no sound through many centuries but the sights and sounds of the wilderness in solitude. Straight and tall the big trees rose up from the shore and extended darkly over mountain solitudes mile after mile. Clean, fresh, immaculate, the whole grand panorama of forest, mountains and lakes stretched away over a vast distance. The white peaks of the widely scattered but stupendous summits that stood out from all the surrounding mountains took on added lustre and sublimity because of their solitary immensity. It was my delight to stand at sunset by the great Columbia river and watch the sun's rays fade over the dark forests while its fires still played on the snowy summits of grand sentinels to the north and south. I had seen but one land that rivaled Iowa in my estimation and this was that land. I loved those lakes, those whispering trees and those sublime mountain tops. It seemed as if I could live forever on the shores of some one of those waters; it seemed as if I would never tire of looking at the trees, the lakes and mountains.

I sank to sleep with the sound of the waves and the wind in my dreams. I slept as I had never slept before. Down into the depths of the primitive world my soul descended and drew from those depths the wine of life. I

was sleeping in the mountains of which I had dreamed when I first came to Iowa when I slept on the banks of the little stream in the woods just west of Des Moines. I had my health, I had the solitudes of Nature for my surroundings, and I was happy except for the fact that I had not yet won Julia King. I dreamed again of the splendid physical world, of Nature's masterpieces. The panorama of the Pacific Northwest was one and Julia King was another.

While crossing the Blue mountains of Oregon on our way westward we had come upon a remarkable family. A white trader had married a Umatilla squaw. They had ten children, four boys and six girls. The boys were handsome fellows, tall and strong. One of them, named Jim, I became particularly acquainted with and I had occasion later on to be profoundly thankful for his friendship. The girls were to me a new type of beauty. Their Indian lineage was scarcely perceptible, appearing only in a strange fascinating olive tint in the complexion and in long, straight hair that was black as night. They, like their brothers, were tall and handsome. Their figures were lithe and supple as the panthers's and their senses were as keenly alert. Their parents were large and of a strong and vigorous type.

We watched this remarkable family with the greatest interest during the few days which we encamped near their home. The father, among other things, raised horses and sold or traded them to the Mormons in Utah. He was a shrewd trader and a man of great practical business capacity.

To my surprise I found that the trader and one of his daughters (Verona by name) were acquainted with

Judge King. The particular daughter in question was introduced to me. She fairly took my breath. Her figure, her features, her color, all seemed faultless. I had never seen a more perfect type except in the person of Julia King. She said she knew Julia King, and I afterward learned that she knew her very well indeed and had befriended her on more than one occasion. She had warned her against the Mormons and in fact had saved her from being entrapped by some of them into a most nefarious design. A fast friendship, I afterwards learned had grown up between Miss King and this amazingly beautiful child of the forest.

And this family of which I have told you, had much to do with my quest for the hand of Julia King, and my contest with Harry Lee.

After having spent the winter in Oregon we set out eastward once more and arrived home in the fall of 1860. On the way back we stopped at Salt Lake City, but at that particular time Julia King was not at home, having gone with her father to a distant part of the territory where he was holding court. I did not wait for her return, but proceeded eastward to Iowa.

When we arrived here we heard on every hand discussion of the momentous issues of Civil War. War seemed inevitable, and I knew that I would take part in it if it came.

I was proud of the country in which I lived and believed firmly that to disrupt the union would be a great calamity to the western world. I had only one thought on the question of slavery and that was that it should not exist and that it was a disgrace to the nation. I became indignant whenever it was suggested that it should

be extended into hitherto non-slaveholding territories, and I always resolved to fight whenever the cowardly and nefarious talk of the Copperheads reached my ears.

John Randolph had said if war came that he would enlist in the cause of the Union and I had long before made up my mind very definitely that I would also.

Donald Moore had expressed himself in a similar manner, and the following year all of us entered the army to fight for the Union's cause.

The family of Julia King, I am sorry to say, at that time was divided in its allegiances. Her brothers were intense admirers of Albert Sidney Johnston and subsequently joined the Confederate army under his command.

Her father, however, took a different stand. He was strongly for the Union and believed that it should be maintained at any cost. His position in this matter governed his conduct very largely when he accepted the appointment of Federal Judge for one of the districts of Utah as he believed that the Mormons were defying the Government and opposed the Union. He considered Albert Sidney Johnston as a rebel and traitor and was disgusted and disappointed beyond measure when his three sons joined the Confederate army and went with Johnston to the South to fight for the confederate cause.

As for myself, I enlisted in the 15th Iowa Infantry, and in the spring of 1862, I found myself at Pittsburg Landing, at the battle of Shiloh, and there a very remarkable thing happened to me. I was taken prisoner at the battle of Shiloh, and one of the first men I saw of the Confederate army was a young officer whom I recognized as a brother of Julia King. When General Johnston (who immediately prior to the outbreak of the war had

commanded the department of the Pacific) left his post in the west and hastened south, the brothers of Julia King went with him. The General was killed at Shiloh and the young men lost their idol.

The young men, of course, were wrong in fighting for the Southern cause but in view of what happened during and after the war I have always been glad that they did so. I had not been long a prisoner within the Confederate ranks until the young officer of whom I have spoken, informed me that he had information of the death of his father at the hands of the Mormons. A pony express rider, he said, had brought the news to St. Joseph of the death of Federal Judge King. He then took me into his confidence and told me that if I wanted to escape from the Confederate army that he would assist me in the attempt. His sister, Julia, he said, had, according to the report, married an Englishman who had assisted her in making her escape from the Mormons after the death of her father, but he added, that he very much doubted the story. But if I wanted to attempt getting across the plains for the purpose of rendering some possible service to his sister, he said that he would see to it that I should make good my escape from the Confederate lines. It was therefore but a remarkably short time until I was free again and on my way to the first state station at the eastern edge of the great plains.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE JOURNEY across the plains was made at the time when the famous pony express was operating from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, and San Francisco, California. The history of that express is probably well known, but I shall state briefly that the equipment of the express consisted of some five hundred horses, and that there were a hundred and ninety stations between the terminations of the routes, and that some two hundred men were required to care for the stations, and that about eighty riders were employed to do the actual work of riding the horses and carrying the mail. The distance of the route covered by the express from St. Joseph to Salt Lake City was approximately twelve hundred miles, and from St. Joseph to Sacramento, was approximately two thousand miles. On the whole route the express riders have been known to make an average of two hundred and fifty miles per day, riding of course night and day through sunshine and storm, and over all kinds of roads and paths and highways. Each rider had a division of from a hundred to a hundred and forty miles, with relays of horses at distances varying from twenty to twenty-five miles and some portions of the route were covered at a speed of twenty-five miles per hour. The riders went equipped to battle to the death against the marauding Indians that infested the way, and against the white robbers and highwaymen that held them up

when opportunity afforded. William Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, was one of the famous pony express riders. Many a hair-raising exploit was told of him while he was riding over the famous trail.

The riders seldom if ever carried rifles, but only revolvers and knives and the mail that was carried was written or printed on tissue paper to reduce its weight. The accomplishment of the express riders was really a wonderful achievement. The shortest time made from New York to San Francisco up to the time of the establishment of the express had been twenty-one days. After the establishment of the express, that time was promptly reduced to ten days, the last message of President Buchanan being carried from St. Joseph to Sacramento in the remarkable time of eight days, and President Lincoln's first inaugural was carried in the still more remarkable time of seven days and seventeen hours. Of course a stage route was also at that time running over the Old Oregon Trail, and it was a stage that I began my journey in, when I started West to rescue, if possible, Julia King from the hands of the Mormons, or from Harry Lee, or from the Indians, or from whatever enemy into whose hands she might have fallen. The journey was an extremely nerve-racking and trying one.

You who have crossed the plains on transcontinental trains know not what it is to cross them in a stage coach. The landscape seems so very vast, the progress seems so very slow that the journey appears to be interminable. We heard the wolves at night, saw them frequently by day, and felt and sensed the great loneliness as our coach rattled along over the immensity of the land that stretched away apparently without end. Indians we saw

occasionally, and antelope and buffalo very frequently. The wildness of the scene constantly in view impressed itself upon me (accustomed as I was to the plains) as never before. The loneliness seemed oppressive. I had an unexplainable feeling that I could not shake off that we would be attacked. Our coach and horses and men seemed so infinitesimally small as we jolted along without a living thing in sight but wild animals which now and then came in view. North, south, east and west as far as the eye could see there was not a house, not a human being or even another stage or a wagon train to relieve the wild, barbaric appearance of the primitive landscape.

However, we were not attacked, and in due time we reached the mountains. When we arrived there I became so impatient with the seemingly slow progress of the stage that I determined to ride the pony express route myself as far as possible for the rest of the journey. It chanced that at one of the stations I came upon an express rider whom I knew and I managed to prevail upon him to let me ride his route. My anxiety and dread, I suppose, were written upon my features, for the rider, who was really a friend of mine, after hearing my story in which I told him why I had come West at that particular time, consented to allow me to take his place in riding the next relay.

The station was in the mountains and not far from the cabin which Frank Perkins and his associates had built when returning from California. But as luck would have it, I was attacked by Indians while riding the expressman's route and while I reached the next station and brought the mail through safely, I received a bullet

wound which made it necessary for me to remain at the station a few days for the purpose of recovery.

While I was at the stage station I talked with the pony express riders that stopped there. In addition to the pony express the history of the express business in the Northwest in general is a very interesting one. The gold mines were being opened in the mountains, towns were springing up and valuable mail and parcels had to be transported through the mountains for many miles. Holdups were very frequent. Stages and express messengers were held up everywhere and highwaymen became extremely bold and insolent. Aside from the carriers of the United States mail most of the riders who were entrusted with valuable packages were private carriers who worked for themselves alone. These private express and mail carriers penetrated the mountain fastnesses and operated between the mining camps and stage stations and other outlets leading toward civilization. They were often held up and robbed and those who undertook to get out of the mountains carrying their own gold were also frequently made the prey of highwaymen and road agents. As a result of these depredations of the criminal element vigilance committees were organized and the desperadoes and highwaymen were hunted down and summarily dealt with until a semblance of law and order prevailed.

While at the station I also heard much concerning the exploits of Wm. Cody or Buffalo Bill, who was at that time one of the pony express riders and whose name had even then become famous as the name of a fearless and daring man.

Also while I was there I was told something still more

interesting. It was that a white man and an Indian had stopped there a few days before. I asked eagerly which way they had been going and was informed that they had been going west. I asked many questions and in a short time I was convinced that the white man was Frank Perkins and that his companion was the Pawnee chief, whom I had come to know so well. I was overjoyed to know that they were in the mountains to the westward and I had no doubt but that they were after Harry Lee.

The days dragged by. My wound was not one that would cause permanent injury, but it was one from which it would necessarily take a good many days and even weeks to completely recover. I was impatient to be off on the trail again. What might be happening at any moment to Julia King filled me with dread and horror. Before I was completely well therefore, I saddled up and was just ready to mount and ride toward Salt Lake City again when a large, strongly built, swarthy fellow with broad shoulders and large, white teeth and black eyes rode up to the station and dismounted. His hair was black as night and straight and of a heavy texture. He was deep-chested and big-boned. He wore a high crowned felt hat with a broad rim. As he walked with a swinging stride toward the station house I recognized him as Jim, the half-breed whom we had met in the Blue mountains on our trip to Oregon. He recognized me at the same time and his white teeth gleamed as he smiled and extended his hand. He was a son of the trader who frequently made trips to the Mormon country to sell to or trade with the Mormons. He was, of course, also a brother of the half-breed girl who was the friend of Julia King. As I shook his hand I asked him why he was so

far from home and what he was doing in that particular locality. He then informed me that he was looking for his sister; that she had disappeared from Salt Lake City with the Judge's daughter soon after he had been killed by the Mormons. The mild interest I had taken in Jim, the half-breed, as he came walking up to me, was suddenly augmented to an interest that was overwhelming both to him and me. I fairly shouted my surprise and plied him with a thousand questions. Was Sir Robert or Harry Lee with the Judge's daughter? How long had she been gone from the Mormon city and in what direction had she gone? Could she keep from starving in the mountains and could she escape the attacks of wild beasts and Indians? Could she keep her directions and not get lost? And how long would it take her to reach Fort Laramie if she could manage to supply herself with the necessities of life and escape the Indians and wild beasts?

To all these questions Jim, the half-breed, at first made scarcely any reply. He smiled broadly and knowingly, and then he assured me that his sister was an Indian and that Indians never got lost in the mountains and that they seldom starved or fell victims to wild beasts or the elements.

"And you think they have come in this direction?" I asked. Jim nodded again. Just then a pony express rider came riding in from the west. He was twelve hours behind his schedule and everyone at the station crowded around him to hear what had caused his delay. A band of Mormons and Indians were in the mountains a short distance to the west, he said. He had been held up and robbed, the contents of his saddle bags had been stolen and he had been taken a prisoner to their camp. His

hearers expressed surprise that the Mormons should still harbor sufficient resentment against the government to go into the mountains to hold up and rob an express rider.

"It isn't that", quickly retorted the rider, "it isn't that. What they are after is the daughter of the Judge they killed sometime ago."

I was then told of the circumstances that led to the murder of Judge King. He had not been killed by the Mormons as I had been informed by his son at Shiloh, but had been apparently murdered by a man whose wrath he had incurred by a decision which he had handed down while holding court. And this man who had committed the murder, I afterwards found had become a great friend of Harry Lee and that together they had planned the capture of Julia King. The man's name was Sutherland, and he was a person of immense physical strength and tremendous proportions. He stood six feet and four inches in height and weighed over two hundred and forty pounds, and was a veritable giant. His temper and disposition were much in keeping with his physical appearance, which was that of a vicious and brutal man, and he had become famous throughout the territory for a record of criminality and brutality. When Judge King handed down his decision, or rather when he began to read it in court, Sutherland and his wife were both present in the court room. The decision involved the right of Sutherland and his wife to some very valuable mining property and the decision was against them and forfeited their rights to the property entirely. As the Judge proceeded with his reading Sutherland began threatening him with violence to such an ex-

tent that he had to be removed by the United States Marshal from the court room. Sutherland, of course, vowed vengeance on Judge King, and the following night the Judge was murdered in his home, having been killed by a charge of buckshot fired through the window of his dwelling. Enormous tracks were found in the loose soil about the Judge's home in the morning, and all the circumstances of the case pointed to the fact that the deed had been committed by Sutherland.

One very strange feature of the case, however, which no one at the time could understand was that Mrs. Sutherland on the following day was found murdered in her home with her throat cut from ear to ear.

After hearing these things related to me I was of course greatly depressed. But I had not yet heard the complete story. The express rider then went on to say that the Judge's daughter had escaped from the Mormons in company with an English Nobleman whom she had married and that the Englishman had paid with his life for rescuing and marrying the girl and that in his opinion the very man and his accomplice who had murdered the Judge, then had the Judge's daughter in their possession in the mountains.

"Why do you think that?" I asked.

"Because I have seen the Englishman's outfit only a little way west of here along the trail, plundered, and despoiled and the Englishman, himself, lying dead by the side of the creek that runs at the side of the trail. I was myself, held up and robbed by Sutherland and Lee and spent one night at their camp, and I saw the horses that they had taken from the plundered outfit and some of the bedding and clothing. And if Sutherland and Lee

aren't the fellows who killed Judge King then I am badly mistaken," said the express rider.

"Did you see Miss King?" I asked.

"No", said my informant, "she was not there and Lee did not spend the night there, but I have seen the body of the Englishman and some female apparel scattered about where the robbery and murder was committed and I considered that sufficient evidence to prove what I have told you."

"I suppose Lee had the girl at some other camp he had made farther back from the trail," he said as he rose and left me staring after him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEXT day Jim and I mounted our horses and rode to the place of which I had been told by the express rider. There we found evidence of a crime that was most revolting and that sent my spirits to the lowest ebb. There seemed no doubt of the truth of my informant's statements. We found a dead body lying partly in and partly out of the stream. It was, however, in such a state of decomposition that I was unable to satisfy myself that it was the body of the Englishman. It was apparently the body of some one very near his height and weight, but further than that I could not tell definitely as to its identity. That the wagon and contents had belonged to him and Julia King, however, I could not doubt. I saw articles of clothing and other things scattered about that I knew had been the property of Sir Robert, and I saw things in the wagon that I recognized as having once been the belongings of Julia King. I sat down upon a rock by the side of the little stream weak and faint and gave way to the most depressing and overcoming emotions. How long I sat thus, I do not know, but as I began to gather my faculties and energy preparatory to getting up and mounting my horse I noticed something lying at the bottom of the stream and near the middle of the creek bed. I saw it distinctly through the clear water. It was a small trunk. I waded in and pulled it out of the water. I opened it and the first thing I saw was a

dress which Julia King had worn the last time I saw her. With trembling hands I examined the different articles that I found. At the bottom of the trunk I came upon an old daguerreotype of Nellie King like one I had seen in my Uncle's home in Iowa. I sat down again sick at heart. What a terrible fate had befallen Julia King. I looked around me and saw further evidence of the barbarity of those into whose hands she had fallen. I saw a mattress with a large blood spot in the middle, and as I looked around I found an axe with blood on it and with human hair and a piece of scalp sticking in the dried blood. Truly Sir Robert had been foully murdered, and—but I would not let myself think of what had befallen Julia King. And could it be true that she had married Sir Robert? The evidence was indisputable that she had. All my life now seemed a worthless, aimless thing. A thing destined to go on without purpose and without hope. The light of my life had gone out. Scarcely knowing what I did I mounted my horse and Jim and I rode back to the station. That night I covered my head with my blankets and wished that I might die, but when morning came I saw how base I had been and realized that it was my duty to rescue Julia King from the infamous Lee, no matter if she had married Sir Robert and no matter if she had forgotten me.

Jim, however, insisted that the express rider's story about Miss King coming east with Sir Robert could not be true. In spite of all the evidence we had seen by the trail he steadfastly insisted that the object of our search had not left Utah in the Englishman's company.

I recalled what the express rider had said about the death of Mrs. Sutherland, and as I spoke of it to my com-

panion he at once said the deed had been done by the Umatilla girl.

Possibly after all Jim's contentions were true. As I talked with him more and questioned him further he told me that Sutherland had killed his father and that that was an additional reason, or indeed, the principal reason for the revenge taken upon Mrs. Sutherland. He said Sutherland and his father had had an altercation some time before and that as a result thereof Sutherland had shot his father in a cowardly manner from ambush when his victim had no knowledge of his presence in the vicinity and no opportunity to defend himself.

Jim and I discussed for some time what was best for us to do. We decided to remain in that vicinity. If Jim's belief were true that Julia King and Verona were traveling together and that neither of them had left Salt Lake City with Sir Robert, then the probabilities were that they were safe and on their way to Ft. Laramie. If it were not true then it was our duty to stay where the robber band was staying and to ascertain if possible whether the object of our search was within their power.

Accordingly my friend and I began a systematic search of the surrounding mountains in an endeavor to find Sutherland and Lee and their associates.

Jim informed me that there was quite a large band of them and that some Indians were also apparently with them. He saw signs of them that indicated their association with the white outlaws. Apparently Lee had gathered together a dozen or more desperadoes and several Indians for the purpose of holding up and robbing express riders and stages and gold miners.

One night as we sat in the deep shadows of the trees

after we had followed a trail nearly all day through the mountains, we suddenly saw a light flicker up across the valley on the opposite mountain-side. Jim caught my arm and pointed as the light shown out in the pitchy darkness. As we looked we saw that the light shone through the door of a building. Jim said it was a little hut or cabin on the mountain-side. While we were intently watching we saw the figure of a man pass between the light and the door. Then again we saw another figure and still another momentarily obstruct our view of the light as the occupants of the little structure passed between the light and the door.

As I looked, the thought that Julia King might be held a prisoner in the building came over me. I grasped my rifle and strode toward the light which we had been so intently watching. I had gone but a little way when Jim overtook me and laid a restraining hand upon my arm. After a moment's heated discussion he persuaded me to remain where I was while he should approach the log house and ascertain if possible whether or not Julia King was held a prisoner there.

For a period of time that seemed to me an age Jim reconnoitered the building. At length he returned and informed me that Miss King was not there. He had passed clear around the building, he said, and had looked in at the open door and through the cracks in the walls and he had seen no sign of her and he was sure she was not there.

He said there were six men in the house and as he watched them they began playing cards. They sat around a block or piece of a log upon which they placed the cards.

“Was Harry Lee there?” I asked impulsively.

But as Jim did not know Harry Lee he could not answer, but he said there was no one there who answered my description of Lee. This was undoubtedly a part of Lee’s gang, nevertheless, and if Julia King was in Lee’s power I felt sure they would know it and with the intention of finding out if she had been captured by him and if so where she might be I again jumped to my feet and strode toward the building. Jim again laid a restraining hand upon my arm but this time I would not be stopped and I made my way straight to the door of the log house. The men inside were talking and swearing at their game. I stepped lightly to the door and drawing my revolver rapped loudly on the logs. The talking and swearing instantly ceased and a deathly stillness pervaded the room. Then slowly one of the men rose from where he was sitting and with drawn revolver walked slowly to the door. When he came up to me I made no effort at resistance and as he ordered me to throw up my hands I at once complied. I was slowly admitted to the circle of thugs, deadbeats and desperadoes. They were a hard lot. I shall never forget the scowling countenances that confronted me. I was disarmed and all my weapons were appropriated by the man who had admitted me to the circle.

For an hour or more I sat in the log house with those rascals, endeavoring to find out if they knew anything of the whereabouts of Julia King. I pretended to be an outlaw myself and a fugitive from justice and felt for a while that my deception was successful, but I obtained no direct information concerning the object of my search. I suggested that I join their gang and was doing very well

with the idea when the door opened and Sutherland and Harry Lee walked in. The look of consternation Lee gave me was soon succeeded by one of great glee. His wicked, cynical, evil smile wreathed his countenance. Sutherland looked from Lee to me and from me to Lee again. I confess I shuddered when his immense frame, topped by as savage and cruel a face as I have ever seen, confronted me. I edged slowly toward the door and was upon the point of dashing out when Lee quickly stepped in front of me and placed a six shooter almost in my face. He looked at me smilingly and wickedly and was opening his mouth to speak when a slight sound attracted his attention and he turned toward the door and found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver while another waved ominously from one member of the gang to another. I looked in the direction of the sound as Lee had done and saw my good friend Jim with set jaw and blazing eye covering the whole cutthroat gang with his guns. I slipped past Lee, taking his gun from his hand and another from his belt as I passed. I then added my newly acquired weapons to Jim's covering action and together we backed out of the door.

As we disappeared in the darkness the whole bandit crew rushed after us firing as they ran. Their bullets did no damage, however, and they soon desisted from the attack as a few shots from us in return seemed to be more effective than those fired at us, though we did not know whether any of the band had actually been hit.

We speculated a great deal upon the discovery that we had made or rather upon the discovery that we had failed to make. We now knew that Sutherland and Lee were at the head of a band of outlaws in that immediate

vicinity and we had no doubt that they were there primarily for the purpose of making a captive of Julia King, but where Julia King might be and what the chances were of our finding her we did not know.

I then told my companion of the log house which had been built by Frank Perkins and his associates on their return from the Pacific coast a few years before. It chanced to be but a mile or so westward from where we happened to be at that time. I told him of its situation on the plateau above the canyon through which flowed the mountain stream. He was much interested as I described the house and its location and expressed it as his opinion that it was important that we go there as soon as possible. The objects of our search might be there using the little building as a refuge from which to hold off their adversaries.

We therefore started at once for the cabin. The moon was high in the heavens as we threaded our way through the labyrinth of trees and it was shining brightly as we neared the clearing on the plateau. As we arrived there, however, we discovered that our enemies had arrived there before us. Evidently they had set out at once for the cabin after we had made good our escape from the little building which constituted their rendezvous, while we had delayed while discussing what might be best to do.

I shall not forget the strange, weird sensations that came over me as we approached the open space in front of the log house. The moon was flooding the little clearing with light, while on every side the trees and shadows loomed up in inky blackness. Down in the canyon the

little stream was brawling over the rocks and the sound of the water came to our ears as we stole silently among the trees. We had proceeded but a little way when we heard a twig snap telling us plainly of the presence of at least one of the outlaw band. We crouched down and listened and while we waited to see what would happen the sound of voices came distinctly to our ears. I listened intently and clearly distinguished the voice of Harry Lee, and then I heard the voice of Julia King calmly and dispassionately tell Harry Lee that if he came a step nearer that she would step over the precipice and fall to the stream below.

The words made my flesh creep and my blood boil. I stepped quickly forward and to one side to a point where I could see the figures of Harry Lee and Julia King sharply outlined in the moonlight. I saw my own Julia King, beautiful and stately, in the pale light of the moon standing on the very brink of the chasm that yawned in empty space 300 feet to the rocks below. And I saw the infamous Lee taking advantage of her lack of protection in the lonely mountains standing facing her and talking to her in his smooth oily way. He was arguing with her and flattering her and trying to entice her into believing that he meant her no harm. He was smiling and talking in his blandest manner, but the queenly Julia held her head high and gazed upon him with contempt and disdain. My heart pounded and thumped in my breast and I felt my whole being swell with pride as I saw her ignore his flattery and his fair promises. She looked upon him as though he were beneath contempt. But as I looked he was slowly bending toward her and slowly lifting his foot to take another step and the splendid girl

was slowly lifting her moccasined foot to take another step toward the edge of the canyon wall. I was lifting my rifle and was taking careful aim and was just on the point of pressing the trigger when a shot suddenly rang out in my rear with a noise that woke the echoes of the moonlit mountains far and near and the faithful Jim fell dead at my side. A bullet had struck him in the back of the head and the fine fellow fell without a quiver.

The shot momentarily disconcerted me and I missed Harry Lee, but I dropped my rifle and was upon him in a flash. He whirled and shot at me as I rushed from among the trees but his aim was no better than mine and he missed me as I had missed him. The moonlight and the shadows evidently caused him to miss his mark as I rushed headlong upon him. In the twinkling of an eye I had him in my grasp. I saw his evil, wicked eyes looking at me as he looked at me in Adel where I encountered him six years before, and I saw that he welcomed the chance of a struggle with me as he did then. But a surprise was in store for Harry Lee. I was an entirely different opponent from the one he met in Adel on that spring day when I had first come to Iowa. Six years on the prairie and in the mountains had done wonders for me. I had been made anew, and Harry Lee soon found it out. Up and down the clearing, across and back, we struggled and toiled. Julia King, I knew, was looking on. I felt the inspiration of her presence and I recalled how she had witnessed my ignominious defeat upon the street of the little town six years before. I was a different man from what I had been then, but had I not been, the sight which I had just witnessed and the knowledge of the presence of the lady of my heart would

have given me the strength of a mad man. I crushed Harry Lee to the ground and my fingers gripped his throat. A fiendish glee filled my long-harried soul. I would hear the death gasp of the man who was in my power and I would kill him with my hands. I would choke him until the breath of life was nearly gone and I would then throw him over the precipice to the fate which he had so nearly brought upon Julia King. But as I held him completely within my power and as the struggle ceased bullets whistled past my head and I was compelled to dash quickly to cover while Harry Lee sought the protection of his friends. Under the trees in the deep shadows I found Julia King. A low whistle told me where she was and in a moment I was at her side. To speak of my love for her would be to speak of the infinite. It would be to speak of the boundlessness of space and of time and eternity. It would be to tell of the undying light of the heavens and the pure, sweet glory of the stars. For a moment I was oblivious of all danger but it was for a moment only. I felt a hand upon my arm and I looked suddenly into the dark but finely chiseled countenance of Verona, the Umatilla girl.

I then hurriedly enquired of the events that had transpired which had caused Miss King to be forced to the brink of the precipice and which had at that moment brought the Indian girl to our sides. I was informed that Lee and Sutherland and their gang had broken in the door of the log house in which they had taken refuge and that as they attempted to enter that the Umatilla girl had killed two of the gang. That in attempting to escape Miss King had been caught and disarmed by Lee, but that she had broken away from him in the struggle

and had gone to the precipice to end her life rather than to fall into his control. The Indian girl had escaped but had been forced to go in a different direction. Sutherland and a part of the gang had pursued her but she soon eluded them in the forest on the mountain-side and had returned to find Miss King. Her pursuers were at that moment, she said, seeking her among the trees.

The death of Jim cast a cloud upon what would have been a most delightful moment. It was the only thing that tempered our otherwise boundless joy. The Indian girl urged us with all the power of her persuasive ability to go, on account of the dangers that surrounded us, but upon no account could she be prevailed upon to accompany us. She would remain and get revenge for the death of Jim.

Accordingly as the moon was going down and as that dark hour that precedes the dawn enveloped the mountains Julia King and I stole down the mountain-side toward the trail that led to the station. We had little fear of the white rascals that formed a part of the gang of Lee and Sutherland for we felt that we could successfully elude them, but we feared greatly the Indians who were with the gang, for we felt that our knowledge of woodcraft and our ability to keep concealed would not be sufficient to keep us from being discovered by those keen-eyed savages to whom the mountains and the forests were an open book.

And in this we were not mistaken, for we suddenly encountered a huge savage who appeared to rise like an apparition from the very ground itself, to dispute our passage of the path along which we were traveling.

And here again a very remarkable coincidence enters

into my story, for it turned out that this immense savage was none other than the Sioux warrior whom I had befriended on the prairies of Iowa six years before. He was one of the six savages whom I had found ill with smallpox on the prairies northwest of Adel, and to whom I had given the friendly aid that had apparently enabled the particular savage of whom I am speaking, to recover from the disease. I suppose the fact is I had saved his life, and like an Indian, he had never forgotten it.

I would not attempt to say that any Supreme power had guided his footsteps to that particular spot in the mountains at that particular time, but it is one of the unusual things that cause one to inquire whether the Supreme Being enters into the affairs of humankind. Of course as to this question I have said many times that I do not know, and I have no disposition to change my answer. But in any event the savage attacked me and would have made short work of me but for the fact that at the very instant when I was in the greatest peril, the moonlight fell full upon my face and the savage recognized me. What followed of course is like the things that we read in the story books. The savage instantly changed from an antagonist to the most devoted friend. The change of course at the time was inexplicable to Julia King, and she could scarcely believe her senses as she saw the savage suddenly refrain from his attack upon me and suddenly do his utmost to be friendly to me. The gaping astonishment of the savage, when he first recognized me, was a ludicrous thing to see, but it was nevertheless a most welcome thing to me, for otherwise my scalp would have been in another instant dangling at his belt, and Julia King would either have shared the same

fate, or would have been carried into captivity. But as it turned out, the savage not only refrained from finishing as he had begun, but also did his utmost to save us from falling into the hands of others of his tribe. He conducted us safely down the mountain and after having had us wade up the stream for several hundred yards, directed our steps up the opposite mountain-side. He waved his hand in the direction of the opposite mountain across the stream and gave us to understand that it would be well for us to go there and keep in hiding for several days.

We carried out his directions at once, making every effort to conceal our tracks as we went.

We spent the remainder of the day and all the next night high up on the mountain-side. Julia King there informed me that when she and her companion first discovered that the Mormons and Indians were on their trail, that they had taken refuge in the cabin. Verona, she said, had discovered the trail of a trapper in the mountains and that they had followed the trail to the cabin. Evidently the cabin was the trapper's home as it contained a few rude cooking utensils and the fireplace showed evidence of recent use. The door was open, but no one was about. She said they had stood off their pursuers for two days and were unable to hold out any longer and had been forced from the building only a few moments before Jim and I arrived.

When evening came and darkness began to settle down I made a bed of spruce boughs for Julia King. Under a big tree whose branches hung low and extended far from the trunk, I made her sweet-scented couch. When we had watched the moon rise over the mountains,

I conducted her to it and bade her good-night as my lovely queen.

She also told me in great disgust, that she had not left the Mormon City in the company of Sir Robert, or in company of any one else other than the Umatilla girl. I told her of what Jim and I had seen at the mountain stream where the wagon had been wrecked and where I had found her trunk and some of her wearing apparel under the water. She said that undoubtedly Sir Robert and a companion of his had, when they themselves left the Mormon country after the murder of Judge King, attempted to befriend her by taking her personal effects with them. They knew that she had disappeared without taking any of her things with her, and they thought perhaps they would do her a favor by taking them eastward for her.

And she told me with equal disgust that she never in her life had entertained the slightest affection for Harry Lee. This of course was reassuring to me, though I had many times suspected that it was true. Lee, of course, was ever a danger and a menace to her, but so far as her ever entertaining any affection toward him was concerned, the matter was out of the question.

She told me that while she feared him greatly, and never knew when she might encounter him that during much of the time while she was in Utah that Lee had not been there at all but had been in California and Nevada prospecting for gold.

The thoughts that went through my mind there on the mountain-side would be hard to describe, but it seemed that the hour of victory had come.

And it was there on that mountain-side that I thought

of the things of which I have heretofore told you. It was there that I thought of the past and of the labor and of the toil that had gone before, and that had preceded the victory.

I have said that as I sat on the mountain-side that my mind seemed to go up to the very Heavens and seemed to be limited only by space itself, and that is true.

My emotions flamed and burned. Sleep was out of the question. I could not have become calm even had I desired, much less could I have slept while guarding Julia King. She lay on a bed of evergreen boughs and slept serenely and beautifully while I kept watch in the silent night.

For me there was no rest, no cessation of the great passions and emotions that glowed in my heart and soul. As the aurora borealis at night glows softly and beautifully in the northern sky and then flings its streaming banners aloft toward the zenith with now gorgeous and now unearthly light, so my thoughts and emotions burned evenly and steadily for a time and then burst forth as it seemed to the very limit of the vault of heaven.

Julia King was mine. She was my very own. She had promised to become my bride and the thought of her in her beauty and loveliness as she slumbered in my keeping on the mountain-side sent my thoughts outward and upward to the very stars and seemingly to the limits of eternity. In the great silence of the night and in Nature's tremendous environment I contemplated the starry heavens while the sweet love of Julia King flooded my soul. She lay asleep under the dark pine trees and I like knight-errant of old, guarded her as a prince would guard a princess.

Across the valley on a plateau of the opposite mountain-side skulked Harry Lee. In the morning I would seek him out. I would kill him, I would have my revenge. And thus my emotions rose and fell and ebbed and flowed. From the sweet influence of love to that of revenge and hate my thoughts changed and rechanged in rapid succession.

Out of the shadows of the trees there seemed to come trooping like hobgoblins and sprites and ghouls the things of the past that had made me in turn a convict, an outcast, and in a certain sense a slave. I thought of them all and the pent-up fires of hate and the burning indignation at injustice flamed and glowed. I thought of the long years of wandering and the long years of defeat and disgrace and failure. I thought of the dreadful apprehension that fairly ate out my soul when during all that time I thought of the possible marriage of Julia King to some other person than myself. I thought of the great wrong and injustice that had so struck at my life at the very outset of my career. I thought how many times in the past it had seemed as if there were no justice. But as I sat and looked up at the stars it seemed that justice had come.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT a wonderful thing love is, I thought, as I sat there on the mountain-side. I contemplated my life and Julia King's. I felt that it had been fore-ordained from the beginning that she and I should find each other in this world and that we should go out of it together, and should be together throughout eternity. I knew the first time I ever saw her that in my heart she was mine and that I could be happy with no other. I knew, that, should she, by some dispensation of fate, become the bride of another, that my heart would die within me and that like a stricken dog I would seek the seclusion of solitude and that no consolation could ever come for the loss. I knew that the American continent was nothing, so far as space was concerned, as between me and her. I knew that the entire world was not, and I felt that even centuries in the flight of time would equally be as nothing as compared to the fixed love that she and I should bear for one another.

Then I thought of the bitter experiences I had been through since I had first met her, the disappointments, the dreadful apprehensions and the miserable humiliations. As I recalled these things I thought of Shakespeare's lines—

“Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

And then as I contemplated the twinkling stars it came to me that there was a yet higher love than even this of which Shakespeare had written. I recalled the words of Paul:

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Would not this love some day envelope the world? Would it not raise the weak to their rightful heritage? Had it not, indeed, raised me to the glory that then was mine? Was it physical strength, after all, or was it love that had won for me? And if it was strength, was it not love that had given me strength? And would not this love some day do away with injustice and sorrow and heartache? Would it not reveal the majesty of the spirit and prove its superiority over all material things? Would not these great American mountains and the stars that burned above them—would not these emblems of eternity

some day reveal the truth—the perfect love of Him that is everlasting?

Would not this love indeed bring humanity into its own? But then it was that I thought of the things of which I have told you. Then it was that I renounced once for all the idea that we can assume that the Supreme Being is entering into the affairs of man. As I have said, I have not renounced the idea that He may so enter in, but what I mean to say is that I have renounced the idea that we should to any extent relax our own efforts to work out our own salvation, and I have renounced the idea that we should do anything except to rely upon our own efforts. Of course I have said that I believe in both the things of the spirit and things material, and this implies that I believe both in the Supreme Being and in Humanity. I have spoken of it as a sort of partnership. And while of course it is the things of the spirit toward which we are tending, or at least this is true as I believe, yet here again is apparent the fact that we must take our own part and that we must deal primarily with things material.

I have spoken of the days of betrothal which I enjoyed in Iowa after the winning of Julia King. But does any one believe that those days of betrothal could have been so enjoyed had Julia King not been superb in physique and in health and in the vigor of life? And does any one believe that it could have been so enjoyed had I not been in the same condition? Does any one believe that it could have been so enjoyed had she been merely a beautiful spirit in a body of pain? Does any one believe that life would have been best expressed in that condition? Or that it was ever intended by the

Creator that it should be so expressed?,

And again there on the mountain-side I thought of the nature of love. It extended, as I have said, according to my belief, beyond the confines of the continent, and even into the realms of space itself, but yet here on earth how was the body to divorce it from the beautiful temple of its earthly abode, or from the health and vigor of life in which it at that time resided? The two of course go hand in hand, and it is not possible to-day to abandon the physical and the material as the Christian Scientists would abandon them, and I have extended this thought to national affairs believing that there is an analogy between the affairs of individuals and the affairs of nations. Indeed how potent is the physical, material world as we know it to-day! Not only in the matter of physical health and in the matter of physical ills and physical limitations, but how very potent and how very vital in the very perpetuation of the race itself! Few indeed, stop to think of the nature of love, of how, while it is an intangible, immaterial thing that it is also based upon the most primitive expression of human life. It is based on sex and on the physical expression of it in a way that few people stop to realize. It comes up out of the primitive, primeval world and surges on through the race of human beings in modern times in exactly the same way that it has since creation dawned. In this at least there has been no change, even in the slightest degree, from the time when the first human being was born.

And thus it is that I speak of the combination of the physical and the material with the spiritual and the immaterial; of how the two go hand in hand, and of how they guide our destiny as individuals and as nations.

Thus it is that I quote Roosevelt and hold him up as the high ideal of American purposes and American life. In him as in no other there has been the combination of the physical and the mental and also the physical and the spiritual, and expressed as it could not be better expressed in the article which I have quoted and which is entitled **THE GREAT ADVENTURE**. This is the world we live in to-day, and these are the things that we have to deal with. We could do no better as Americans to-day than to emulate Roosevelt and to carry out the policy that he inaugurated, and to fulfill the ideals that were his.

But to go on with my story and my contest with Harry Lee and my winning of the hand of Julia King.

As we sat on the mountain-side, my love of the outdoor world seemed vindicated. My soul went up to the very stars in thanksgiving while the thought of triumph and of peace and of the love of Julia King enthralled my senses. I sat at the foot of a great tree until the approach of dawn. I watched the stars fade and the moon sink from sight behind a distant mountain. But as the first signs of day appeared, I must have closed my eyes in slumber, for I awoke to find Julia King standing over me and smiling down upon me. My humiliation at finding that I had gone to sleep was great, but was soon forgotten in the joy of my new companionship. I saw the sun rise over the mountain tops in the full glory of a new day and saw its rays lighting the countenance of Julia King. She was as beautiful as I had ever seen her. The outdoor air had given a ruddier glow to her complexion than I had ever seen before, but aside from that, I saw little change in her appearance. She had traveled far in the mountains, but the Indian girl had been a skillful

mountaineer and had provided food in abundance and shelter at night from the cold, and Julia King was none the worse for the journey. A sad and subdued look had come into her eye on account of the death of her father, but her figure, though a little thinner than usual, was practically the same and her beauty was unimpaired. She was clad from head to foot in buckskin and looked like a true maid of the forest and mountains.

Marriage affords the supremest happiness in the world, and to woo and win is the threshold to earth's greatest joy. Strong and beautiful was Julia King, and strong and impetuous was I, and she had waited and I had striven for ten long years for that great joy that was ours that morning.

How surpassingly beautiful to attain it after all those years! You who have waited long, you who have seen injustice triumph and wrong rule with an iron hand know the quality of the rejoicing that was mine that day. You who have suffered, you who have dedicated your life to a cause and who, after much tribulation and humiliation, have seen that cause triumph, know the ardor of my rejoicing. I say you who have dedicated your life to a cause, for in addition to dedicating my life to the proposition of winning Julia King, I had also dedicated it to the cause of those great truths revealed to humankind through the medium of the outdoor world in the realm of Nature. I had dedicated my life to winning Julia King and to winning her without sacrificing my ideals. I spoke of these truths and Nature's part in our lives to Julia King. I told her I cared more for such things than for business, or for wealth, or for distinction or fame. "You know I do care more for them than for any

of those things," I continued, "for I have forsaken all society for six years to be in touch with them. I left society and you," I continued, "and I left you with those I loathed. I left you with those for whom I have nothing but contempt, with those to whom business and money making are life; with those to whom life is a matter of dollars and cents. I could have been one of them, though never a very successful one from their point of view, but I chose rather to risk all, even all my great love for you, rather than cast my lot with them and become one of them. Rather than become one of the drops in that great ocean of sordid money gatherers, I fled to the plains and the mountains to find my soul. And I have found it and wonderful to tell, I have also found you, and I have come to you in health and strength and in the grand vigor of youth rather than weak and wretched as the result of a makeshift life in seeking the things that only money brings."

"Strange," said Julia King, "that I should have come into the wilderness too, and that you should have found me here and here sought my hand."

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," I replied.

"Do you believe we were brought together here by the invisible hand of Him who rules the world?" asked Julia King.

"I do not know," I replied, "but at least I have wondered if it might not be true."

I then told her Nature was my everlasting friend, my first love and the only rival for her affections. I pointed at the great mountain range and as we looked at the

blue peaks far away in the misty distance I told her that I loved them as I could love no living creature, for I believed that in loving them I was loving God. And as we looked at the sublime scene extending away in silent majesty mile after mile we became silent and gazed in awe at the wonderful expression of God's mighty and eternal power. And as we looked, a great peace came over my soul, a peace that I had never known before in all my life. It was the peace of victory, of triumph, of righteousness, of love. It was the peace of justice, and when I have said that it was the peace of justice, I have spoken of the only peace I know, for to my mind there is no other.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TOWARD noon we moved away from our position somewhat so as to gain a more commanding view of the grand scenes that extended away before us. We sat down upon a rock that projected out a little from the mountain-side and from which we could get an unobstructed view of the plateau across the canyon where the log house was situated. We looked across the great abyss and down upon the clearing as upon a stage, and indeed a stage it turned out to be for as we watched a tragedy was enacted there that has impressed itself forever upon my mind. The sound of rifle shots attracted our attention, and Miss King gripped my arm and pointed as little puffs of smoke rose from among the bushes where the shots had been fired.

"Verona" we both exclaimed simultaneously. We had almost forgotten her in our obliviousness to all things but ourselves and the blessed security and solitude of the mountain-side. Evidently she was being attacked in the cabin as she and Julia King had been attacked before. But in this we were mistaken for in another moment we saw her burst into the clearing closely pursued by half a dozen men. We saw her kill one of them with her knife and then we saw her disarmed and Sutherland's huge bulk loom among the others and assume control of the situation. He waived the others

away and began threatening and intimidating the girl in the most insolent and insulting way. She backed away from him and he followed her as she kept stepping nearer the edge of the precipice. It became apparent to me that Sutherland was questioning her in regard to Julia King. He was undoubtedly trying to find out from her where Miss King could be found. Harry Lee now appeared on the scene and his appearance lent credence to that view of the matter. He approached and added the effect of his presence to the bullying actions of Sutherland. But as the three came in dangerous proximity to the edge of the cliff there issued from the bushes at their sides a flash of humanity having the appearance of a painted demon. In the twinkling of an eye it had sunk its knife in the breast of Sutherland and with a tremendous effort had pushed him over the precipice. With a cry that I shall never forget Sutherland plunged into the yawning abyss. The sound of it even yet makes my flesh creep. His hair and clothing streamed upward in the wind and we saw him turn over and over as he fell to the rocks below. We saw him all the way down and saw his body lying beside the stream.

Julia King was very white as she looked down upon the man who had killed her father. As she looked up for an instant she gripped my arm once more and pointed and I looked up in time to see Harry Lee fleeing for his life from the same image of ferocity that had brought destruction to Sutherland. It was the Pawnee chief and I knew that Frank Perkins must not be far away. Miss King fairly trembled with delight as she became aware that my uncle and the chief were on the plateau and we set out at once to join them.

For a long time we toiled down the mountain and across the stream and up the other side. When we reached the clearing the battle began again. Frank Perkins received a knife wound in the breast that proved quite serious, and when coming to his rescue I was knocked senseless by a blow on the head with a gun barrel.

I then was dimly conscious of the approach of a half dozen or more yelling desperadoes and of being dragged into the house. I had been there but a moment when I became also conscious of the dragging in of someone else and as my senses reeled and whirled it was impressed faintly on my mind that this other person who now lay on the floor at my side was Julia King. The thought had scarcely impressed itself upon my mind, however, until I became also conscious of the fact that she was dragged out again. I then lost consciousness entirely and knew nothing more until morning of the following day. As I woke and attempted to get up a heavy dull pain in my head forced me to lie down again and I felt the clotted blood in my hair when I put my hand to my head. I lay down upon the floor again and looked about me. Almost the first object that met my gaze was Harry Lee as he came out of the adjoining room. The situation flashed through my mind. I looked at the man I loathed in horror. I saw his oily, placid smile and the satisfied look upon his face. I became faint and sick. The room and the objects about me swam in my dizzy senses. I could not talk. I was speechless. A slight movement in the room from which he had come caught my ear. It was then true. Julia, my Julia was in that room. I recalled how I was con-

scious of her being dragged to my side and then dragged away again. I was struggling weakly to rise as the vile Lee smiled down upon me when the door opened and in a moment the room was filled with his companions. I was kicked and cuffed and reviled by the ruffians while Harry Lee stood with his back to the door of the room from which he had come. As the boisterous talk and loud swearing momentarily subsided a groan sounded from the other room and on the instant a loud burst of yells and cheers burst from the throats of the vagabonds.

Lee moved to another part of the room and I was wondering what would happen next when the door of the cabin burst open and in the twinkling of an eye pandemonium reigned supreme. The room was filled with the crash of revolver shots and smoke was rapidly filling the air. From the door of the room from which Harry Lee had come a battery seemed to have opened fire. A body fell across my helpless figure with a thud like that of a butchered steer. A wild scramble to get out of the house was made, but with little success. One burly ruffian fell dead in the doorway and another fell on top of him. The floor seemed strewn with dead. One desperado, however, managed to escape through the door, from which he fled to the woods in terror. Then only one of the band remained. A moment's silence succeeded the roar of revolver shots. Then a voice low and extremely impressive said, "Throw up your hands." I glanced toward the one remaining figure. It was Harry Lee. To my consternation I saw his hands go slowly above his head. Then there stepped from the door of the room from which the shots had emanated, a

beautiful female figure clad in buckskin and moccasins. It was Verona, the Umatilla girl. Her dark eyes were ablaze, the ornaments in her hair and about her person accentuated the beauty of her color and her features. She was lithe and strong as a panther as she stepped silently from the door with smoking revolver in her hand which she leveled at the head of Harry Lee. Her tall and stately figure made a beautiful and impressive sight as she moved slowly and silently toward the man, who, with ashen face held his hands above his head. She removed his revolvers from their holsters and dropped them on the floor.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," said I, "leave Harry Lee to me."

I then dragged myself into the room I had so dreaded to enter and concerning which I had so feared to even think of what I might behold there. Imagine my surprise when, as I passed through the door my eyes fell upon the figure of Frank Perkins lying prone upon the floor. No one else was in the room and as my eyes bulged from my head and as I gradually realized that the thing I feared had not happened I felt a load go off my mind that made me happy beyond the power of words to describe. But where was Julia King? I looked enquiringly at the Indian girl. Divining my thoughts she dropped her revolver and drawing her knife from her belt flew like a demon at Harry Lee. The struggle was brief and in a moment more the infamous Lee lay on the floor with the Umatilla girl's knife in his heart. She disappeared on the instant and in a moment returned with Julia King and the Pawnee chief at her side. Miss King was sound and well and entirely unharmed. I

looked my amazement and my relief as it was related to me that it was the chief who had dragged Miss King from my side as I lay in a semi-conscious condition on the floor of the house. It was he who foresaw at once what might happen if she were not quickly rescued and it was he who took her from the house and hid her as only an Indian could from the eyes of the murderous and infamous ones who sought her soul. All night long he had kept unceasing vigil at her side. All night long he had endured the cold while his blanket kept from freezing the girl I adored. As we gazed speechless at the beautiful Julia and the no less striking and handsome Indian girl and at the finely chiseled figure of the chief, Julia King, with eyes filled with tears, took the dark, heavy hand of the chief in both her own and kissed it as she knelt at his side.

That day Miss King informed me that she had seen me dragged into the log house just after I was struck on the head with the gun barrel. A moment after she was discovered and caught and dragged in also, but she had no sooner been dragged in than she was dragged out again. My uncle had also been taken into the little building. Harry Lee had pulled him into the adjoining room and it was while he was in that room that a pair of arms with sinews of iron encircled Miss King, bore her aloft and carried her almost before she knew it into the depths of the forest. A shot or two rang out and bullets whistled over her and for hours the woods were searched by her pursuers but she and her rescuer were not found and had they been it would have but meant death to the pursuers. She was almost out of sight of the cabin before she recognized the owner of the strong arms that had

carried her from the clutches of Harry Lee. It was my uncle's friend, the chief. She felt dimly that he meant her no harm but it was not until he had put her down upon a bed of spruce boughs and underneath the dark branches of the trees that grew within a foot of the ground that she began to realize that he was her deliverer. He produced a blanket from somewhere among the trees and gave it to her and though the night was very cold he refused to keep the blanket for himself. Though she did not sleep she was entirely comfortable and all night she lay undisturbed under the evergreen boughs while her dusky protector with shining eyes pierced the gloom in search of would-be capturers. When Verona stormed the log house in the morning and routed the whole bandit crew and they were seen fleeing from the premises the chief approached the house and was seen by the Indian girl. She went for him and his charge at once when she heard my inquiries concerning Julia King. The success of the Umatilla girl had been due to the fact that as she entered the house she had used one of the Mormons as a shield long enough to get to the door of the adjoining room and to get behind the partition and shoot from the door.

It was apparent that we would have to spend the winter right where we were. Neither my uncle nor myself were in fit condition to travel and we knew that when we had fully recovered the season would be far advanced and that it would be impossible to cross the plains during the winter, and we much preferred to stay where we were than to spend the winter at Ft. Laramie, even if we could get there in safety. Deer and elk would, therefore, have to be provided in abundance, and this duty I

intended to fulfill as soon as my wound would permit. My uncle's wound was such as that he was compelled to remain for several days upon a pile of robes in the cabin. We had discovered a large number of furs and robes which the trapper who had appropriated the cabin, had concealed. He, however, did not appear and the chief afterward told us that he had seen his body lying where he had been murdered by Indians and Mormons.

While we were situated in this way, the chief was away in pursuit of scalps and we knew more than one Mormon would pay with his life for his trip to our cabin.

Julia King and I and the Indian girl remained for some time at the log house. I, because of my wound and because of my utter inability to get my consent to leave the side of Julia King even if I had been sound and well, and Miss King, because of her desire to see that I was well cared for, and the Indian girl because of her great admiration and love for her true friend, Miss King. I lay propped on the rude pillows of buffalo and bear skins that were in the log house and passed the happiest hours of my life, even though my head throbbed painfully and my shoulder caused me unceasing pain. Julia King scarcely left my side for a moment, except to comfort and console her friend over the loss of her brother. The Umatilla girl sat with her head covered with a blanket and took little notice of her surroundings.

We had no further trouble with Indians or Mormons. For days Frank Perkins and I devoted ourselves to rest and recuperation. The chief, who had returned from his foray after scalps, did the hunting and plentifully supplied our larder with deer and elk meat. Summer passed into fall and fall into winter. It was a delightful season.

I had demonstrated my superiority over Harry Lee in every way. I had vanquished him in a physical combat. I had for him nothing but contempt. Julia King had seen me triumph. I was a new man, strong in my physical and moral strength, and was no more the wretched weakling she had seen and known in the east and in Iowa. I had won, and she could not deny my right to say I had won and she showed no disposition to care to do so. She was mine alone in the mountains. I say alone and so we were except for our faithful and trusted friends and we were happy in their delightful companionship. But we were alone so far as intruders and interlopers were concerned and we were happy. Far into the night we watched the flames flying up the chimney into the cold, starry night. We looked into the great log fire in the fire place and listened to the long drawn wailing and howling of the wolves in the mountains, or to the hooting of owls or the scream of the cougars with unalloyed delight. When the wolves howled and the cougars screamed, however, Julia King always sat close by my side, and I felt the breathless delight of having her come closer and closer for protection and reassurance. I felt no fear. I knew the chief and my uncle with the guns and ammunition with which we were provided were sufficient guaranty against all the beasts in the Rockies while we were living in the log house as we were and the long, wailing cries of the wild animals and birds in the clear, cold air were sweetest music to my soul.

Many, many hours we spent alone by the fire when Verona was in her room and when the chief and Frank Perkins were asleep on the floor of their own part of the

house. Many, many hours we also spent in their company as we sat before the fire during the long winter nights. A strange sight it would have been for anyone to have seen—Julia King and I and Frank Perkins and a wonderfully beautiful half-breed girl and a full-blooded Pawnee chief sitting before the fire in a lonely log house in the recesses of the mountains.

Frank Perkins' wounds received careful and solicitous care. Verona ministered to his every want and did it so tactfully and modestly that it was beautiful to see. Julia King and I saw, as the chief did also, the tender care that was being bestowed upon my uncle by the Umatilla girl and we also saw as did also the chief that the care was received in the same spirit that it was given.

The winter passed away all too quickly. The enormous piles of snow on the mountain-sides began to slowly settle and recede. The heavily laden evergreen trees began to be rid of their pure white burdens, and the chinook wind came booming up from the southland. My uncle and I had completely recovered from our wounds. We were making preparations for our departure. One morning we were standing in front of the house watching the sun rise over the mountains to the eastward. As we looked, the chief came out from among the trees and started across the open space toward the house. As he did so a slight sound caught our attention and we beheld a Sioux chief stalking out of the trees from the other side of our little clearing. The two chiefs had come into the clearing almost at the same instant. Each saw the other as they came out from among the trees and each stopped momentarily and gazed haughtily at the other. Then like a flash each darted for the trees again and

almost at the same instant each threw his gun to his shoulder and fired. Both shots missed and in another moment both of the red men were advancing across the clearing toward each other.

By this time I distinctly recognized the Sioux chief whom I had encountered the summer before and whom I had befriended when he was ill with the smallpox on the prairies of Iowa. He was my friend and I felt that he had come to pay me a visit before we departed, but I at once perceived that he and my uncle's friend were on the point of engaging in mortal combat and that one or the other would surely pay with his life as the result of the contest. The thought had no more than flashed through my brain than the two savages were locked in each others arms and each was striving with all his might to plunge his knife in the breast of the other. Up and down the clearing they swayed and strained and plunged and rolled. It was a terrific struggle. Now one would appear to have the advantage when it would be as suddenly lost and the other would for an instant gain the ascendancy. We watched in breathless anxiety. We knew that the struggle must end fatally for one or the other. Julia King looked on in utter distress. Her regard for the Pawnee chief knew no bounds. Her gratitude to him for protecting her the night of the battle with the Mormons was beyond expression and her respect for the peculiar nobility of character displayed by him when giving her his blanket and placing her carefully upon and under the spruce boughs while he sat all night long in the cold was such that she felt that she could never repay him. For the Sioux chief she felt also the greatest gratitude for he had refrained from taking both her life

and mine when he might easily have killed us both. She wrung her hands as the warriors rose, swayed backward and forward, fell, rose again and rushed and struggled back and forth across the clearing. I, of course, was equally concerned and Frank Perkins no less, for the Pawnee chief was the truest friend he had in the world, but we all stood helpless without the power to lend a hand for either combatant. To stop the struggle was out of the question. The chiefs were utterly deaf, blind and dumb to everything about them. Only the one all-engrossing question of how to slay his antagonist filled the mind of each warrior as he gave every ounce of his strength to the struggle.

Down they went upon the ground and up again. Their eyes flashed fire. All the animosity and hate of generations and centuries of tribal warfare gleamed from their eyes as each one assailed his hereditary foe. Like a whirlwind they were now here and now there. As they came near us in the struggle and as we all scattered to get out of their way the Pawnee chief succeeded in knocking the knife from the hand of his adversary. On the instant the Sioux pulled his tomahawk from his belt and lifting it aloft brought it down with all his force upon the head of the Pawnee at the same instant that the Pawnee's knife sank to the hilt in the breast of the Sioux. Both warriors sank at our feet without a groan.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE following summer we spent in getting out of the mountains and crossing the plains.

When we arrived in Iowa we found that the war was still in progress. I at once re-enlisted and Julia King went on to New York. I remained in the army until the war was over. I then went to New York and sought out Julia King. I was really beginning to be happy. I had really begun to look the world in the face with some assurance and with the feeling that I had not only found my own soul but that I had accomplished something. I went the rounds of the offices and stores of my former associates. Few of them recognized me at once and all found difficulty in believing it possible that there could be such a change in an individual. It was a happy time for me. I looked every fellow whom I met in the eye and clasped his hand with a grip that made him know he was shaking hands with a man. And in my mind all the time was the consciousness that Julia King was mine.

I thought of the deserts of the West, of the moonlit rocks and sands and of the trip I had made alone along the trail with the young lady who had escaped the massacre. No doubt I could have ended my loneliness then and there, but as I walked the streets of the city how glad I was that I had not done so. Had there been a thousand such chances it would have been the same. I

would have still gone on alone. For me there was but one and at last I had won and I had won as a strong man and as one worthy, to a certain extent at least, of being the mate of Julia King.

What cared I for cases and offices and petty attorneys and the wretched business of the courts? As one thinks of a long sickness I thought of my incarceration in the prison pens of the offices and courts of law. It was a bad memory and I tried to forget it. Accordingly Julia King and I did not tarry long, but started without delay for Iowa. We crossed the Mississippi river where I had crossed it when I first came to Iowa, sick and discouraged, nine years before. The birds were heralding the dawn and the waterfowl were going north. They were mating and were seeking homes. Every bird, every bush, every leaf, every twig seemed thrilled with life. Spring was awakening the streams, the woods, the prairie and the very air. It was all so fresh and beautiful.

We crossed the great river into Iowa and banished the city from our minds forever, so far as the thought of making it a home was concerned. I looked into the sky and pointed to the geese going north. "They have their mates," said I, "and I have mine," and Julia King did not deny it.

When we reached Des Moines we found that Sir Robert had returned from the West and that he had married Vivian Butler only a few days before our arrival. The body which I had seen at the side of the stream in which I had discovered Julia King's trunk and other effects was the body of Sir Robert's companion and not that of the Englishman himself. He had escaped from

Sutherland and Lee and their companions and had returned to Iowa in safety. And when we reached Adel we were greeted by Frank Perkins and his strangely beautiful bride, Verona, the Umatilla girl.

It was the proudest moment of my life when I presented Julia King to Joe Burgess and my other friends in Iowa. I had brought her as my beautiful bride to the land that was henceforth to be our home. All our troubles seemed at an end. The race of life seemed over. We knew that in truth we were only at life's threshold but we felt that we had reached its goal and that we should henceforth only enjoy the things that our labors of the past had won for us.

We were sitting in the doorway of Frank Perkins' house. The war was over. The load on everyone's mind, that had been carried for four years had been removed. The sun was shining high in the heavens. The birds were singing, the river flowed placidly by our door. Back of the house on the wide bottom land a man was plowing and the black soil rolled over exposing its rich, dark fertility to the blue sky and the morning air. Blackbirds and robins followed the plow and picked up the worms exposed to view. Peace and quiet reigned supreme, and prosperity and contentment were everywhere apparent. Victory was ours. The war had been won. Principle had been vindicated, the right had triumphed and succeeding generations would inherit national health and prosperity instead of national disease and disgrace and dishonor.

"It is a great thing to be right," said Joe Burgess.

"It is the greatest thing in the world," I answered promptly.

We thought of the uncomplaining men and boys who had gone into eternity that the right might prevail and a silence brooded over us.

"But it is a great price that we have to pay to maintain it," said Joe again in a low voice.

"But who would say it was not worth the price?" I rejoined. "Who would say when the crisis came between the North and the South that the Union was not worth fighting for? Who would say that the flag that floats over the North and the South was not worth the blood that was paid to save it? The Union has been saved and we have seen its might and glory in the east and we have seen it in the west; we have seen it in the north and we have seen it in the south. We have fought and bled that the same flag might float over the frozen forests of the north, that shall float over the sunny lands of the south and we have given ourselves to that cause which has prohibited slavery anywhere and everywhere in all the vast domain.

"And those who come after us will reap where we have sown. They will be able to present a united front to every foreign foe and they will inherit national honor, national health and national repose of soul. All the great struggles of the past culminate here, all the results of the world's progress have their climax here. We are the heirs of the ages and our children and children's children will receive their heritage unimpaired."

CHAPTER XXXI.

SINCE that time we have lived in Iowa and we have seen the changes and have witnessed the events of which I have spoken. Our lives have spanned a wonderful period; we have seen the waging and the winning of two great wars and we have seen the great struggle of individuals and nations toward higher and better things. In this great struggle as we have witnessed it during more recent years we have seen the two schools of thought develop to which I have heretofore referred. And I have selected the Roosevelt school as the one mostly likely to lead the world onward and upward.

The prophecy of old that "He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" will some day come to pass, but that day is not yet.

The old prophecy or statement that "Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars" and that "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom:" is the fact that we have before us to-day. Some day wars will cease; some day the crowning era of peace will overspread the world. But that day is yet far off. And the pacifists of to-day put it farther and farther off. They defeat their own ends by blind refusal to see the facts

as they are. They are recreant to themselves and to the world.

At Des Moines when he was last out here Mr. Roosevelt quoted Emerson's statement that "The most unpleasant truth is a better traveling companion than the most pleasant falsehood." And Theodore Roosevelt always traveled with the truth whether it were pleasant or unpleasant. He chose to ally himself with the unpleasant truth at the outbreak of the war and Woodrow Wilson chose to ally himself with the very pleasant falsehoods. And most of the rest of us did the same.

Fear, overcame the judgment of most of us, and we succumbed to the blandishments of Woodrow Wilson,—blandishments which even now have been proved to have been without foundation or justification. Woodrow Wilson promised much—it might almost be said that he promised everything. He promised Americans, and he promised Englishmen and he promised Frenchmen. He promised Italians and he promised Japanese and Chinese. In fact, he promised nearly everybody in the world. He promised everything and everybody. And he promised when he knew or when he ought to have known that he could not perform. He promised recklessly and heedlessly and he called upon the American people to make his promises good. But as yet they have not seen fit to do so. He promised, in effect, that America would guarantee the liberty of the world and he promised it when he had not just reason to believe that America would do so. He guaranteed everything. He signed America's name, (in effect) to worthless paper everywhere, and he signed without authority. He says that America's honor is now involved and that America's

word has been given. But no ones honor but his own is involved and no ones word but his own has been given. He signed and he guaranteed. And the world applauded. The world hailed him as the Saviour of mankind. But he was a false prophet. His great and reckless promises have already broken down and the impossibility of their performance is now almost everywhere apparent.

But Mr. Cox in speaking of Mr. Wilson's promises has said, "What he promised, I shall, if elected, endeavor with all my strength to give."

It would therefore appear that Senator Harding's charge that Woodrow Wilson had forced on Governor Cox the League of Nations issue as the paramount issue in the campaign is justified. But whether it is justified or not and whether Governor Cox supports the Wilson League whole heartedly or with "interpretations, apologies or reluctant reservations," the league issue is nevertheless the paramount issue in the coming campaign. The Democrats chose to make it such and their every wish should be gratified in that respect. They chose to make it such in the Senate when they refused to accept the league with reservations and they chose to make it such in San Francisco when they made it almost the only plank in their platform which differs radically from that of the Republicans.

As their standard bearers they have candidates for President and Vice President who have espoused the cause of internationalism. They have Mr. Cox, who owned and controlled a newspaper which had what might, perhaps, be said to be almost pro-German tendencies at the beginning of the war. And they have Frank-

lin D. Roosevelt who has worked harmoniously with Secretary of the Navy, Daniels, a thing that no true American could do. The name of the Democratic nominee for Vice President may have had something to do with his receiving the nomination. If it did it is another proof of Democratic shamelessness that is comparable only to the methods of the Germans during the war. But no clearer proof of the unworthiness of the Democratic nominee to receive support because of his name could be shown than the fact that he could work in harmony with Josephus Daniels.

There was but one Roosevelt. There will never be another. There will never be another with such ability as was his, never another with such sweetness of temper, such poise, and yet withal such strength and such mastery and such power. He was America's finest and America's best. We should follow his example in every way. We should elect Senators who will follow his ideals rather than the Wilson ideals, and who will protect and preserve Americanism rather than barter it away. Typical of the fresh buoyancy of the life of the new world, Theodore Roosevelt ever interpreted Americanism to the world and he interpreted Americanism in its true sense. He interpreted it not only as fame, as glory and as renown, but he interpreted it as independence, as freedom, as liberty, and as aggressive insistence upon the place that America should occupy among the nations of the world. He insisted upon the observance of the principle of the survival of the fittest and America having become the fittest to survive, he maintained that America should continue to be the fittest and should continue to survive.

Action was one of his watchwords, and he believed in ever moving forward. He believed in holding one's own and that by thus holding one's own that one benefited not only himself, but the world. He sent the battle fleet around the world, and yet during all of his administration we never had a war. During all of his administration not a shot was fired at a foreign foe. Pacifists denounced him as a seeker of blood and war, but pacifism in America has caused more desolate homes and more deserted firesides than has the vigor and the self-assertiveness of those who, like Roosevelt, believed in taking one's own part and in maintaining that part vigorously in the world. The great exponent of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest and of self-assertiveness piloted this nation through seven years of peace, and the great exponent of pacifism and the doctrine of non-resistance, was at the head of the nation during the greatest war the world has ever known, and during and in which war this nation was forced to take a great and important part. These things may have been the result of accident, and may have just "happened" to thus come about, but at least it proves that the doctrines of Roosevelt do not provoke war. He sent the battle fleet around the world. He put the name of America in the mouths of the individuals of every nation, and he put the name of Roosevelt in every home and before every hearthstone and every fireside, but nowhere as a result, did we have a war.

Courage was also one of his watchwords. The courage of righteousness and justice and not the courage of the bully or the overbearing. The courage of the truth and of righteous convictions. The courage that

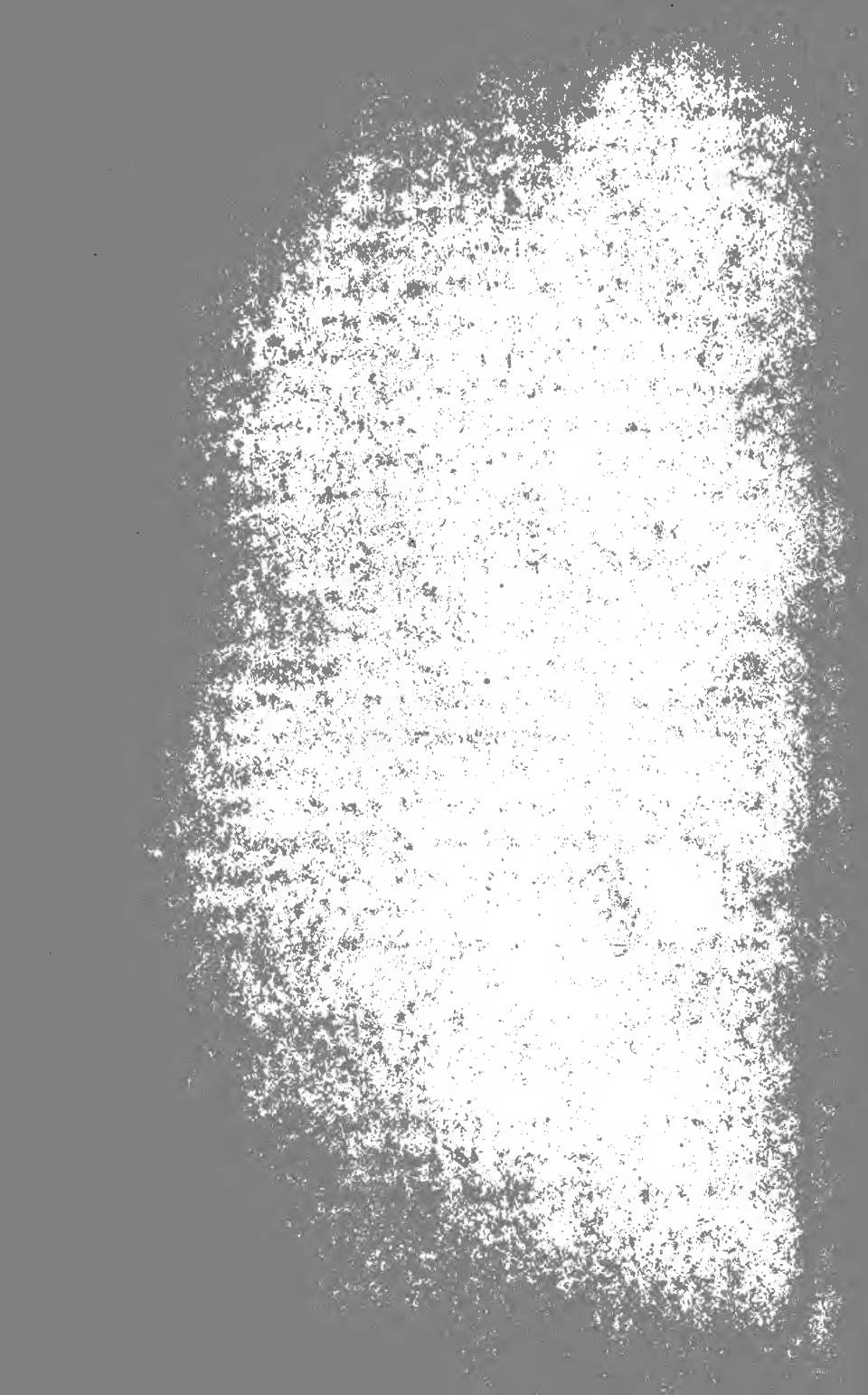
wavers not and that commands respect and admiration. It was the courage that, exemplified in others, has made our land free, and the courage that has given us independence in America. Undaunted, unafraid, unhesitating he went forward always putting in practice, in virile, vigorous, pulsating, throbbing activity, the words that he preached to America and the world.

What will history say of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson? Where will history place these men so far as their respective attitudes toward the great war are concerned? Will the prophet of peace as exemplified by Wilson be enshrined in the hearts of the people in the future years, or will the stern advocate of a just war as exemplified by Roosevelt be so enshrined? I cannot help thinking that Roosevelt will be the one to be enshrined. Denounced as reactionary and out of date at the time, he will, in the future years, come to occupy the position to which he is so justly entitled. Ready, always, to pay the price of liberty and justice he was not a coward and the horrors of war never daunted his intrepid soul. He was a great American and he was ever on the firing line—ever in the forefront of his country's cause. He ever made his country's cause his own and he gave to that cause the last full measure of devotion. Again it seems, as Americans, we can hear the call from his strong, courageous soul,

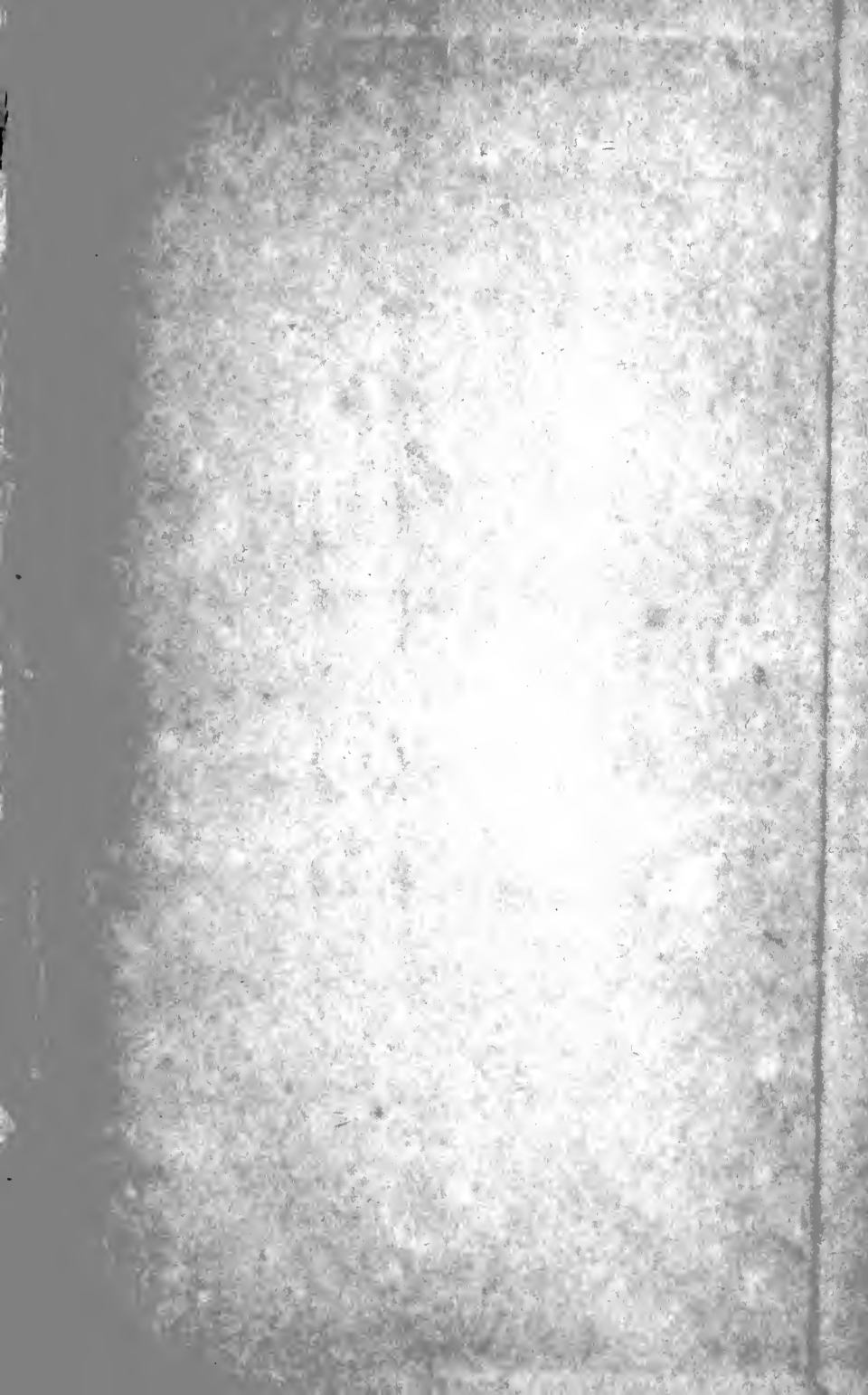
"My purpose holds to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought" and

"To sail beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars, until I die."

And let us as Americans not only in the coming election but in every walk of public and private life follow in the paths where Roosevelt blazed the way.







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